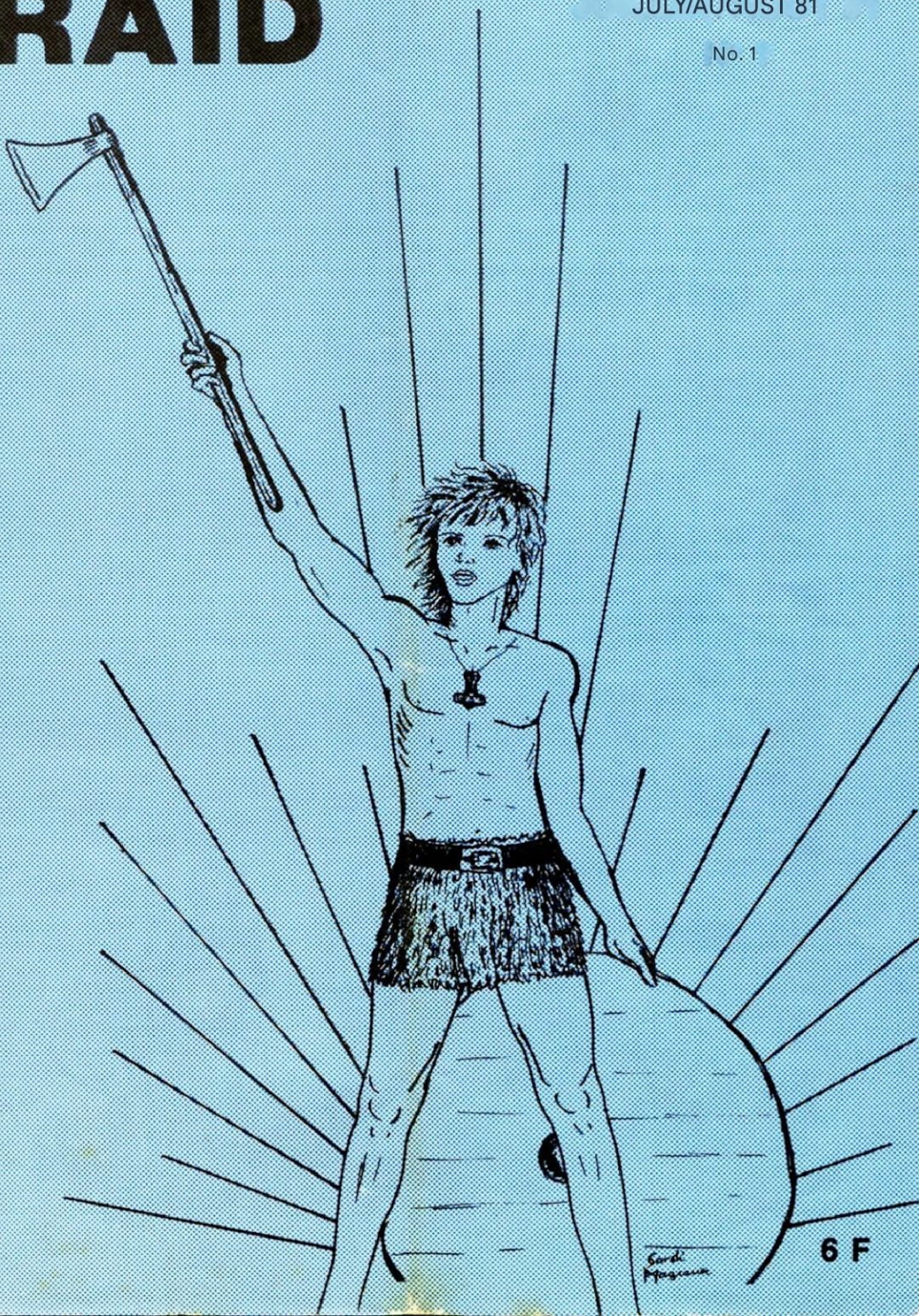
RAID

JULY/AUGUST 81

No. 1

SCOUTING AND YOUTH REVIEW

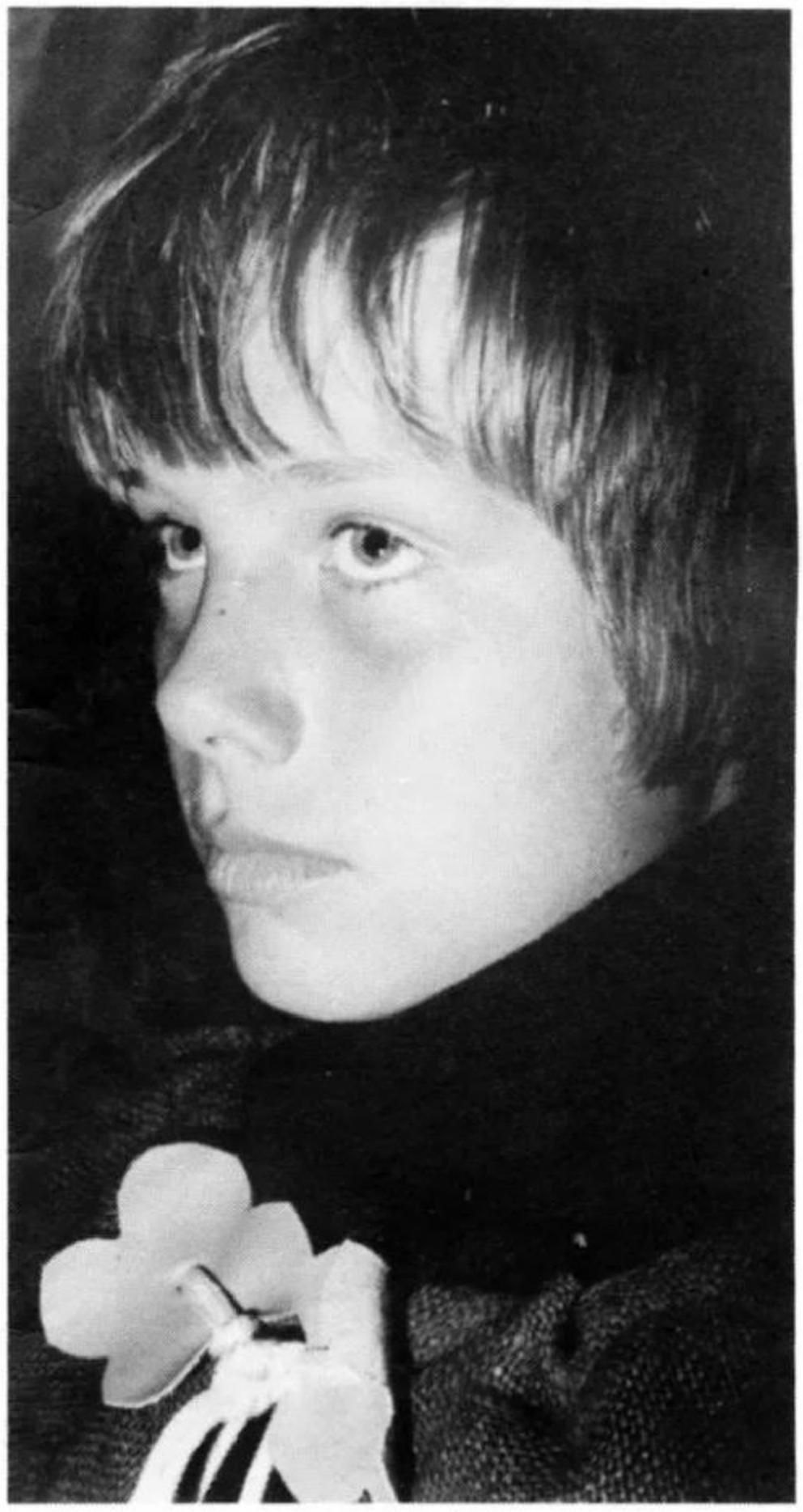


6 F

YOU

WILL

BE A KNIGHT



The boar bursts out of the thicket and its mass of muscles and bones collides head-on with the horse of the Lord of Perceval. Surprised and frightened, the mount rears up. The rider rolls on the ground. Stunned by the shock, he does not see the beast coming towards him, its black and tawny bristles bristling with anger. Two dogs, which have rushed forward, roll ten paces away, disemboweled. Distracted for a moment, the boar turns, ready to kill, towards the man on the ground. But a shadow, emerging quickly from the bush, faces him.

Squire Renaud was twenty meters behind his uncle Robert de Perceval's horse. He heard, more than saw, the boar's attack. He rushed. And there he was, spear firmly in hand, waiting for the beast to strike. It charged. Renaud barely had time to sink his feet, spread wide, as far as possible into the moss and black earth, to have as much footing as possible. He wanted to be a knight one day. That is to say, a man ready to give his life for a good cause.

The shock was harsh, but the boy did not flinch. The boar had thrown itself into the attack with such ardor that the blade of the spear, one hand wide and two long, had pierced it to death. The beast was faltering. Quickly, Renaud pulled the spear towards him, then he struck again, again and again. Finally defeated, the boar collapsed on a ground already soaked with the stale smell of blood.

Renaud has just proven himself in the harsh school of hunting. This harsh school where the young squire, plunging into the forest, exalted by the barking of the pack and the cries of the valets, has learned the great law of life, which is the fight. With the ivory horn suspended from his shoulder, the strong knife slipped into his leather belt, there is no more exhilarating moment than that where one enters the ancient forest, the abode of the gods.

Robert de Perceval has joined the squire. He who is stingy with gestures and words, like any well-born man, he places his hand on his shoulder:

"Renaud, my nephew, you will be a proud knight!"

Pierre VIAL

Here we go!

Here is the first issue of RAID, with all the flaws and imperfections that this implies.

We have been planning to publish such a magazine for a long time. We had only one problem: where to find the money? A little advertising, a lot of sacrifices and the moral and financial help of many friends made this possible.

To maintain the planned publication (1 issue every two months) and to improve the quality and quantity of this magazine, we need as many subscriptions as possible. So now it's your turn to play!

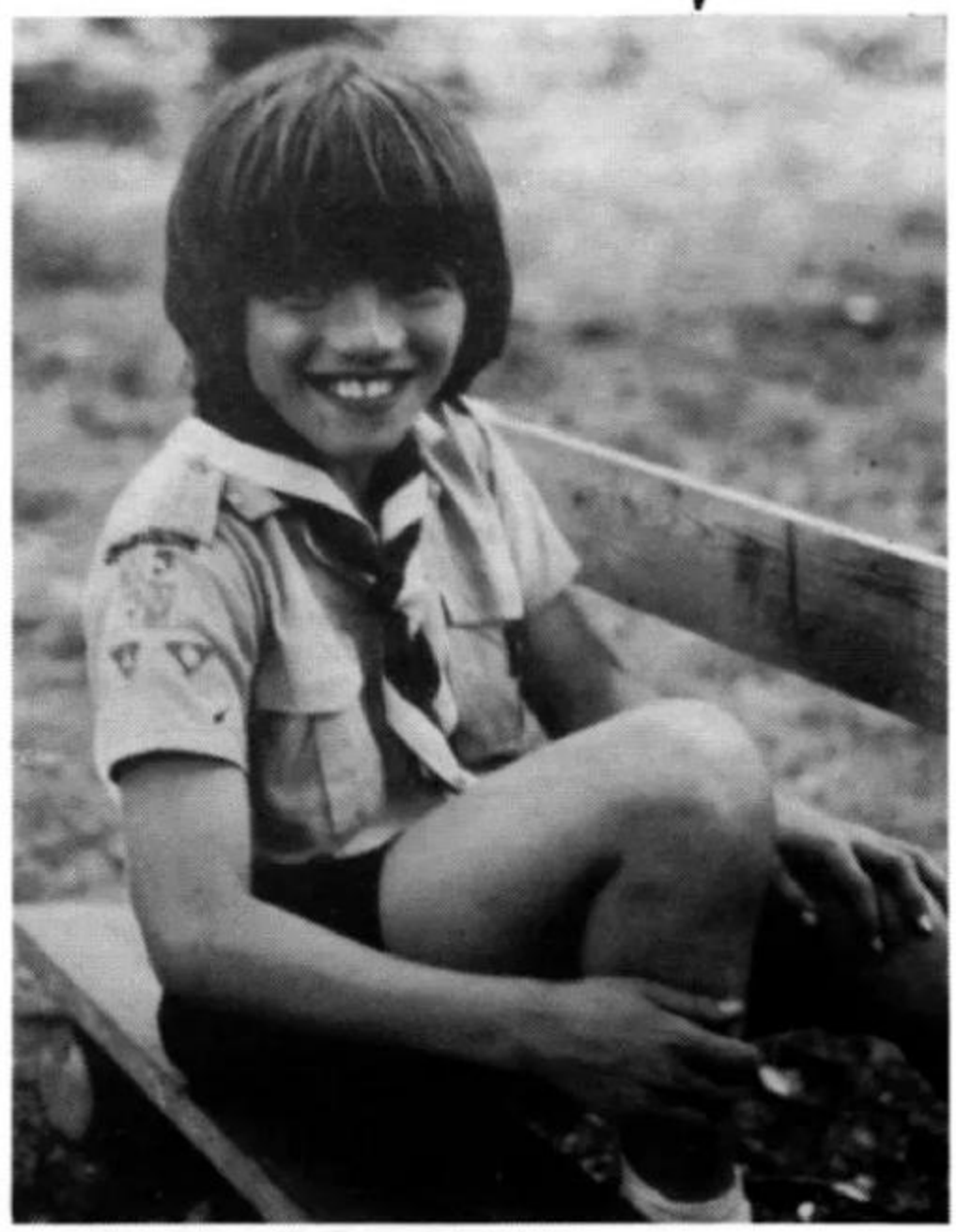
But what is RAID? A Scouting and Youth Magazine, it aims to be independent of any association. It will be a politically and religiously neutral magazine, intended primarily for young people. That is to say that RAID will be what its readers make of it.

However, we will impose a guideline which is to promote a wild, authentic, even heroic Scouting, very virile in any case and not at all "tamed".

We will try to help as best we can all those who wish to return to the roots of our people.

Finally, aware that today's youth rejects mediocrity and leveling down, we want to be the link between all young people and later, perhaps, the link of the fraternal community to which we all aspire.

RAID



TRUE STORY?... THE

CICADAS PATROL

by Erik, CP of the Falcons

Serge, 15; Paul, 14; Philippe, 14; Luc, 13; Gilles, 12 and Jean-François, 11 and a half. Six guys full of courage, determination and energy. If they form a patrol, it's because they were excited by the life of the Scouts. The Scouts: a world full of games, of rough and wild life. A world they had dreamed of. But between the dream provided by their books and reality, what a disappointment!

When they arrived, full of ardor and energy, in this scout movement, they found only exhausted boys, withdrawn into themselves and not the slightest little smile could cheer them up.

The Free Patrol of the Cigales was soon taken by the monotony and the oppressive atmosphere of the national camp. atmosphere However, Serge, the Patrol Leader, had done everything to ensure that the glass cage >> would break. Alas! All his efforts were in vain.

So he fell back on his Patrol and managed to relax the atmosphere. Together, they decided that, as soon as the camp was over, they would look for a movement closer to their ideal; but this time, they would take it more seriously without launching themselves into the first association that came along.

The days passed, without the program changing. On the menu, walk + walk + walk = fed up. It's not that the cicadas are lazy, but they were waiting for something else.

Serge was fed up and he told one of the Chiefs. He was politely put back in his place. But what many thought had been said out loud.

The next day, as Serge and everyone else had planned, there was a march. After receiving the map and learning their destination, Serge walked away grumbling.

"Let's go," he said to his Patrol lying limply under the tent.

— Again?!
— Ah, damn...!
— What the hell can these c... s...ts do to us!

The mood during the march hardly changed, however, having committed to this camp, they accepted its discipline, and they would follow all the activities without complaint, whatever the cost to them.

After a while, the CP stopped in front of a dirt road where he consulted his map. <<Listen. We'll take this path, it'll save us at least six kilometers.

- Okay, here we go.

After walking a good two kilometers, they stopped for a break. A little further on, Serge thought he saw a bush move. His fears were soon justified when he saw four sturdy fellows rushing toward them, screaming.

<<Another ambush, as always. Might vary a little, though,> he thought.

But the four men did not go easy on them. In fact, they beat them brutally, then put masks on them. Blinded, they were tortured by their tormentors who twisted their arms to make them move forward." Jean-Louis, the novice, was crying, shaken by long sobs. Luc was moaning and Gilles was not shining either. Serge was clenching his teeth and not a complaint came out of his mouth. Yet he had been the only one to have tried to resist, as heroic as it was useless.

Encouraged by his example, Paul and Philip stopped complaining, even though they were not always dry-eyed.

After dragging their catches for some time in the forest, the attackers entered a cavity accessible by means of a ladder placed above a ravine. There, the 4

The men roughly pushed their prisoners onto the rough floor of the cave.

<<<So, little Scouscouts, are we going to snoop around with their mother? We're going to teach you to wander where you shouldn't!

— We're going to see what's in your guts, you dirty kids!
— But later! For now, work awaits us. You will stay here very wisely, besides you have no choice."

At these words, they burst out laughing, while the cicadas looked at them, calm but anxious, the moment of fear having passed.

It was still laughing that the thugs went down and then withdrew, not without first placing the ladder on the ground.

Left alone, the patrolmen massaged their aching bodies, while Serge inspected the premises.
Then the CP gathered his Patrol to explain the situation to him. It was not brilliant: only one exit, the passage through which they had entered this cave; only it gave onto a sheer drop of about fifteen meters. Opposite and slightly below the entrance, the platform on which one could see the ladder.
The narrowness of the opening prevented the momentum necessary to jump from the cave onto the platform over the ravine about 3 meters wide.
<<I may have an idea, said Serge, but it's quite risky.
Here it is: the rock looks good to me and not too slippery. I'll try to go down the cliff to the bottom, then

I will follow the bottom of the ravine. It will be the devil if I do not find a crack to go back up on the other side to the platform.

— You, but why not me? cried Paul.
— And me then?!
— I am a volunteer!
— Me too.
— No, me!

Serge was moved and a smile lit up his face. His patrol was united in the face of danger. Would it be so in everyday life? Serge believed so. But despite his joy, he cut short the uproar, announcing in a tone of no reply that as the CP, he was responsible for everyone, so he would go.

When he set foot on the first support, he couldn't help but look down. How deep! Serge didn't even dare think about it. He quickly regained his composure and began to descend the steep wall. His hands were shaking with the effort. The holds were few and the difficulties were becoming more and more numerous.

as he went down. His feet felt for the slightest cracks in the wall, the smallest projections. His whole body was tense with the will to succeed, for his scouts and for himself. One meter, two meters, the descent was slow and dangerous.
A stone, a hollow, a groping foot, a risky hand, all these gestures were repeated in a mechanical movement. Only two meters, one meter, then his foot on solid ground, in the time of a breath, he has just seen on the other side a goat path climbing up the platform. He runs along it, no point in wasting time, the descent has been long, very long.

Barely at the top, he painfully hoists the ladder against the cliff. It's done. The scouts forgetting all caution and vertigo, rush down the bars and rush to their CP to congratulate him with big slaps on the back.

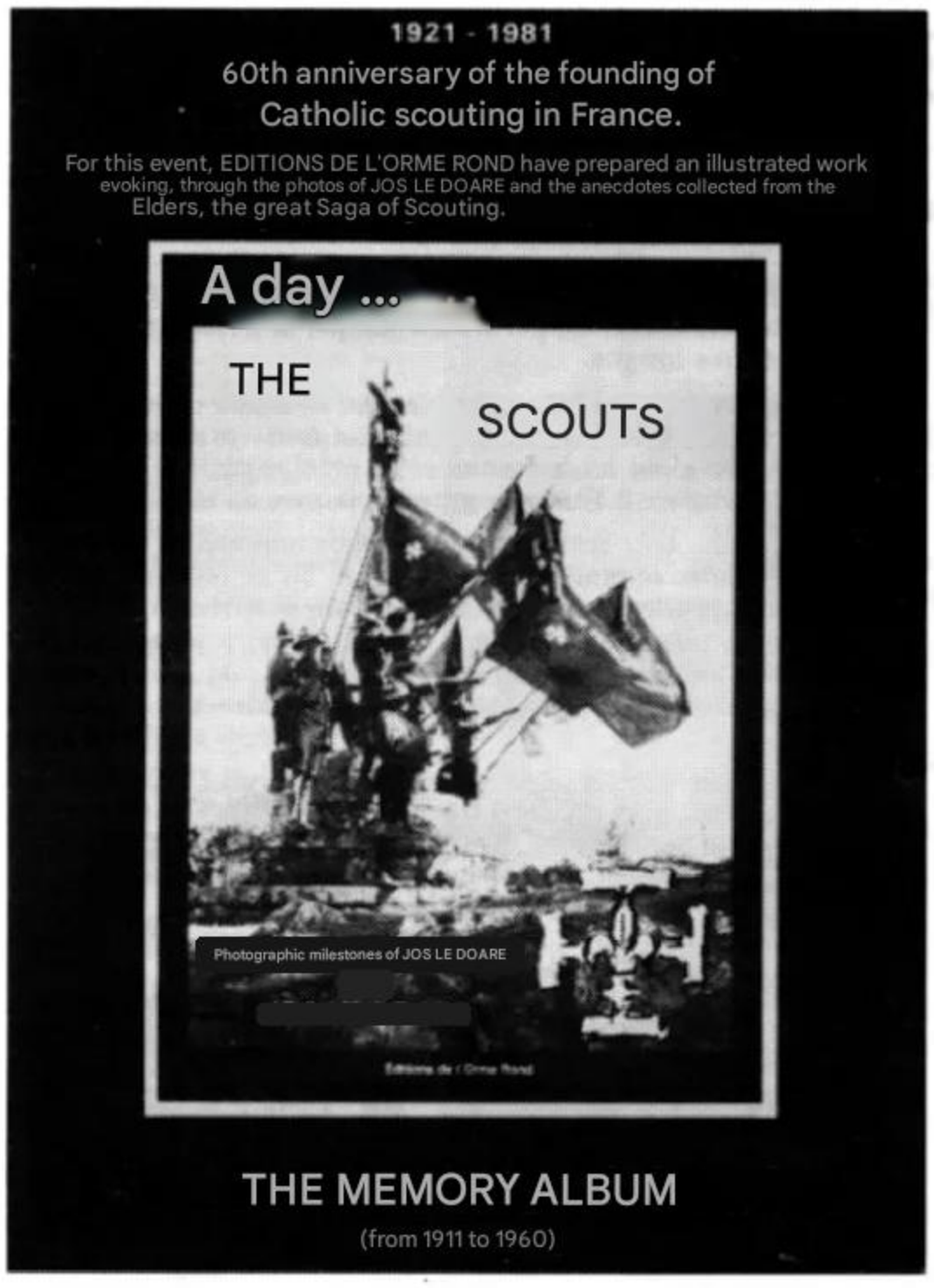
Serge calmed their enthusiasm by announcing that they still had to reach the camp. So they set off again, cautiously, sending a scout at each

place that seemed dangerous. It was a good thing they did, because they saw, coming out of a bend, the four guys who were probably returning to the cave.

The Patrol Leader didn't hesitate for long and rushed forward with a guttural cry, followed by all the cicadas. Serge came upon the first one who hadn't yet realized what was happening. A headbutt, expertly applied to the pit of his stomach, sent him rolling into the ditch. The second one, still under the effect of surprise, was knocked over by two spring-loaded imps and the third one received a small ball of nerves in his legs, which made him join the other two. It was Jean-Louis who, having conquered his fear, didn't want to be left behind. As for the fourth one, stunned, he just had time to see two will-o'-the-wisps darting in front of him.

When the others got up, the last boy had disappeared into the distance.

To be continued...


1921 - 1981
60th anniversary of the founding of
Catholic scouting in France.
For this event, EDITIONS DE L'ORME ROND have prepared an illustrated work evoking, through the photos of JOS LE DOARE and the anecdotes collected from the Elders, the great Saga of Scouting.
A day ...
THE SCOUTS
Photographic milestones of JOS LE DOARE
THE MEMORY ALBUM
(from 1911 to 1960)

UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS

If, among the chosen photos, some have already been published by newspapers of the time, many are unpublished. Others, carefully preserved by a scout, a pioneer of photography, are absolutely astonishing and will surprise even the Elders!

PURCHASE FORM TO BE RETURNED

ROUND ELM EDITIONS 32, rue de Trucy

94120 FONTENAY-SOUS-BOIS

Please write very legibly and return with your payment, i.e. 65 F.F. per copy. Preferential price valid from June 1 to September 25, 1981.

F. F. S. T.

THE FRENCH TRADITIONAL SCOUTING FEDERATION

A large number of scout associations scattered throughout the country are isolated and left to their own devices. It became necessary to regroup them (while respecting their diversity) so that authentic scouting could be taken into consideration by the public authorities.

A strong Federation, bringing together many members, would make it possible (in addition to the material advantages provided by numbers) to deal with ministries in order to have the value of our training camps and that of training recognized in our various associations.

It is high time to move beyond the intolerance and ostracism that the very official "French Scouting" inflicts on us.

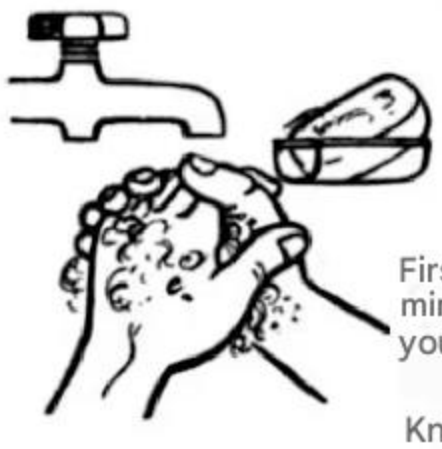
The French Federation of Traditional Scouting, chaired by André FAUBERT, was founded on June 14, 1980 for this purpose. It therefore seeks to bring together associations claiming the principles and methods of Traditional Scouting. A laudable initiative that seems to meet a real need since the General Assembly of "start-up >>> (31/1/81), ten associations have joined:

Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts Autonomous Scouts of Alsace,
Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts of Provence,
Neutral Scouts of France,
Provençal Association of French Scouts,
Free Scouts of Valencia,
European Hikers,
Russian Scouts of France,
Alpine Guides,
Raiders.
European Popular Scouts.

It also seems that other associations are in the process of affiliation. In any case, thanks to the F.F.S.T. and good luck!

SCOUT TOU... BIB

INJURIES AT CAMP...



First of all, tell yourself that panic can make a wound that is only minor serious. Learn to control your reaction to a bleeding wound if you want to get out of it yourself or just make yourself useful.

Know that a properly cleaned wound is already half healed.

Don't forget to fill out the form given to you by the Camp Leader before leaving for camp, which includes the date of your vaccinations (tetanus, etc.) and return it to him.

This is a superficial wound that does not affect an orifice (nose, mouth, anus):

1. Whoever has the cleanest scarf or handkerchief (ideally the sterile compress left in the camp pharmacy) applies it to the wound and compresses for 5 minutes. No need to cry, it won't stop the bleeding.

2. Then comes the cleaning phase, from the center to the periphery: a well-cleaned wound never becomes infected...

3....If it is then protected by a ready-made dressing that you Antiseptic should always have with you (Medipal wound, Sparaplaie, etc...).

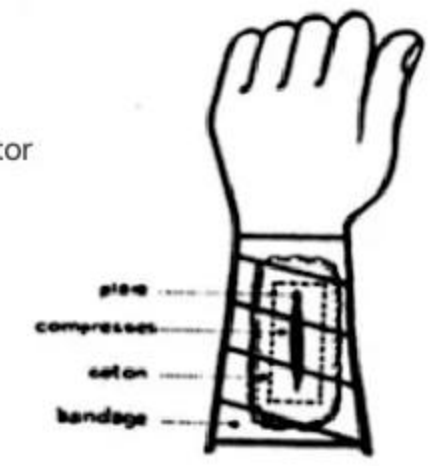
• Water can be used for cleaning, preferably boiled, otherwise slightly soapy (contrary to popular belief, alcohol is not essential; Mercryl lauryl, which cleans and disinfects, is superior).

• The sun, a wonderful germicide, should shine on the wound as often as possible outside of activities, at which time it should be covered to avoid superinfections.

• Monitoring must be carried out daily by the camp health officer. He will change the dressings himself and decide whether to apply an ointment (Aureomycin).

It is your duty to the camp to take care not to get hurt. so as not to disrupt community activities. If this happens, your duty is to heal as quickly as possible.

Guy COSTAZ, Doctor



The road is long

Not everyone can walk. Without habit and training, the first person who comes along will set off in a disorderly race towards the goal.

But, halfway through the race, collapsed on the side of the road, panting and drooling, he will watch his competitor, "who knows the music", walk past with a wise step.

FEET

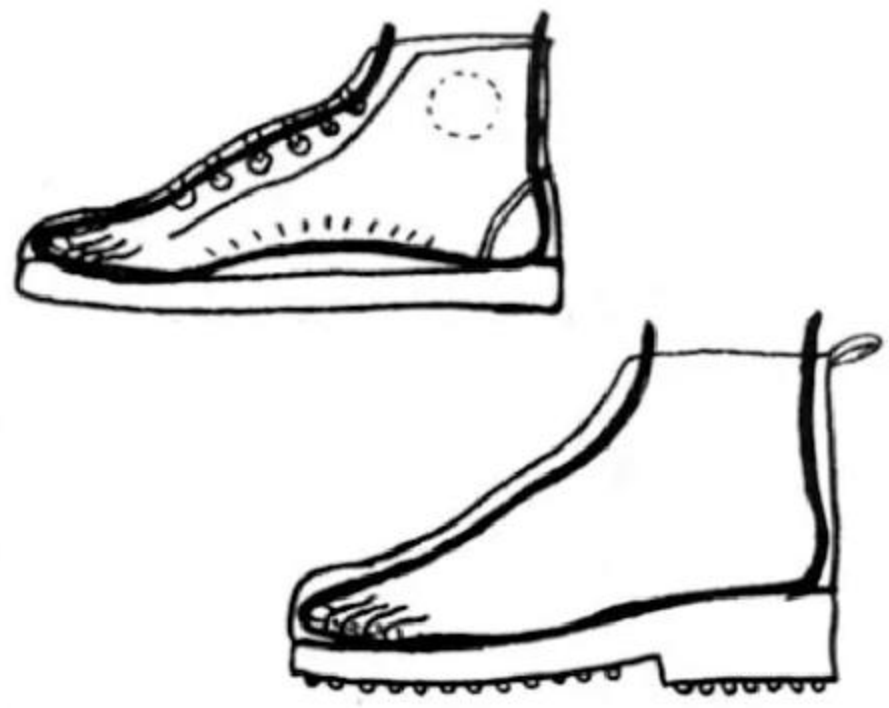
The good walker has good feet. He knows that cleanliness keeps them looking... (sorry), keeps them strong and supple.

As soon as you arrive at the evening stage, a complete wash (including your feet) removes the dust and fatigue from the road.

If by chance he finds a blister, he bursts it (thread threaded through it and 90° alcohol). A good remedy: a cold foot bath with alum or formaldehyde (one tablespoon per liter of water) for ten minutes.

Before setting off, applying powder to your feet prevents them from sweating too much.

THE SHOES



A biker's helmet is not used to make mayonnaise, a toothpick is not a jackhammer, one swallow does not make a spring, and basketball shoes or sneakers are not walking shoes.

The best walking shoe is one made of leather, with a thick studded sole or fiber, whose arch follows the shape of the arch of the foot and supports it under its entire surface. Polishing makes the leather hard and brittle. Grease, on the contrary, softens it.

Attention! The shoe is the size of the foot of the good walker, neither too narrow nor too wide. If necessary, wedge the foot with an extra pair of socks.

No "brand new" shoes at the start of a long walk, nor a shoe already worn by someone else (second-hand or inherited from dad), which has creases that do not match the "walk" of the new owner. Beware of injuries, blisters and warts.

AT THE STEP

Airy shoes; if wet, stuff them with paper.
Do not place too close to a fire.

SOCKS

Clean to start with (washed the day before), or at least a night of airing has restored their elasticity. An excellent tip: soaked in tallow or lard, the socks, after a good walk, will have become as soft and resistant as a chamois leather.

CLOTHES

Light, airy, not very tight; no belt or straps that hurt. No "butt-slapping" bags or watches, compasses, knives on the belt.

Bring a hat for the sun and a lightweight raincoat that is easily accessible.

THE STOPS

We walk for 50 minutes: road discipline, in a file, no stragglers. At night, we use protective light signals if we are on a road or a busy path (but please, in nature, everyone does not wander the beam of their flashlight around randomly). A stick or a pitchfork will be of great service to those who know how to use them. Walking early in the morning is the best time. Avoid extreme heat and, if necessary, walk at night by moonlight.

There is always a wiser group leader who decides — on the pace, the stops and also the necessary moments of relaxation.

If you walk in several groups, you decide on rallying points, signals (messages, telephone, Morse code). Under no circumstances do you "race" with the others. Unless, of course, it is a competition or a "forced" march. But even in these cases, when a group arrives before the others with all its members (or just one) unable to take another step, it is not a success. You have to know how to pace your efforts in order to arrive quickly, certainly, but in good condition.

Every hour, we stop for ten minutes: we sit down, feet raised (on the embankment), we lean on something or we remain standing. We do not take off our shoes and we do not lie down. Beware of cold snaps (sweating).
At the stops, and even at the evening bivouac, we eat little and lightly, but nourishing foods: sugar, chocolate, fruit. It is better to cool your face than to drink liters of cold water.

Finally, you should know that talking too much and singing makes a walker out of breath. This is why you always stop a walking song at the bottom of a hill, no matter how small. Good road songs also allow for deep breathing.

MEET...

the ÉLANS group from Waldshut (FRG)

This group, led by Christian Ebner, is affiliated with the important BUND DER PFADFINDERINNEN UND PFÅDFINDER (BdP).
This organization is one of three recognized by the World Scout Bureau for Germany. With about 30,000 members, it is very heterogeneous and is divided into different forms of scouting, from the most authentic to the most "bureaucratized".

In Germany, as in the rest of Europe, in parallel with a last hurrah for "soft scouting", we are witnessing on the one hand a happy rediscovery of Chivalry, and on the other hand a strong return of Savagery (or at least a more virile scouting) based mainly on Indianism.

Why Indianism? Probably because we know it well. But we also know that many are currently deepening the knowledge we have on European savagery (Celts, Fianas, Germans, etc.). This is so that we do not have to be satisfied with initiatory rites imported from across the Atlantic.

The Elks, for their part, began by diving back into the forests, trying to live like an Indian. With experience, they pushed their research in the direction of a specific tribe: the Mandans. You can see in the photos opposite passages from a dance of life. The costumes are faithful reproductions, admire the details.

We can note the significant work of archiving, manufacturing and learning that had to be done.

But of course, if Christian Ebner and his Élans have received significant moral support (notably Joachim Münster with his important magazine DER EISBRECHER), they also have detractors.

Many are the proponents of an urban, bland, insipid and bourgeois scouting where children are considered as fragile glass dolls to whom a conception of the world opposed to that which made Europe is instilled. Let us be certain that these new "apostles" do everything to thwart the indispensable recourse to traditions judged dangerous because they undermine their renunciation. It is the new inquisition.

Some parents who see evil everywhere, not understanding the motivation of children and their leaders, have also expressed totally irrational fears. After the Inquisition: obscurantism.

Fortunately, the Elks have overcome all these trials and their work is expanding. Young people are attracted by this form of wild life. Let us bet that soon, we will see groups of young people, scouts or not, organized in Troops, Free Patrols or in any other way, who will practice activities that we will no longer have to blush about, flourishing all over Europe.

Finally, let us wish the Elks of Waldshut great success and a long life.

THERE IS ALSO A GROUP (SCOUT OR OTHER) IN THIS SECTION. THAT'S ITS PURPOSE! BUT DON'T FORGET TO ATTACH TO YOUR EXHIBITION, SOME BEAUTIFUL, WELL-CONTRASTED PHOTOS.

WITH WHAT IS A MAN FORGED IF NOT WITH SACRIFICE?
Albert CAMUS

A TEST GAME OF TEDDY BEAR

Are you
brave?

Here are 10 questions that you must answer with YES or NO. When you are finished, add up your YES answers and refer to the next page.

1. In winter, you dive fearlessly into an icy stream.
YES - **NON**

2. During a game, even though you know your side has lost the game, you cross a field of nettles and brambles to escape your pursuers (despite your bare torso and legs)
YES - NO

3. In a sioule, systematically "tackle" your strongest opponents, even if they are much stronger.
YES - NO

4. You always take up a fair challenge.
YES - **NON**

5. When you are blocked by more numerous opponents, you always face them with insolence; you know how to master any pain.
YES - **NON**

6. In difficult times, you always start a cheerful song to give courage to the most pessimistic.
YES - NO

7. You know how to combine strength and cunning.
WHO - **NON**

8. You love victory and you do everything to get it.
YES NO

9. You know how to remain calm under the mockery and sarcasm of the mediocre.
WHO - NO

10. Self-control is willpower, the quality that makes men. You train yourself not to be afraid of water, nor of the night, nor of anything
YES - NO

HUNTING SHOOTING

Bayle

FISHING

BALLS

67, Avenue Gambetta 26000 VALENCE
After-sales service Reg. Commerce Romans 62 A 178
Phone 43.14.66

FANTASTIC NEWS: THE CHILD

WITH THE SWORD

by Ludovic DORANT

An immense and straight gaze has just planted itself on the horizon - the horizon, because there is no landscape: the gaze turns slowly... As far as the eye can see, a viscous mud. grayish, filthy cesspool where, from time to time, a bubble bursts, enormous and soft. From there, no doubt, emerges this odor of decomposing corpse. The gaze now advances, the child walks up to his knees in this drooling turpitude which insidiously tries to penetrate his pores, his arteries, his nerves, his senses. The child does not weaken. His gait, now accustomed, is sure. He has entered the kingdom of the lukewarm, the bland, the inconsistent, of the flabby, lifeless, loose uniform.

This kingdom has no slave master! Another bubble, different, which does not burst, also intoxicates humans, men since it must be said.

When he was only a few meters away from them (there were two of them), it seemed to him that they were cut in two: the lower part of their body, a slimy monstrosity, merged with the mud... One was big: a suit that barely contained his belly; he wore a satisfied and hilarious air: he was busy with a machine that produced a sort of regular defecation, other machines similar to the one that made them and that grew. grew. until their weight swallowed them up in the odious liquid.

Near this man, another, younger, motionless, already tired: he looked at his father with an empty eye too, but with that emptiness that despair engenders, and no longer with blissful contentment: the father, with a glimmer of pride in his dreary stupidity, with the "satisfaction-of-work-accomplished", offered a machine to his son who took it lazily and seemed to make an abnormal effort when he thanked him by spitting in his face; the old man nodded with a resigned smile and did not wipe himself.

Neither of them had yet seen the young Spartan: had they seen him, would they have become aware of him? All height, even his vision, was closed to them. Nothing changed in the child's features when he raised the sword; his duty had been dictated to him for far too long-time.

The act has matured in the depths of his entrails no hesitation is understood in the world of Tradition. The two heads fly, at the same time. The sword is now high, pointed towards the sun it bleeds.

A convulsive start makes the mud tremble and everything disappears.

The son of Leonidas slowly turns around... Everywhere, on the surrounding hills, lightning flashes; other swords, other lives! L. D.

West of [illegible] PJoubert

ANSWERS TO THE TEST: <<< Are you brave? >>>

From 1 to 4 yes: This is really bad: either you made a mistake, or you still have a lot of progress to make before you can claim to look at yourself in a mirror without blushing.

From 5 to 8 yes: It's not bad, but remember that the best is the enemy of the good. Can't you do better?

More than 8 yes: You have every chance of becoming a man, a real one.

The mystique of the Chef

A few months ago, during a propaganda meeting, I was publicly reproached for having created a "Mystique du Chef" among my boys. My interlocutor, who believed I was deeply disagreeable, did not suspect at the time that no compliment could have given me so much pleasure.

It is not to your testimony, Chiefs my comrades, that I appeal today, but to that of all the Scouts who will have the patience to read me and to whom I ask to write to me to give me their opinion, especially if it is not mine.

In your eyes, shouldn't the Chief represent your entire Scout ideal? Isn't he the guide par excellence, the one you instinctively turn to as soon as an unforeseen obstacle presents itself? The one to whom you can tell everything, ask everything and who can hear everything?

The Chief is the Scout's advocate with the parents, but also the one who, with a frown or a single thought, shows his pain or discontent. It is to avoid him being upset, to please him, that the Scout will often make great efforts. The Chief is the one who trusts even in the most critical situations and who answers for his boys. And, because the Chief will have trusted, no boy will want to betray this trust.

The Chief is the big brother, the friend, the complete scout par excellence. We must be able to guess what he wants, what he desires, what he thinks, what he is going to ask.

It is obvious that to reach this stage, Chiefs and boys must have known each other for some time. It takes a period of mutual study and observation for this atmosphere to reign in the Troop. But I ask you all, would it be a Troop (at least a Scout Troop) that a meeting of boys would not reign this spirit, this Mystique?

The leader who fails to create this atmosphere among his boys is not in his place at their head. The boys must esteem and love their leader. We obey and follow spontaneously those we trust and the effort made to please is much greater than the effort provided by constraint.

Yes, I have created this Mystique of the Leader in my units and I am proud of it. This Mystique is, moreover, the secret of my success. Does this mean that my boys have lost their personality? Far from it and it is a gross error to believe that discipline goes against the development of personality. There is a very pronounced team spirit among us, a mixture of affectionate familiarity and discipline that is very often incomprehensible to the foreign observer. The role of the Leader is not to make people tremble or to parade. The role of the Leader is to inspire confidence, to know how to make oneself loved so that it is easy and pleasant to follow him ever higher, ever further, towards our Ideal...

This is why, deep down, I wish that in all our units there would be a "Mystique of the Leader". But perhaps it has already been there for a long time?

Impassive Sphinx

How to recognize a bird...

Recognizing birds is a skill that cannot be learned.
by consulting a book. You must first go into nature and learn to identify them where they live. So before you can recognize birds, you must first observe them in their environment. To do this, two main rules must be followed.

• First of all, you have to be patient. Don't expect, especially if you are a beginner, to identify all the birds you see the first time. Indeed, many obstacles make instant determination difficult; the bird is often too far away, the lighting is poor or foliage prevents you from seeing it properly.

• Second rule: move as little as possible, you will see and hear very few birds while noisily crossing bushes or chatting with a friend. You should also have a bird identification guide ("Birds of Europe, North Africa and the Middle East" by H. Heinzel, R. Fitter, J. Parslow at Delachaux and Niestlé) and a pair of binoculars with a magnification of 8X 50 or better still 10 × 50.

There are two ways to identify a bird: by
– sight; by external physical characteristics, i.e. c; shape, color, size, etc.

— by song; by its voice, even if it is not seen. This second way, although very sure, is the most difficult at first because it supposes the possession of good hearing and being able to remember the many songs of each species, or even of a single species. In this first issue of RAID we will only deal with identification by sight.

1) HOW IS A BIRD MADE?

To identify a bird, you need to know its different parts. (see plate 1)

(plate 1)

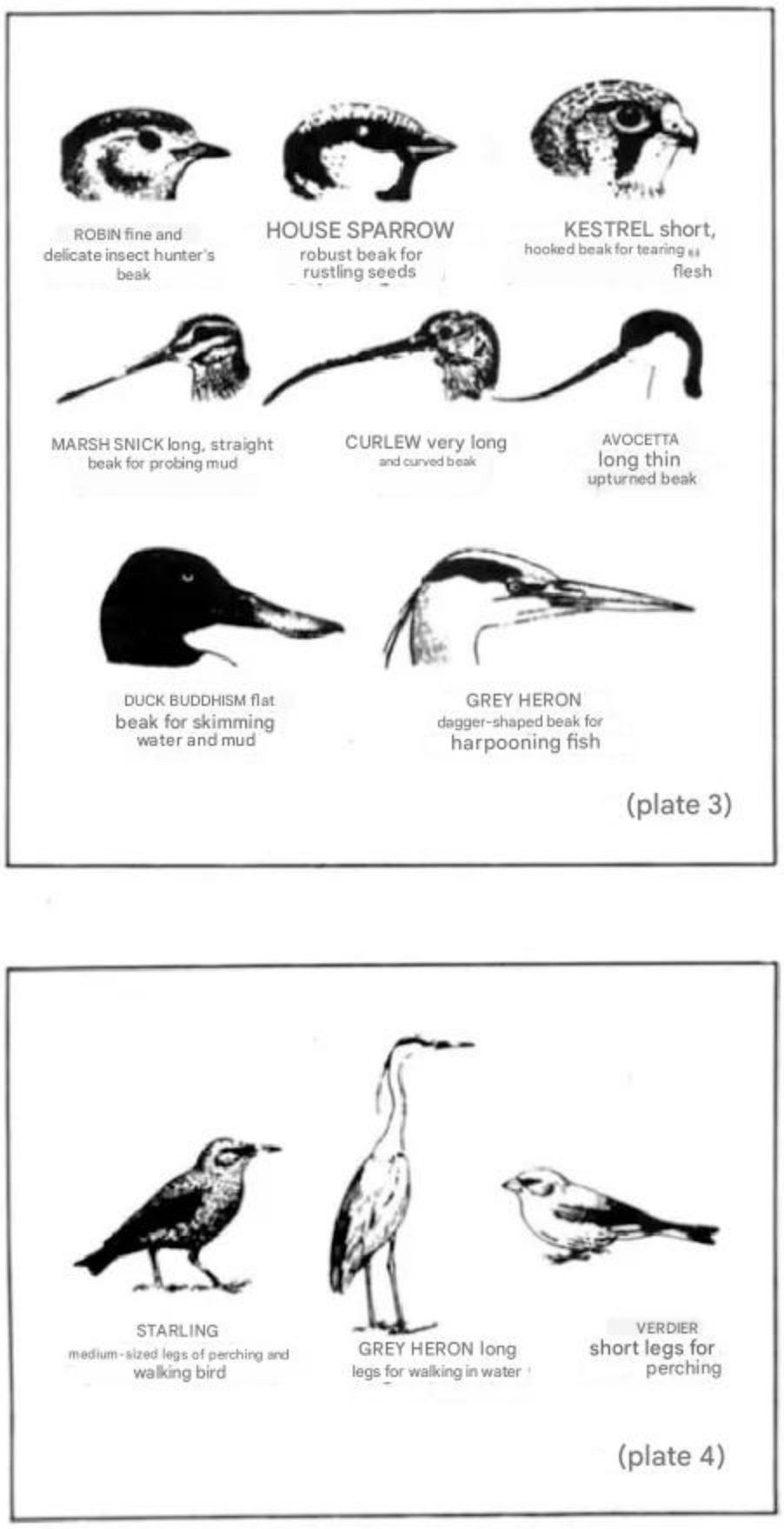
2) IDENTIFICATION PROCESS

To easily and quickly find the image of the bird on a guide, we use certain distinctive characteristics called: <<identification criteria». It is good to note what we see to check, after the fact, on our guide, if we looked carefully at the characteristics of the bird.

Let us now look at the different identification criteria.

— Size: to assess the size of a bird we compare it to that of a common species. (see plate 2)

(plate 2)


ROBIN fine and delicate insect hunter's beak
HOUSE SPARROW robust beak for rustling seeds
KESTREL short, hooked beak for tearing flesh
MARSH SNICK long, straight beak for probing mud
CURLEW very long and curved beak
AVOCETTA long thin upturned beak
DUCK BUDDHISM flat beak for skimming water and mud
GREY HERON dagger-shaped beak for harpooning fish
(plate 3)

— the shape of the beak: it varies for each species of family according to the feeding method. (see plate 3)

— the shape of the legs: which is often revealing of the bird's lifestyle. (see plate 4)

— the shape of the wings: which often gives them a characteristic silhouette in flight. (see plate 5)

— the shape of the tail: for the same reason as the wings. (see plate 6)

— the coloring of the body, beak, legs, wings, etc.: allows us to differentiate birds with similar silhouettes.

— the way of flying, walking, feeding. For example, the blackbird hops when it is on the ground, the starling walks.
Similarly, diving ducks submerge completely to feed, while surface ducks submerge only the head or half of the body, always leaving a part out of the water.

Another example: the flight of the starling is direct, that of the woodpecker is undulating.

— the behavior of the bird: an individual can move alone or in a group, fly with its legs hanging, its neck folded or otherwise; it can sing in flight, fly on the spot, etc.

STARLING medium-sized legs of perching and walking bird
GREY HERON long legs for walking in water
VERDIER short legs for perching
(plate 4)

This behavior is often an excellent identification criterion, it allows to quickly define to which species a particular bird belongs. Indeed, many birds have behaviors that are specific to them and often unique for the species, family or genus.

— comparison: allows you to identify the bird in relation to a species that we already know. (A bird that looks and flies like a swallow, but is larger, is a swift).

— the date, time and location: a summer migrant will not be observed in winter; a nocturnal bird of prey such as the tawny owl rarely flies during the day; a seabird such as the storm petrel is not found in alpine environments.

In fact, these criteria are learned very quickly when you know a little about the habits of birds. This calls upon common logic.

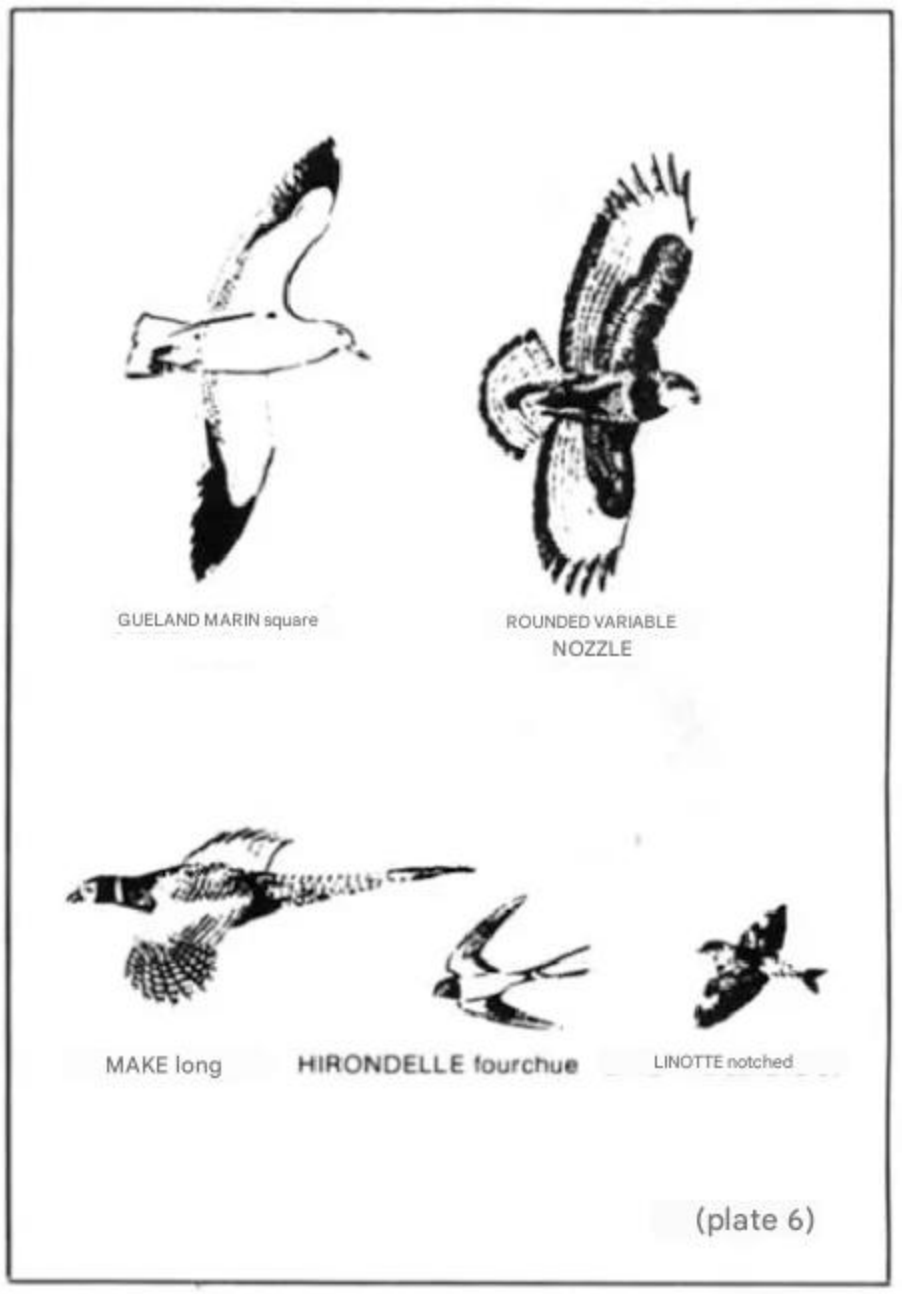
- the environment or habitat: most species are found in particular habitats, ducks on the water, pheasants in the fields, the peregrine falcon on the cliffs...

3) WHERE TO WATCH BIRDS?

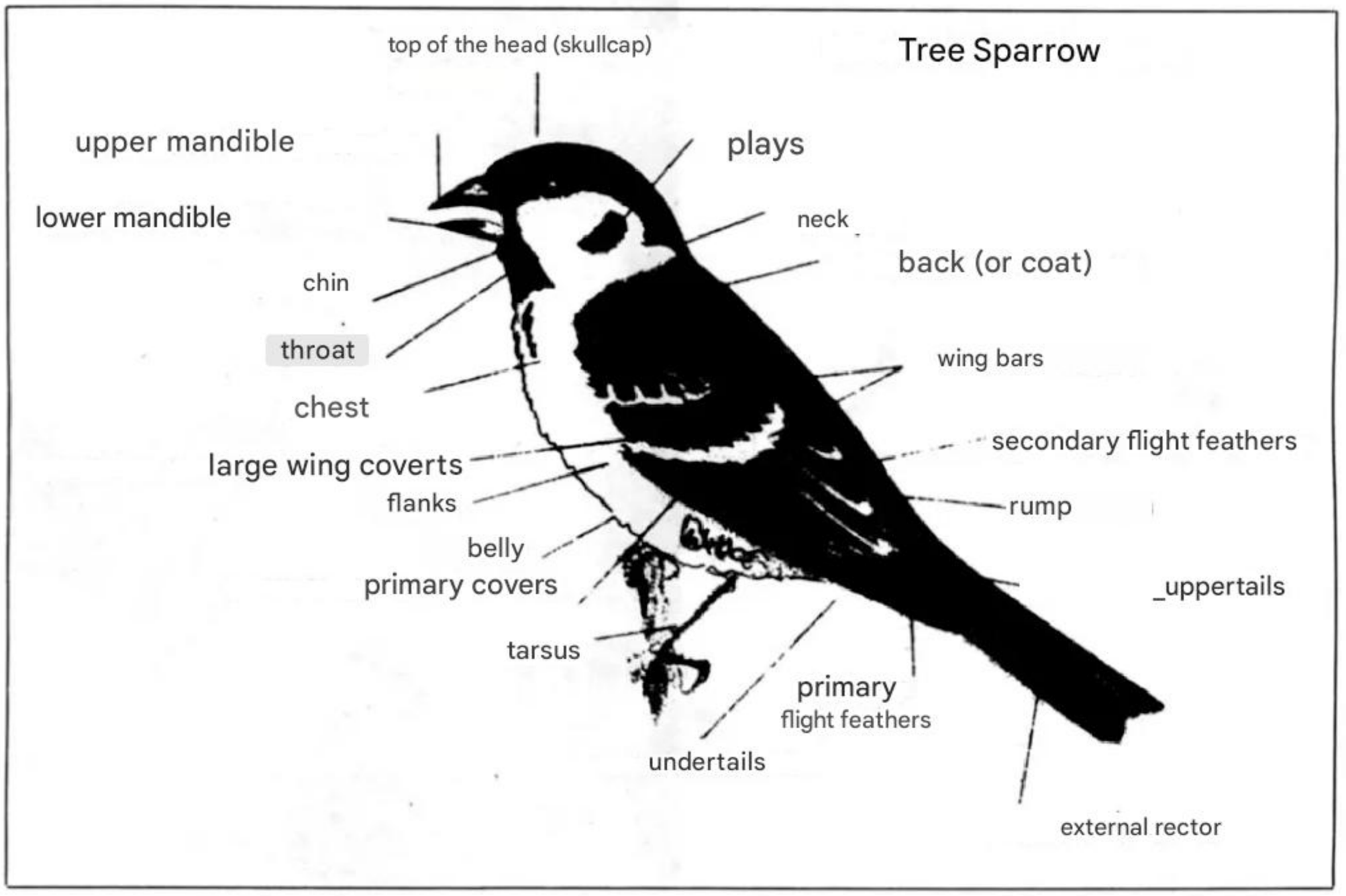
In nature (city or countryside) by positioning yourself in a well-placed spot for observation or by walking silently and listening for the slightest movements or noises made by birds.

By attracting them by feeding them in winter or by placing nest boxes. But be careful, do your research, the shape of the nest boxes differs depending on the species, and the same goes for food.

Bird identification can be an exciting activity where you can learn a lot. You should not get discouraged at the beginning, you must be patient, and above all have a good identification guide, which is essential if you want to become an apprentice ornithologist.



Jordi MAGRANER
Member of the G.D.E.R.V.
(Drômois Group for the Study and Research of Vertebrates) and of the C.O.R.A.
(Rhône-Alpes Ornithological Center)



SPECIAL RAPTORS

DIURNAL BIRDS OF PREY
(Falconiformes)

The Eagles

Eagles are large and magnificent birds, with a strong head armed with a powerful beak. They soar majestically very high and swoop down on their prey. Plumage is disconcerting especially in immatures.

They include the Golden Eagle, the Imperial Eagle, the Tawny Eagle or Steppe Eagle, the Screaming Eagle, the Lesser Spotted Eagle, Bonelli's Eagle, the Booted Eagle. By extension: the White-tailed Eagle, the Short-toed Eagle.

The Buzzards

Buzzards are, in reality, small-sized Eagles. They have a massive body, large wings, a short, rounded tail allowing, high in the sky, a gliding and circling flight. Hunting by lying in wait, they sometimes content themselves with carrion. We distinguish: The Rough-legged Buzzard, the Common Buzzard, the Ferocious Buzzard, the Russian Buzzard, the Honey Buzzard or Honey Buzzard.

The Sparrowhawk and the Goshawk

The Sparrowhawk and the Goshawk, with striped undersides, have a small head, short, blunt and rounded wings, and a long tail. In flight, several rapid beats alternating with brief glides are suitable for exploration and hunting at low altitude.

Noteworthy: the European Sparrowhawk, the Short-footed Sparrowhawk and the Northern Goshawk.

The Falcons

Falcons, with a slender body, a strong head often decorated with dark moustaches, broad shoulders, have long, pointed wings and a narrow tail. With vigorous wing beats, they hover in place although their flight is often extremely fast. Several intercept their prey by diving at full speed. Finally, unlike other birds of prey, the iris of their eyes is very dark and they do not build

of area.

Namely the Kestrels, the Emmerling Falcon, the Peregrine Falcon, the Lanner Falcon, the Lanner Falcon, the Saker Falcon, the Hobby, the Eleanor's Falcon, the Red-footed Falcon and the Gerfalcon.

The Harriers

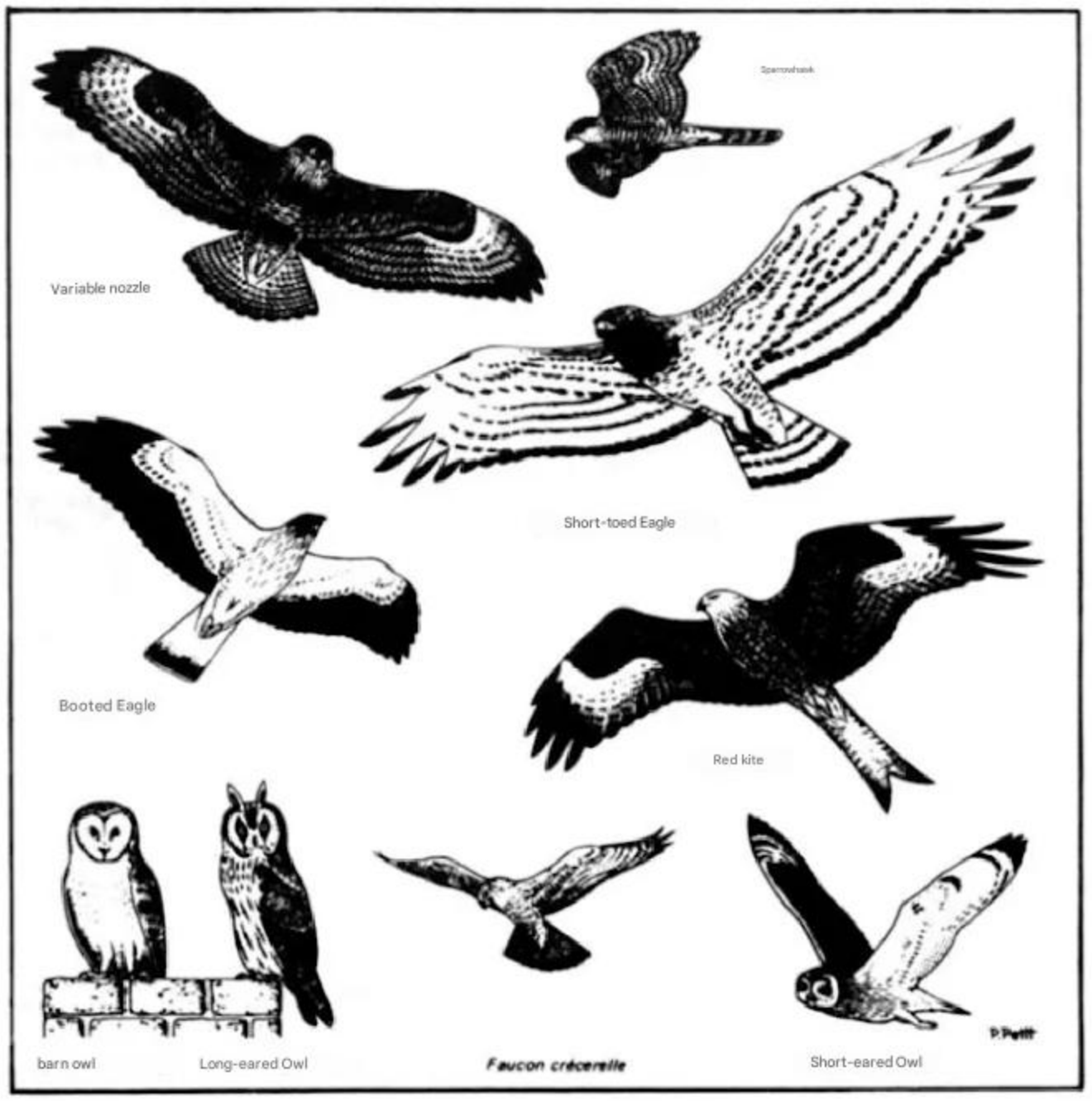
Harriers are slender birds, with a small head, long pointed wings, a tail that is rounded at the tip. If the wings are less sharp than those of Falcons, forming a very open "V", they determine a softer flight, more gliding and weaving, rather low.

There are the Marsh Harrier or Harpaye, the Montagu's Harrier, the Hen Harrier and the Pallid Harrier.

The Milans

Kites, with angular wings, are reminiscent of harriers in their silhouette, but have a notched or forked tail. Their flight is notably more flexible, more gliding, the tail serving as a rudder.

Let us mention the Black Kite and the Royal Kite.



The Vultures

Vultures are huge birds of prey, similar in size to Eagles, but their wings are much longer, their tails shorter and their heads small and bare. They can hover very high for hours without even flapping their wings. They are all fond of carrion.

Let us mention the Griffon Vulture, the Cinereous Vulture, the Bearded Vulture and the Egyptian Vulture. Finally, let us not forget the Osprey and the Black-winged Kite.

– Nocturnal Raptors (Strigiformes)

While all owls have feather tufts or "ears", all owls lack them.

Namely the Scops Owl, Long-eared Owl, Eagle Owl, and Short-eared Owl.
and: the Tawny Owl, the Barn Owl, the Little Owls and Pygmy Owls, the Hawk Owl, the Snowy Owl, the Owl

Lapland, Ural Owl and Tengmaim's Owl.

As a conclusion to this census of our birds of prey, a line from Paul Geroudet: ... If they live and prosper, it is because everything is in order in the world. >>

ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

This section is open to all announcements. For example, this time, we are reporting the summer camps of certain groups or associations that have notified us. The same will be done for all the information that you ask us to include. Only one rule: notify us in advance.

Also send us your suggestions, reports, etc... You can all contribute your stone... and even your criticisms, to the common edifice. It is only on this condition that RAID will become YOUR magazine, a great magazine.

CAMPS...

Stamm der Elche (Groupe des Élans)
Participation in the national camp of the BdP in Westernohe (FRG) on the theme of medieval crafts. There is already talk of a camp in France next year and in Canada in 1983.

Free Scouts of Valencia
Camp in Vercors from July 12 to 31 for the Queen of the Ases Company and for the Balder and Caesar Geoffray Troops. The Cub Scouts of the Kipling Pack will camp for 10 days in September.

Neutral Scouts of France (Nice) André Faubert will take his Troop to Montmorin from August 17 to September 15 after participating in the Jamboree in Graz (Austria).

Federal Scouts
The Meaux Troop will go to Brittany, 9 days of Indian camp, 3 days of raid, and 9 days of flying camp will make up this July camp. The Lion Patrol will have an additional camp in August (Franche-Comté).

THESE

European Scout Confederation

Traditional European Scout Jamboree "Eurojam 81" from 25th July to 1st August at Bramhope Camping Ground in Leeds (England). It is possible to arrive before and depart after the jamboree itself.

Europe Youth
Camp in Dordogne from July 11 to 22 for cadets and traveling camp for raiders.

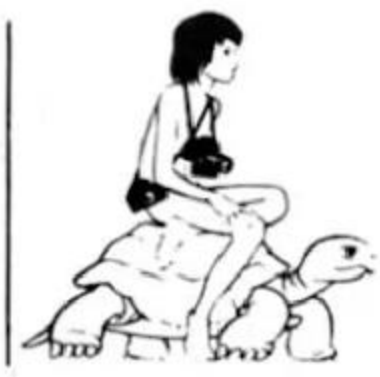
BOOKS...

track sign

New Track Sign
Issues 112 to 115 have been published. With these four issues, "The Young People's Favorite Collection" is reconnecting with a prestigious past, and we are reassured. Indeed, some titles indicated a direction that had frankly worried us: it seemed that SdP had given in to the "all-out psy" fashion. We are now rediscovering the vein that made the collection directed by Dalens-Foncine so rich. A must-read: the reissue of the "Ninth Crusade", in which X.B. Leprince brings us back to an extraordinary return to European myths.

On the other hand, our friend Alain Goût, editor-in-chief of <<< Pueri Cantores>> and director of the RAID collection at EPI-Signe de Piste (collection of practical books for use by scout movements), has just published a very interesting technical manual.

This book, measuring 15 x 21 cm, has 200 pages and is sold for 35 F plus 8 F postage. On sale from the author.



alain taste
74, rue lecourbe 75015 paris tel.566 92 24
photographer illustrator/audiovisual director childhood adolescence / nature tourism

BADEN POWELL NETWORK

THE

BADEN-POWELL NETWORK

The BP Network is an association intended to ensure the preservation of material souvenirs of scouting in France.

Everyone knows that the application of the scout method has given rise to a wealth of writings of such high quality and interest that, consciously or not, there is no longer any educational environment or method that has not been influenced by it.

The signs of the Scout Adventure (novels, badges, emblems, etc.) have spoken with such vigor, they have helped so many young people to grow, that it is good to list them, bring them together and make them known.

The BP Network was set up for this purpose. The task is great, Scouting has existed in France for almost 75 years, and the network needs everyone's help.

Much has been accomplished, but so much remains to be done... The BP Network and its magazine <<<<KIM >> invites you to join them: secretariat, 19, rue des Noriets 94400 VITRY.

SDP

The excellent magazine published by our friend Florian BERNARD has just released its number 48.

<<<Signe de Piste >> once again includes lots of technical advice for camping well, the <<courrier-informations >>> section which has made its reputation, and we have also noted a very interesting file on the totemic symbols of the North American Indians.

Information:
Florian Bernard 16, Place
du Fort Repentigny, P.Q.
Canada J6A 3H7

LITTLE SINGERS AT THE WOODEN CROSS

The "Most Famous Children's Choir in the World" is making a new start, full of promise for the future with the return of Bernard HOUDY as master of the Choir.

To celebrate this long-awaited event, the "mané >>" has just recorded a new album which should be released soon.
The rejuvenation effort also resulted in new posters depicting the Petits Chanteurs in "civilian" clothes.

Please note that the mané is once again invited by the Scouts Libres de Valence this summer. They will give a concert on July 20 in Poët-Laval (near Dieulefit, in the Drôme).

THE ICE BREAKER

<<<Le Brise-Glace >>> (in French) has just sent us its number 93. Created in 1960, it is the newspaper of the successors of the German Youth Movement. Interested in the activities of a few hundred youth or scouting organizations in Germany, it pursues an identical goal to ours or almost.

With a French-language supplement since issue 91, it should interest our young readers who want to go beyond their school German.

Contact
Joachim Münster
Kaiserswertherstrasse 59
4000 Düsserldorf 30 RFA

CLAUDE MARCHAL

Founder of a scout library which we will talk about again.
Nosu announces that he is looking for the purchase or loan of scout postcards for his book <<70 years of Scouting in France by the Postcard>>. Claude P. MARCHAL, «ES A LA LIGNE», CH-1451, Bullet. Tel. 024.61.34.26.

THE MAIL

By Lothar SAUER (FRG)...
(...) I have been informed that you are planning to publish a new scout magazine devoted mainly to the life of boys, or even to what we call "savagery".

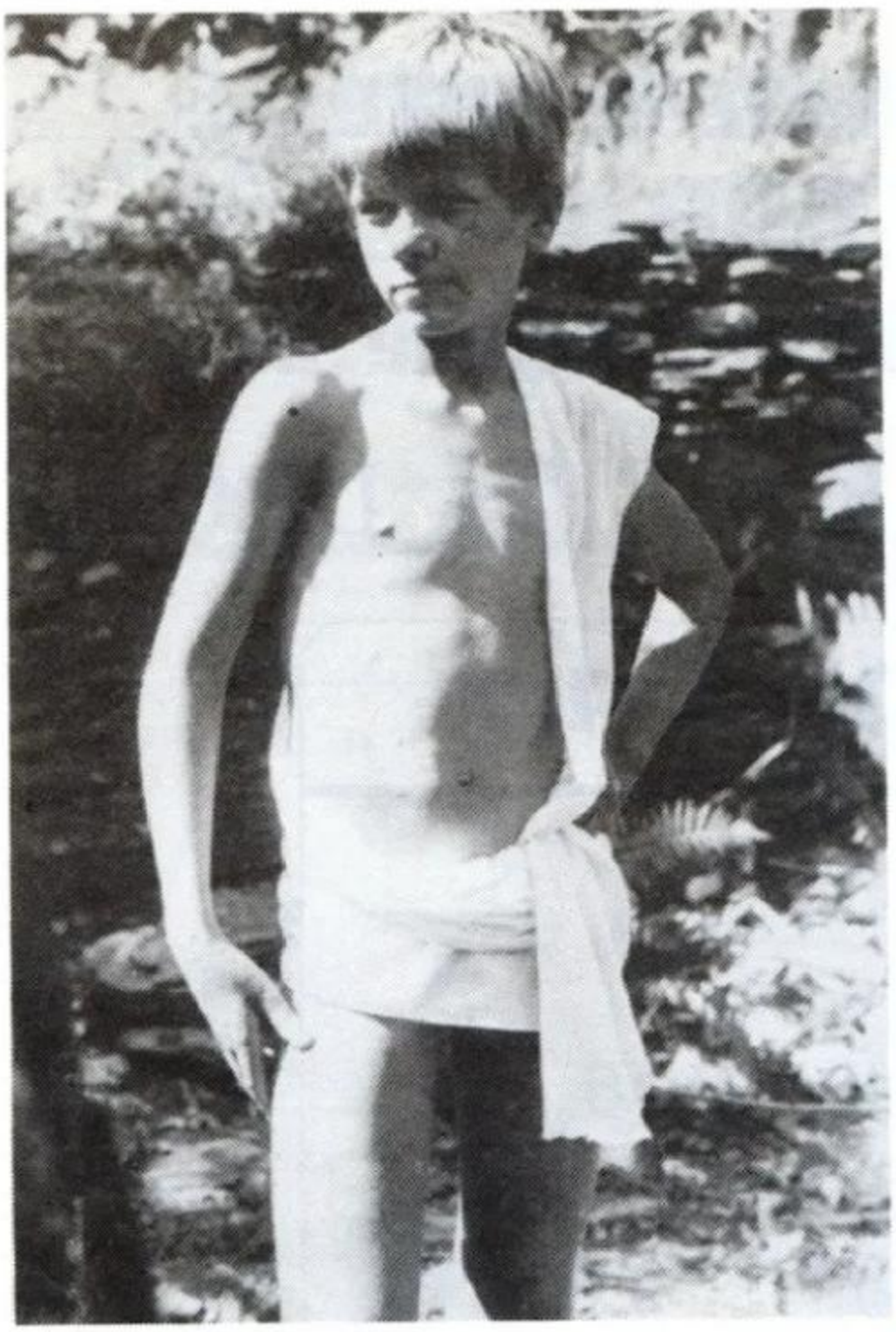
(...) Where do you expect to get material for a magazine that is more "boyish" than the fearful rags that exist. (...) There are no more camps centered on big, rough, adventurous games (...). and I don't know of a French publication that would have dared to print a scene of a big fight.

(...) I'm considered one of the best photographers of boys in Germany, but where can you find boys these days who don't look like little girls and don't wear jeans in the middle of summer?

(...) In short, if it is true that you want to risk being insulted from all sides by publishing a magazine that takes seriously the legitimate, ancestral, wild aspirations of boys, quite contrary to the spirit of the times, count me among your subscribers, your supporters and your susceptible collaborators!

Editor's note: Such letters can only encourage us in the path we have chosen, especially when they come from personalities like Lothar.

It was not the only one, and we thank all the friends who wrote us their encouragement: Florian BERNARD, Joachim BUSCH, Christian EBNER. André FAUBERT, Alain GOUT, Robert GRAFFIN, Joachim MUNSTER, etc...



Pagan

My freedom ignites Like my
wood fire. The dirty cold of
the cities Does not touch my
skin In the heart of the
clearings, And God whom I
see there In the sapwood
of the great oak Keeps me alone
awake.
I like the soft carpet
Of tender, fresh humus.
The red and gold Sun
Which sets or rises Disguises
me at will Throughout
the hours of the day.
Worthy son of Apollo I
shower at the waterfalls And
under the summer rain
Pure and thick on the crests! The fire
that on my skin Puts this
deer's outfit Is that of my
father, And the wind of
the hills Like Eros has slid
In divine caress. I loved
the water of the springs

This tongue of rock. The
forest is my lair, My room
my emotion, And the god
who circulates In the
burning saps In my bloody
veins In the winds of life
Makes dance in my nerves
All the gods of the cosmos.
The crown of vine branches,
And of gold encircles my
brow.

Child come with me For I
have no age Other than that of
statues.

bard An Alarc'h April 81

RAID

No. 1 July-August — Number: 6 F

Director of Publication:
Bruno PERALDI

Editor in Chief: Noël BERTRAND Drawings Pierre JOUBERT

Jean-Claude DEFLINE,
Jordi MAGRANER
Sepp BESTLER

Photos: Florian BERNARD
Christian EBNER
Harald THOMAS
Robert GRAFFIN
François PERALDI

Collaborated: Doctor Guy COSTAZ Ludovic DORANT
Fennec Robert GRAFFIN
Erik
L'HOMME Jordi
MAGRANER
Pierre
VIAL Impassive
Sphinx Bear

Secretariat: RAID 19. Rue Baudelaire 26000 VALENCE Tel. (75) 41.41.38

Subscription rates: France and
EEC: 35 F per year (6 issues) Other countries: 50 F per year (6 issues)

Payment method: Always payable to RAID

France: Money order or letter, check or bank or postal transfer.

Foreign: International money order in French currency only.

Printed by: PRINTING DEVAL 43. Place Jean-Jaures ROMANS
Tel. (75) 02.24.96

SCOUTING REVIEW

RAID AND YOUTH

September/October 81

No. 2-6F

PERMANENT COMPETITION

"THE WILD ONE"

RAID organizes an ongoing photo competition.

• How to compete:
Just send before each publication, one or more photos (Black and White, Color, or Slides in any format) to RAID, 19, rue Baudelaire 26000 VALENCE. The photos must have as their theme savagery, in the broad sense, which allows all fantasies and all efforts of imagination.

• Conditions of participation:
None, however all photos sent remain the property of RAID which reserves the right of publication.

• Selection:
The jury is composed of the RAID editorial team who will judge the photos according to the main criterion of the illustration of the central theme. But the technical qualities of the shooting and the printing will also be taken into account.

● Next deliberation:
December 15, 1981 For #3, photos must arrive to RAID before 8/12/81.

• The costs:
The winner will have their photo published, receive a free one-year subscription to RAID, and a book to choose from these four titles:

— Marching and vigil songs
— The Cursed Gods (J. Mabire)
— The solstices (P. Vial and J. Mabire)
— Practical Guide to Expedition and Adventure (G. Thiemmonge).

TO YOUR DEVICES!

Photo Florian Bernard

Photo Robert Graffin

Photo Claude Marchal

TO THE

READER...

Already late in the publication! you will say, and you will be right. But you should know that RAID is a magazine that appears thanks to its friends, thanks to its advertisers (who must be trusted) but also thanks to its subscribers.

Many people have already subscribed, but that's not enough. RAID has been very well received, you only have to read the readers' letters to realize that.

Now we must continue and arouse many bundled subscriptions and some associations have already done so benefit all their members.

Why not you? RAID is the magazine for everyone, the one that should help to reunite the great family of authentic scouting. It is not the magazine of a bell tower, or of an association: you must participate in it.

For this issue 2, the price of the paper has already increased, only we wanted to maintain the rates for two more months. They are still very low, so take advantage of them before the certain increase of issue 3.

So now it's your turn!

RAID

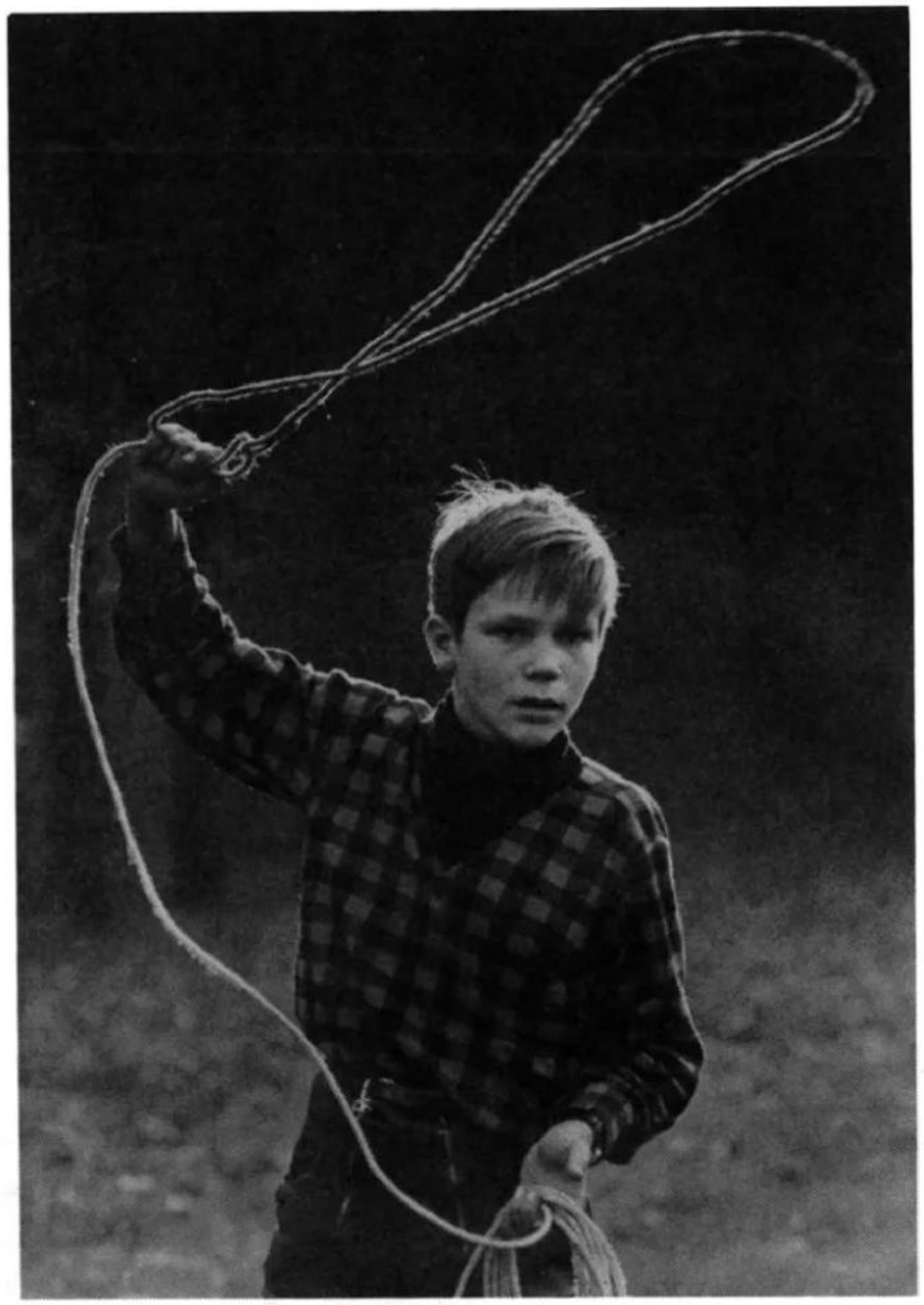


Photo Lothar Sauer

INNOVATIONS

Subscribers will receive in addition to this issue 2, a mimeographed <<information supplement>> containing reports, stories, anecdotes and news from everywhere. This supplement will be the link for RAID friends. There is also talk of supplements in English and German, what do you think? How do you see these supplements?

TRUE STORY?...

THE CICADAS PATROL

by Erik, CP of the Falcons

2nd part

Photo Lothar Sauer

When they stopped running, they were on the verge of exhaustion. They had crested a ridge and had no idea where they were. The map had long since passed its limits, so they could only rely on their noses. They decided to take a goat trail that would take them into the valley, and there it would be the devil if they couldn't find someone to ask for directions.

After a perilous descent, arriving on a road, they found themselves in front of a sign indicating a small village a few kilometers from there. Up until that moment, nothing out of the ordinary, except for the fact that the name of the village was Spanish... So they had crossed the border without knowing it! It seemed incredible. What to do? They had fraudulently entered Castile. The best solution seemed to Serge to be to take exactly the same path and once they arrived in France, they would see...

They were just coming into view of the summit when they saw a group of men coming down the same path. Instinctively, they pulled over to one side, behind a block of rocks and tried to observe the newcomers. A glimmer of anguish lit up their faces when they had identified the figures. In addition to their old acquaintances, there were three men, shepherds judging by their clothing. Their hiding place was too small, and it was inevitable that they would be seen when the thugs passed by. So there was going to be a fight.

Serge jumped on the first, but tripping over a pebble, found himself in the arms of the shepherd. Seeing this, the scouts rushed towards their CP who was immediately released. Soon, the melee was general, feet and fists flying from all sides. But, despite all its ardor and its passion, the Patrol remained inferior in number and strength. Three were already prisoners and the others were about to become so. They were now defending themselves only with the energy of despair.

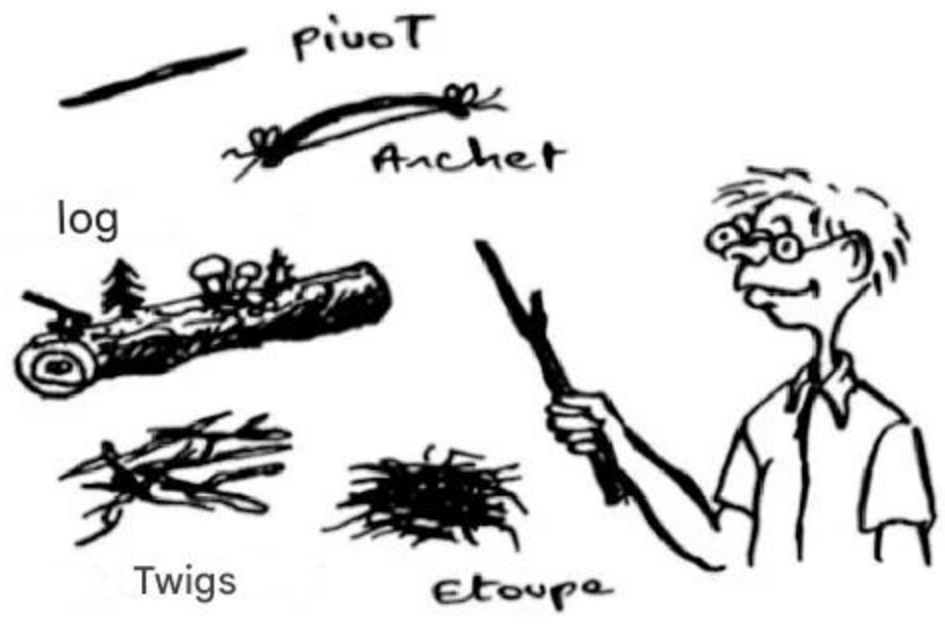
As he fought, Serge thought quickly. He considered all the solutions, only one seemed feasible to him.

Deciding suddenly, as if one were jumping into water, he leapt towards the mountain and shouted: "Cover me, I'm going."

Philippe and Luc tried to apply this order, until their Chief disappeared.

Serge had barely gone fifty meters when a shepherd, jostling Philippe, ran after him. Luc resolutely dove into the man's legs and they both rolled downhill. Serge had disappeared.

ooo



Let's make fire like our ancestors

All the scout patrols I have ever met knew how to make a fire with two matches and some paper; unfortunately I only know of one who knew how to do it like the ancient European tribes.

The material used is also very economical: first of all you — have to find a log that is not too big and very dry.

— You then need to make a bow which will be made from a piece of wood on which you will have stretched a leather strap.

— finally we will take a pivot.

Procedure to follow:

1) Prepare a conical pile of very small twigs, as dry as possible.

2) Place the log on the ground, with a ball of tow within reach (an old sparrow's nest works very well).

3) Put one knee on the ground, blocking the wooden base with the other foot.

4) Insert the pivot into the strap of the bow so that it makes a dead turn around the pivot. Place the lower end of the pivot on the log on which a hole has been made.

5) The bow is played regularly with the right hand; black dust is quickly produced which seeps into the notch of the log.

6) Place the tow right next to the log, very close to the notch.

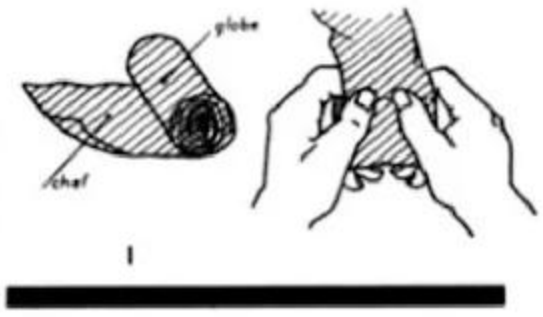
7) Push the small pile of black dust onto the tow and blow very gently. As soon as the tow has taken, place the small pyramid of twigs on top while continuing to blow.

BEAR

It is recommended to use elm, maple, willow, linden, poplar or sycamore for the log.

SCOUT TOU... BIB

Bandages



I

The best bandage is the one made with a strip <<<Velpeau» in elastic crepe, a band that can be washed but not ironed.
The strip is rolled quite loosely. It thus forms the head and the globe (Fig. 1).

You hold the globe in your right hand and bandage from left to right. Every bandage begins with two circular turns (a circular is one turn of the bandage on itself). The first turn is started slightly diagonally; the angle is folded down between the first turn and the second (Fig.

2). This way the strip does not slip.
Every bandage is finished with two circulars, fixed with a pin from top to bottom. If the strip is too short, finish with a strip of the same width.
To remove the bandage, unroll the strip and tighten it into a ball by passing it from one hand to the other.

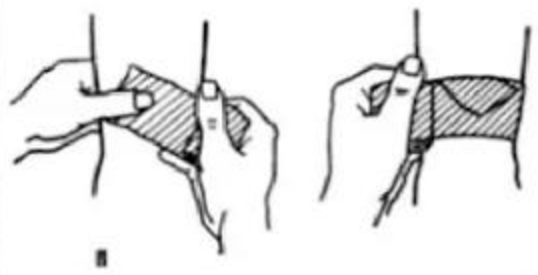
IV

1st bandage of the arm or leg.

The bandage is made from the end of the limb towards the root (shoulder or hip) in a simple spiral with a Velpeau bandage, but it is better to do "reversed" (Fig. 3).

2nd finger.

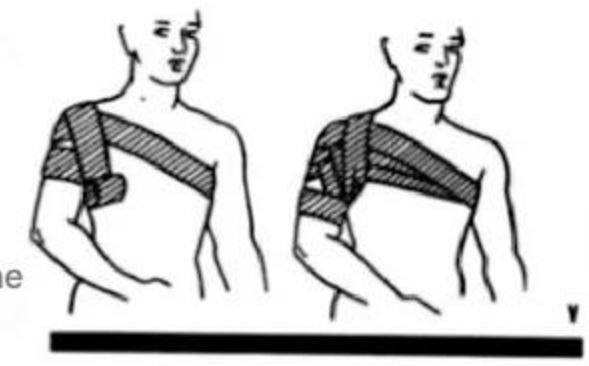
Make two circular movements around the wrist. Pass over the back of the hand or finger. Make one or two circular movements around the end of the finger and secure them with a circular movement. Make a series of "8" movements and finish with two circular movements around the wrist (Fig. 4).



II

3rd The shoulder.

Start with two circular movements around the upper arm. Then, moving upwards, make a series of <<8>>s between the shoulder and the body (Fig. 5). Finish on the arm.



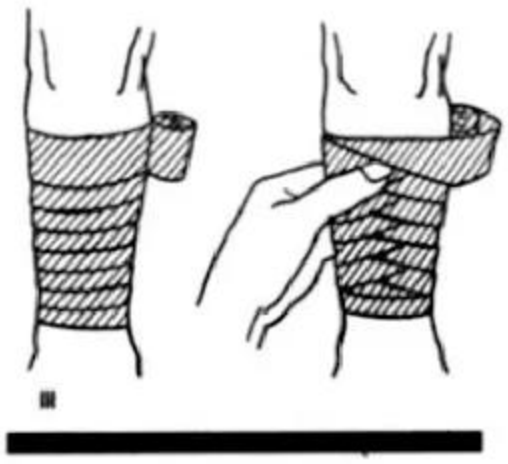
V

4th Bandage of the sprain.

Make two circles around the heel and instep. Finish with a series of "8"s made going up and around the foot and ankle. Finish with two circles around the ankle (Fig. 7).

5 Knee Elbow.

These bandages are done on the half-flexed joint.
The knee or elbow cross begins with two circulars below the knee. Then go up in a series of "8"s, crossing them forward or backward depending on the part to be protected (Fig. 6). Finish with two circulars above the knee.

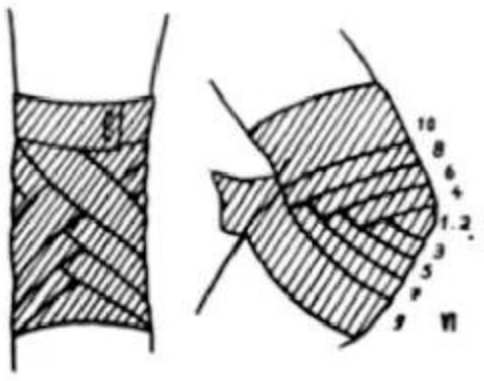


III

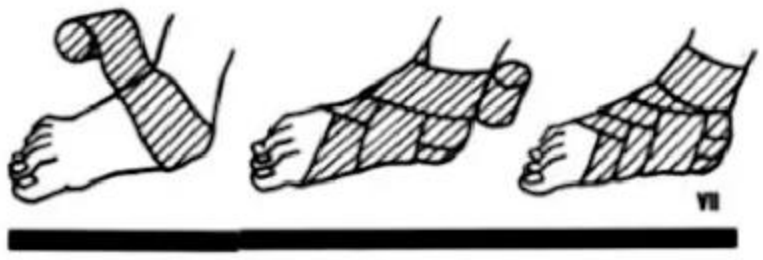
above the knee.

The Turtle (for knee and elbow).

The circulars of the beginning and end are started on the middle of the joint. The turns of the bandage are made in this way by aligning themselves towards the ends of the limb (Fig. 6).
The good bandage is the one that holds. Made according to the rules, a bandage holds better. Only a good first aider can improvise a bandage.



VI



VII

In memory of the If Ygdrasil

or how Hujki was admitted into the Forest Boys Horde.

Edward Bourise

Although he was one of the most intrepid boys of his age, Hujki, formerly so turbulent and so laughing, lately often remained pensive among his playmates.

For several weeks, the great beech trees had opened their buds. The sun was growing stronger each day, dispelling the mists of the night earlier and earlier, and in the evening, the children could play later and later on the banks of the lake in the less cold water, before going to sleep in the huts in the clearing. On the bushes of the most exposed hillsides, the first wild berries were beginning to form. The cuckoo could be heard singing. The croaking of frogs rose from the reeds and the echo from the cliffs amplified the strange and fierce song of the capercaillie.

Photo Lothar Sauer

It was the season dear to Balder, God of Spring and Ardent Youth, beloved son of Odin and Frigg Queen of the Aesir.

Summer was approaching. Hujki, the agile and supple young boy with a dark complexion, deer eyes and wild locks, had just turned thirteen... The idea that he was now old enough to be part of the Horde of the Forest Boys filled him with pride but also with anxiety because frightening stories were circulating in the world of the young Cimbri about the entrance tests that were imposed on novices. Hujki was the son of Fimafengr, chief of the Auroch Clan.

Among the tribes that populated the wildest and most remote part of the Country of the Cimbri, the one whose hunting grounds extended to the impenetrable thickets of the slopes of a mountain above which circled Thjazi, the giant eagle of the sagas, and where the voice of man, nor the sound of an axe no youth, be he the son of a chief or of illustrious birth, could rise to the rank of Hunter or young warrior, nor receive the weapons, without passing through the horde of the Boys of the Forest.

The Horde was common to the different clans. The young Cimbri undertook a harsh life training there, away from their families, in contact with the elements, subjected to tests of courage and endurance but in a youthful fraternity, the basis of lasting friendships, precious later when the Cimbri tribes would have to unite their vital forces to face some serious external threat...

Before being received into the Horde, every boy of Hujki's age had to first be solemnly presented to Thurse, a venerable old man, supreme guardian of customs. ancestral, and to satisfy preliminary rites intended to test his stoicism and strength of character. It was this prospect which agitated the son of Fimafengr and the troubled, despite his natural vivacity and boldness. Despite the airs of bravery he displayed towards the boys younger than him, a shudder ran through his flexible body of a little savage when he imagined all that he had to face before even being called upon to force his first deer, before even having the right to wear on the leather strap of his belt the rudimentary bone-handled cutlass of the young hunters...

It was at the end of a hot day, during which the storm had long raged without breaking over the cliffs crowned with brushwood, that Fimafengr informed Hujki that the fateful hour had come. Barefoot (he had been made to take off his soft elk-skin shoes), the young boy was led across

the disturbing labyrinth of giant boxwoods to the lost clearing where, facing a chaos of rocks, between large white birches, stood a very old yew tree that was venerated in memory of the yew Ygdrasil, witness to Odin's sacrifice. The tree was gnarled, cracked, and one could dream that its deep roots sank down to the three legendary worlds; Nifheim: the world of fog and freezing cold; Jotunheim: the world of giants; and Asaheim: the world of all powers.

In front of the yew stood in a semicircle some of the oldest and most valiant warriors of the allied clans. Their helmets, adorned with elk antlers and the wings of birds of prey, proudly crowned them; precious furs enveloped their shoulders, and at their side hung the heavy sword with the jade handle inlaid with gold. In the midst of them stood Thurse; he was a tall old man. with a wrinkled face, silver hair and a visionary gaze. Draped in a long linen robe, he had no adornment, he, the Chanter of the god Odin, who alone had the right to engrave the magic runes on the sacred stones, he whose age no one knew and who had presided for generations over all the sacrifices and all the rites of adolescence...

Without a word, Fimafengr placed a firm hand on his son's shoulder. The young boy advances alone towards the Warriors. The blood seems to have drained from his cheeks browned by the tan.

A light breeze stirs the locks of her blond hair. Between the branches of the trees one can see a whole horizon of forests. On the billowing peaks the shadow of a few clouds spreads vast dark patches.

Old Thurse raises his arm and Hujki stops. The Cimbri Warriors, leaning on their frames, frozen in a hieratic immobility, seem to be mercilessly gauging the boy's determination.

With his body straight, his heart pounding, his throat trembling but his head held high, Hujki waits for Thurse's words.

— As a child, the forest is our kingdom, with its sacred trees, its animals that haunt it and all the mysterious things it hides in its caves and caverns. Vidar, Vidar, son of Odin and Grid the witch, is the god of the primeval forest, the god of the eternal wild forest, indestructible and always reborn.

— Child, peoples and kingdoms will be destroyed, and with them all that they have built. But the wild forest will live again, and from the eternal domain of Vidar a new humanity will resurface for new epics.

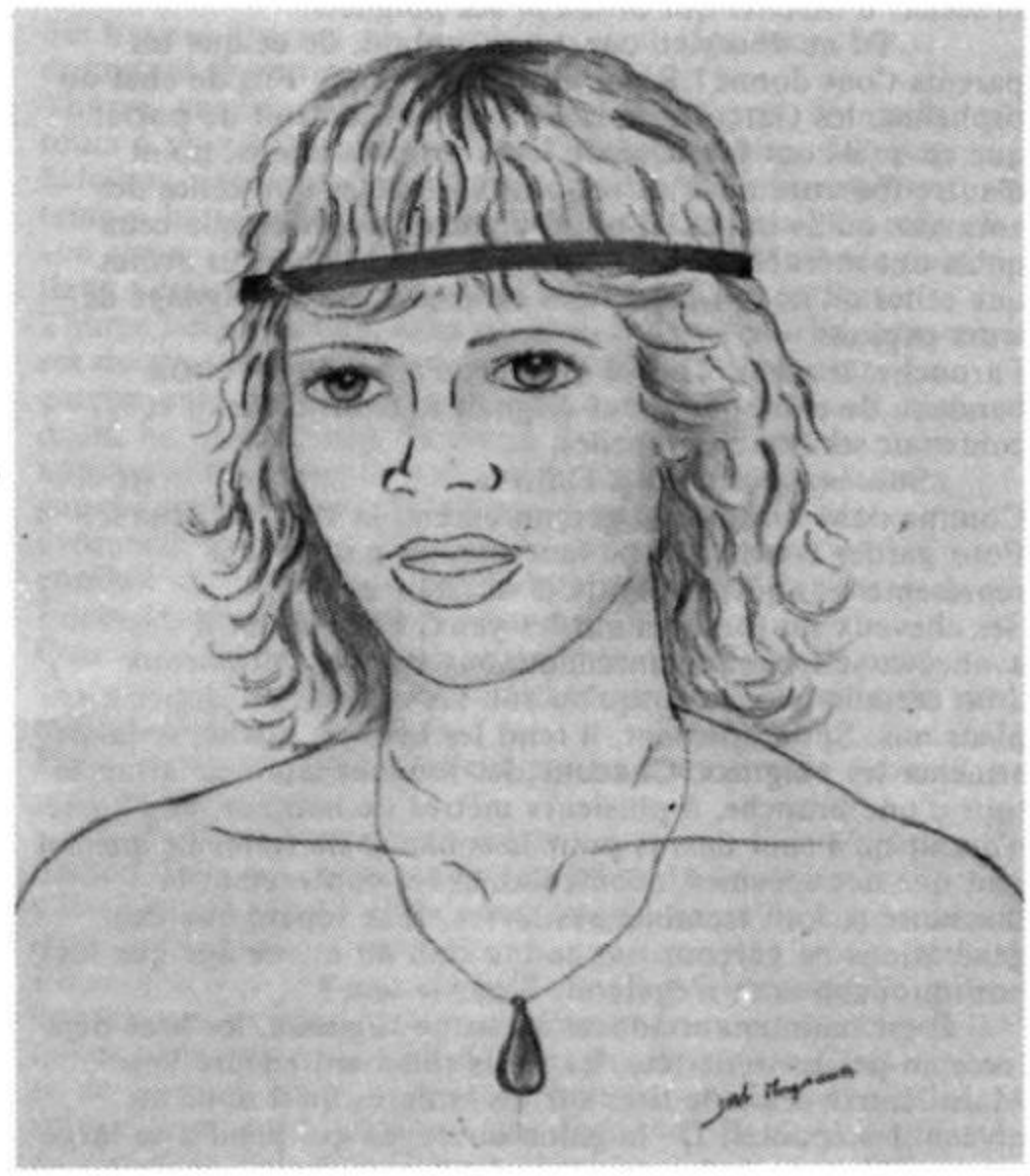
!

— Child, our rites require that every adolescent assert his courage and be initiated into the secrets of this primitive forest. You are old enough to be received into the Horde of the Boys of the Forest. But only novices with strong souls and already enduring bodies are admitted. This is why you will have to face a first initiatory test. Later, if you prove yourself worthy, you will have others to know. At the end of them, you will be given the bronze knife of the hunters, the auroch horn and then the framee and shield of the Young Warriors. But one thing at a time, child, and gather all your courage because you still do not know what awaits you.

Old Thurse remained silent for a moment before continuing in an even more serious voice:

— Boy, you know the story of the runes, the story of our mysterious signs, these sacred characters that allow us to fix and transmit thought. You know that to invent them, to receive the revelation of the Bird of Light, the god Odin, his side pierced by his own spear, experienced nine long days of suffering, hanging from the branches of the yew tree, with no company other than that of crows and wolves, tortured by his wound and tormented by thirst and hunger. Do you know that, boy? Nine whole days, nights and days, with no one to help him, without a sip of water, without the slightest food... All this of his own free will, so that the initiates could from age to age know the mysteries of nature, transmit to each other the secrets of the elements, the secrets of life and eternity... Hujki does not move. The words of the great old man echo in his buzzing ears. Despite the dizziness he feels, the young boy does not waver, as if fascinated by the unbearable gaze, by the gray eyes that stare at him with an overwhelming intensity...

— Know, boy, that nothing here below is obtained without the



will and without the courage, without the strength of soul which allows one to overcome suffering!

With these words, the old man crossed his arms over his chest. before heading towards the sacred tree with solemn slowness. Hujki's father has withdrawn and the Warriors after having insensibly retreated, silently widen their arc before moving away into the depths of the thickets.

Under the evening rays, the yew suddenly takes on an impressive relief, a little frightening with its dark foliage, its leaning trunk with reddish bark, its branches twisted by storms or mutilated by thunderstorms. For a while now, Hujki had sensed what cruel ordeal awaited him. He now guessed its imminence and wondered with anguish if, like the god Odin, he would be left hanging from the tree for nine days.

The boy was alone now, in the middle of the empty space, facing the tall yew tree, sinister and black in the backlight.

Near the tree, the old man seemed immersed in meditation and was chanting muffled invocations.

After a few moments he stood up majestically to his full height and intoned in an incredibly loud voice the verses of a wild song that echoed through the surrounding forests. Through the mouth of Thurse, it was Odin himself who seemed to address the sons of men to teach them to conquer all fear.

So Hujki, without waiting for the slightest injunction, walked of his own accord to the torture, trying not to show any sign of fear. As he advanced he tried to sing, but his throat was so tight that he quickly gave up. When he reached the foot of the yew tree, he could not suppress a long shiver and instinctively backed away when he saw that everything was ready and saw the long braided leather straps already fixed to the branches between which he was to be bound. Thurse frowned and informed Hujki that there was still time to give up: stoicism was the primary quality that they wanted to instill in young Cimbri, and if he had the weakness to complain during the ordeal or to cry for mercy under the pain, he would not be admitted to the Horde, however much of a chieftain's son he was...

To show Hujki that from now on he was a boy like any other, to make him realize that from now on he would have to count only on his courage and his endurance, the inflexible Guardian of Rites made him take off even the amber amulet he wore around his neck, even the

bone bracelets that adorned his wrists.

— You must keep nothing, child, of what your parents have given you! Nothing, absolutely nothing. Whether sons of chiefs or orphans, the Boys of the Forest are only allowed to wear what they have made with their own hands, no fur or other animal skins than those of animals they have killed, no other trophies than those they have earned by their bravery, no other weapons than those they have fashioned or received as a testimony to their exploits.

Fierce, old Thurse went so far as to untie the narrow headband of soft leather that encircled Hukji's forehead and contained his rebellious curls.

<<<Be brave! Think of Odin!>>>

As if in a dream, the boy hears Thurse's voice. To keep courage, he must not imagine the suffering he is going to endure.

His hair falls over his eyes. Trembling, he has moved forward and is now under the heavy branches, some of which bend to the ground. The moss is soft on his bare feet. Spontaneously, he stretches out his arms and, docile, lets his wrists be tied. Each of the long straps went around a branch, several meters high, and Thurse only had to pull on it to lift him off the ground. The boy feels uncontrollable spasms contract his jaw and make his lips tremble. He tells himself that generations of boys have experienced this at the same age as him: why shouldn't his courage match theirs?

He is now leaning against the rough trunk, his arms already raised above his head, his feet still touching the ground. But Thurse stops pulling on the straps he ties at shoulder level. From the ornate sheath hanging from his wide bronze-studded belt, he takes out a dagger:

— Do not close your eyes. The sight of blood must not trouble the sons of the Cimbri of the Forest...

The boy grits his teeth and leans with all his might against the trunk of the yew tree as if he hopes to sink into it. The roughness of the tree painfully embeds itself in his bare back. Hujki suddenly rears up desperately, throws his head back...

The silky squeak of skin plowed by the blade can be heard. With a sure hand, with a slowness that makes the boy wince, Thurse traces a long gash on his left side.

Blood trickles from the raw furrow, but Hujki doesn't cry out as this ritual wound is inflicted on him.

Then the implacable old man began to hoist the boy's body again. Soon, Hujki, panting, arms stretched out, shoulders crushed by the weight of his body, searched in vain for a point of support: nothing but the rough trunk that plowed his loins and shoulder blades. To the two straps buckled around his wrists, Thurse added two others that he tied securely to the young boy's ankles.

So when he finally judges the latter's body to be at the right height, it is easy for him to immobilize it in the desired position.

As a result, Hujki will find himself neither really hanged nor suspended, but in a position hardly less trying: torn between two main branches, at the fork of the yew, at the thickest part of its branches, unable to make the slightest movement. Only oblique branches against which he can only brace himself at the cost of crazy contortions, ons, serve as a precarious support for his heels... Around the tortured boy, there is nothing left but the dark and sad foliage of the yew. Hujki no longer hears Thurse, and does not sees more. He does not know if the latter still watches at the foot of the tree or if it too has moved away, abandoning the novice to the throes of a test to which he is no longer able able to evade it, if he wanted to.

In the evening wind, branches flutter, sweeping the boy's body and further stoking with their wild caresses the sting of the burning cut that burns his hip. When night came, the feeling of loneliness and abandonment overwhelmed him. He thought that at this hour, he was usually on the verge of falling asleep in the safety of the hut, stretched out on a thick bear fur, his younger brother's hand in his. And if the cries of the wolves in the mountains came to wake them from their sleep, there was the calm, strong breathing of their father to reassure the two children.

Hujki had a valiant soul. Life among the Cimbri was harsh. The boy had known privations, even famine, and the painful wanderings of the clan, at the end of the too long winters when game was scarce. He was hardened to bad weather, did not fear games where one gives and receives blows, and did not cry when he was corrected in case of disobedience.

But it was one thing to be in pain among one's fellow men and another to be in total isolation and prey to the anguish of darkness. For the first time in his life, Hujki became aware of what the clan represented, of the strength he would have — drawn despite the terrifying blackness of the foliage, despite the bruises on his wrists and ankles, despite the stabs in his limbs torn apart in the presence of the others.

And most of all, even more frightening, there was this feeling of complete helplessness that he had only experienced until now in certain nightmares.

Trapped like a bird, the young boy discovered how much one should thank the gods, even in the greatest destitution, in the worst situations, when one kept the use of one's arms and legs, when one had one's hands free, and when one could walk, run, climb, leap, fight...

He felt terribly tired but realized that he would never be able to experience the slightest respite, the briefest minute of sleep with these efforts, this tension that he had to constantly maintain, muscles and nerves stretched to the extreme in order to keep his grip on the fleeing bark of the branches.

The threatening storm had passed and the bluish moonlight filtered through the branches. Hujki listened to the ominous nocturnal whirling, and sometimes shuddered with horror when a bat brushed his forehead.

He had quickly lost all sense of time. He was not yet suffering from hunger or thirst, but his head was heavy, his lips burning and dry. The gash on his side still tortured him and all his joints ached as if some giant had twisted them in his barbaric hands. In the dark night, he constantly heard animals, small or large beasts moving around, howling, fighting, loving, killing or dying, very close or very far away. But despite all that this prodigious ballet could have of frightening it was he who helped the boy to pull himself together.

With all his senses alert, forgetting his martyrdom, he recorded the cracking of branches, the rustling of leaves, the hammering of hooves, the beating of legs, light or heavy, supple or ponderous. He guessed the races, the chases, the fights. He imagined their unfolding from the grunts, the hisses, the complaints, the cries of fury or terror, the gnashing of teeth and the squeaks, ferocious or plaintive. He tried to identify all these beasts whose tracks his father had taught him to recognize in the humus of the undergrowth.

His heart pounding, Hujki, at the height of excitement, writhed in the knots of leather that imprisoned his ankles and wrists; he vibrated from the tips of his nails to the roots of his hair and could already see himself, the hunter's spear held in both hands, firmly awaiting the charge of his first wild boar...

The disordered movements he had made had the effect of tightening his bonds even more until they cut into his flesh. But the young boy told himself that it was not too high a price to pay for the privilege of one day becoming a real hunter. The rigor of the test he was undergoing corresponded to the exaltation of his imagination and imagining the adventures he would not fail to experience in the ranks of the Boys of the Forest, galvanized his energy.

A subtle cold that hardened his chin and froze his ribs told him that dawn was near.

The birds began to sing. The wind had risen and the branches of the yew tree, more strongly than the day before, came to whip Hujki's frozen body.

The latter thought with dread that it was only his first night of torture that was ending and wondered if, following Odin's example, he would go on without fainting until the end of the nine days.

Thirst and hunger began to gnaw at him and the contractions of his chest, from which, by painfully leaning his head, he could see the visible ribs highlighted by his

painful tearing, streaked with fine scratches, the work of the branches which regularly swept across his torso, became difficult to bear.

Hujki closed his eyes. He must not try to follow the course of the sun. He must not try to measure time, nor must he contemplate the horrifying amount of suffering he was about to endure. The one thing that had to be said and repeated was that he, Hujki, would not be weaker or more cowardly than all the young Cimbri who had passed through this before him.

Bravely the youth with the burning lips and feverish brow arched his back and shook his shaggy hair. He wanted to think only of Odin. With fierce determination, he tried to recall all the fantastic legends, all the moving songs he had heard since his early childhood. The boy, with all his will, applied himself to finding those strange and beautiful songs to which he had not always given all the importance he wanted, sensitive only to the magic of their accents, but which, now, he understood with a mysterious intuition initiated perhaps by pain and isolation that they answered the questions of those who wonder about the secrets of nature, the sky, — life and death.

He, Hujki, knew now in what torments, in what unspeakable suffering, the one-eyed god, the father of all things, had discovered and revealed to his faithful the signs which are on the cradles and on the tombs. The signs which are on the shields of the gods and on the weapons of men, on the claw of the bear and on that of the wolf; those which mark the horn of the auroch and the beak of the eagle, the dagger of the hunter and the forehead of the stag.

In the grip of a sort of sacred hallucination, the young boy heard the croaking of Odin's two ravens: Hujin and Munin. He thought he saw Ratatosk the squirrel who provokes the eternal fight between the eagle and the snake jumping from branch to branch, and the two legendary wolves: Géri the glutton and Fréki the voracious, continuing their wild round all around the tree...

And now, by the effect of a fantastic enchantment, his blood became the sap of the yew tree Ygdrasil...

His limbs were growing numb, his muscles were becoming as hard as wood; his arms and legs, which he imagined grafted to the forked branches by the braided leather straps that Thurse had intertwined to better immobilize him, were becoming a living extension of the gnarled trunk. Hujki was the tree and the tree was Hujki. The same force enveloped the two beings, the thirteen-year-old boy and the thousand-year-old yew...

How many hours did the metamorphosis last? What initiatory visions appeared to the adolescent with his eyelids stubbornly closed?

It was when the golden arrows of the setting sun made him open his eyes that Hujki saw the straps that bound him move. A thin wisp of smoke rose from the clearing...

Hujki felt his ankles being released, after which, suspended by his wrists, he was slowly lowered from the heights of the tree.

Thurse, still impassive, stood at the foot of the yew tree. A flaxen-haired boy had apparently helped him in the operation.

He was a youth, taller than Hujki and perhaps about two years older. Slender, silent, thin and brown-skinned, with a wild air, he wore around his neck a leather lace with a bear's claw attached. His only clothing was a sort of loincloth made of a bad lynx skin that had been torn to shreds.

On his hip there was a thin, old scar that revealed that he too had received the ritual wound some time ago.

Having untied Hujki's wrists, old Thurse handed him a wooden cup and made him drink two mouthfuls of a liquid that tasted like mead and that must have had some magical virtue, because the young boy, still shaky, instantly regained his strength. Then he pointed to the fire that was crackling between the yew tree and the rocks at the back of the terrace: "It was lit with dead branches from the sacred tree. You will have to jump over it and run around it nine times. I said."

Despite the contraction of all his muscles, despite his painful joints, despite the bruises on his hocks on which the leather had left bloody furrows, the boy rushed forward, leapt, then without worrying about the sparks or embers scattered on the ground, he ran without flinching, taming the vertigo that awaited him. Thurse, inflexible guardian of ancestral rites, counted the turns out loud. Hujki, the test accomplished, stopped, panting, swaying. His hair was stuck to his forehead, his temples were beating and sweat was running in shiny streaks on his body reddened by the proximity of the fire. The gash on his side had reopened but his eyes shone with pride. Thurse nodded, without a word, then bent down, took between his fingers a brand with the tip still glowing red. The boy with the flaxen hair had come forward and was standing straight, his arms at his sides. The old man raised his hand and pressed the brand on the adolescent's chest, at the top left: <"the mark of Odin...". The sign of the initiates, evocative of the runes of Ygdrasil... At the moment when a novice was entrusted to him, the Chief of the Horde of the Boys of the Forest was to receive him again.

When this was done, Thurse passed the brand to the flaxen-haired boy so that he, in turn, could apply it to Hujki's skin.

Hujki did not flinch, did not recoil, did not utter a cry.

Go! and may Vidar keep you...». <<<

Thurse, arms crossed, watched the two teenagers walk away and followed them with his eyes until they disappeared into the depths of the thickets.

The boy with the flaxen hair slipped felinely through the thickest thickets without changing his course when he had to cross a clump of nettles or brambles. He only looked back from time to time to see if Hujki was following him and not getting left behind. They went down towards the Ormt torrent, heading towards the lost cave where the boys of the Forest were going to have a new companion...

Edward Bourise

Photo Lothar Sauer

MEET...

The Crusade

Photo Hervé Jacque

Photo Hervé Jacque

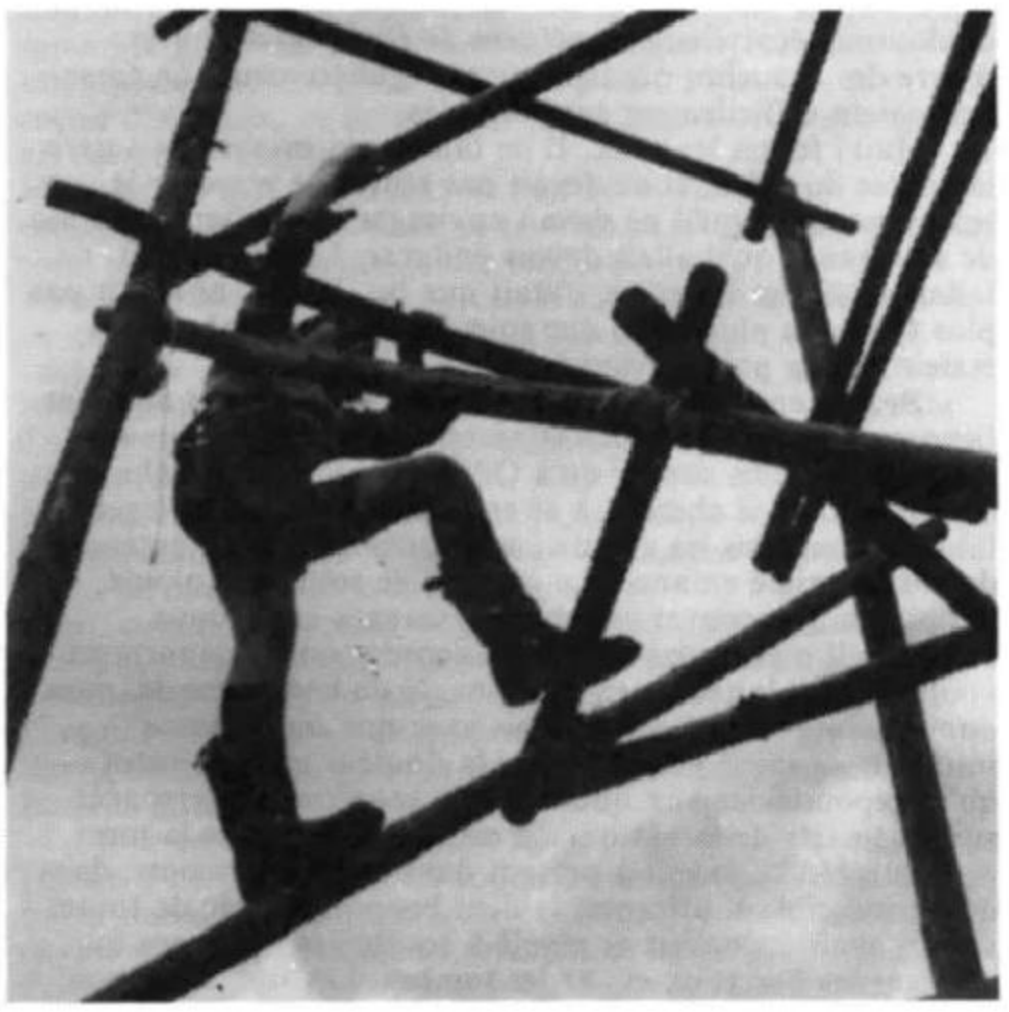


Photo Hervé Jacque

Founded in the aftermath of the war, the crusade brought together a few dozen boys aged 12 to 17.
Although its original vocation was essentially religious,
For some twenty years, it has resolutely turned towards the activities advocated by traditional and authentic scouting,
without losing its Catholic inspiration.

In addition to the big games, let's highlight the night raids, the river descents in rafts built in advance by each team, the "oh-so-difficult activities" (= a kind of survival), and so on.

In the eyes of young people, it's crazy how slowly adults experience life; the Crusade allows boys to finally live at their own pace during the summer and Easter camps, but also on Wednesday afternoons during the weekly meeting.
The uniform: khaki shirt, green and white scarf, brown shorts. Among the points that shape the spirit of the Crusade:
<<< Walk ahead, always ahead.
For any contact with the group, write to: "La Croisade", Hervé Jacque, Av. Molière, 22 1180 Brussels, Belgium.
We answer all letters.

THERE IS ALSO A GROUP (SCOUT OR OTHER) IN THIS SECTION. THAT'S ITS PURPOSE! BUT DON'T FORGET TO ATTACH TO YOUR EXHIBITION, SOME BEAUTIFUL, WELL-CONTRASTED PHOTOS.

At TTOI,

C.P.

There was a storm in the air and little Guy, lying on the couch, was feeling a bit down. A few moments before, he had been chatting amicably with his Chief and, until everyone was there in full force, the atmosphere had been most cordial. Why then did the Chief have to allow himself to criticize the way the CPs were playing their role? This lack of discretion triggered hostilities. Guy angrily said: "I didn't ask you to be CP"..., and yet, on the day of his investiture, he had accepted. He had promised to do everything possible to lead his Patrol as best he could..., but he had a terrible temper. As much as he knew how to be classy, a classy guy full of energy when he wanted to take the trouble, he could be as mean as a moth when his sensitivity or his anger got the better of him (far too often).

Oh! They were far from having all the qualities required to be CPs, the CPs of the Chief, but, if they were not the best, they were perhaps the least bad, those who could easily have become good CPs if they had wanted to. It was not good will that they lacked, but simply will... They sometimes made great efforts, unfortunately there was no follow-up. This happened in periods that were too irregular, too spaced out. The Chief was obliged to recognize that, at times, he was satisfied with the efforts he noticed, but he regretted not feeling more consistency in his young Chiefs, not seeing them put more heart into fulfilling the obligations of their office. Alas! They did not want to command, to lead. They were ashamed of having a responsibility, of giving a directive, of taking an initiative. The Chief had no choice but to explain to them that this was a lack of personality, that anyone who had qualities had a duty to put them at the service of the community, but he could not shake off their indolence, their laziness...

...and the Patrols were dozing... and the Troop was declining because the CPs did not want to pay with their own person. Guy had a "pig's head" but he had a good heart. Once his fever had passed, he was capable of good feelings. So it was necessary once again to let the storm pass... and let his comrades go.

So he promised. He promised to seriously prepare his Patrol for the camp and to push his second in order to team up with him. The stubborn brow had relaxed and again the little mischievous flame shone in the mischievous eyes, while the usual mocking smile made the dimples reappear on the face of the C. P. Once again the Chief trusted...

IMPASSIVE SPHINX

DIOGENES WAS ASKED WHERE HE HAD SEEN BRAVE MEN. NOWHERE, HE REPLIED, BUT I HAVE SEEN BRAVE CHILDREN, IN SPARTA.

Reported by Diogenes Laertius

TRADITIONS

More and more leaders are asking us for information on traditional Scout initiation rites. Indeed, this aspect of Scouting, as well as the Scout Law, the Promise, the Patrol System or the jungle theme for Cubs, essentially distinguish us (from the word "essence") from a youth club or a patronage.

It seems that today many boys express the desire to belong to a "clan", to a "collective" in a lived, living, committed way, and not simply through the artifice of a piece of paper.

Here are some simple notions. It is desirable that each totemic clan brings to this general scheme its own traditions, its own references, its own sensitivity. We know of such a clan which uses Celtic words instead of Indian words... "Invent, or I will devour you" said the Sphinx.

THE SCARF:

It is not strictly speaking an initiation test, but to set the tone for scout life, the scarf is not "given" or "bought" but EARNED. It marks the boy's dignity in wearing the group's colours.
The tests can highlight the boy's desire to get involved in scouting, and his resourcefulness in basic things.

Cubs who move up from the pack are exempt from this passage.

PAPOOSE :

"Papoosification" is the first of the three initiatory stages.

This stage symbolizes the acceptance, the integration of a new member within the patrol. The ceremony can be symbolically concluded by the delivery of the patrol "float" or "scalp". Each Patrol will establish its own rites but it is important that the applicant is confronted with the four elements constituting life: fire, earth, water and air.

A totem leader (sachem) must attend this ceremony in order to preserve its meaning, but he does not intervene directly, as papoosification is a purely internal matter for the patrol.

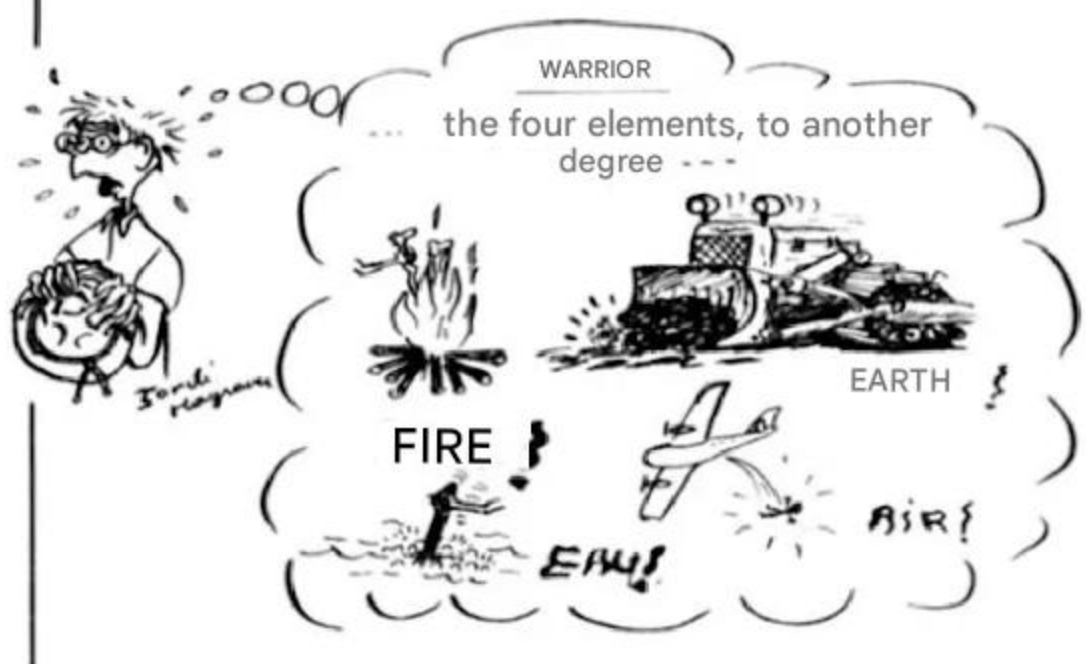
Papoose is given a plant name, for example: **« coudrier ».**

WARRIOR :

The "depapoosification" is decided by the warrior clan at the troop level. The candidate must have opened up to others, or have made clear progress in his daily behavior, since the moment he became a papoose. He must be a boy who concretely honors his scout promise. He also goes through the four elements, to a different degree. The sachem(s) present play an active role this time. The warrior adds a place name to his papoose name, for example: <<Blue hazel of the St-Fiacre Chapel.

SACHEM :

Totemization is the final and most spiritualist phase of the initiatory cycle, where the four elements always serve as a point of reference.
The future sachem is about to enter his life as a man. He must possess the physical, intellectual and spiritual qualities of a man. The ceremony is both concrete and rich in symbolism. It must project the boy into the future. The sachem will possess a totem matching his main qualities (and not his faults) which may not be devoid of humor. For example: "Loyal and enterprising but relaxed Albatross of Haut-Koenigsbourg with the melodious song of frogs under the moon". (Of course, we will never use anything other than "Albatross"!).



If totemization and its rites have such a bad press today, it is our fault, scouts, who have not been able to preserve their authenticity and credibility. It is up to us to set things right. A sachem must always be present during each ceremony of the cycle, in order to preserve a meaning (as Theillard de Chardin understood it) to the tests.
The guiding idea, omnipresent, must be Love, in the literal sense, the desire to make the boy progress. This does not imply weakness, cruelty, or sentimentality. Totemization, and the associated ceremonies are neither stupid and mean "hazing", nor a party without substance. It is not forbidden to mix humor with the requirement, but big laughs nor free venting are not appropriate. The boy must prove his qualities, his courage, his scout spirit, but the sachems and warriors already in place are not exempted from it.
The initiate must draw from the ceremony a new strength for the future.

MOWGLI
General Commissioner of the Federal Scouts

The provinces of France (and Europe!) are full of hidden cultural treasures. Starting with this issue, RAID will try to help you discover them through song.

Songs from everywhere and elsewhere

To obtain the tunes of the songs below, simply send us a blank cassette on which we will record them, as well as 3 F in postage stamps for the return.

BRITTANY

AN ALARC'H

Old Breton march very well known to youth movements.

Indeed, Breton folklore provided them with many marching and vigil songs.

1. Eun alarc'h, eun alarc'h tremor (bis)
   War lein tour moal kastell Arvor !
A. Din din daon! of an emgann, of an emgann, o!
   Din din daon ! d'an emgann ez an !
2. Neve'enti vat da'r Vretoned (bis)
   Ha mallozh ruz da'r C'Hallaoued !
3. Erru eul lestr e pleg ar mor (bis)
   E ouelliouù gwenn gantan digor
4. Degoue'et an Aotrou Yann endro (bis)
   Degoue'et eo da ziwall e vro
5. D'hon diwall diouzh ar C'Hallaoued (bis) A vres gwirou ar Vretoned
6. Ken na laosker eur youc'hadenn (bis)
   A ra d'an aod eur grenadenn
7. Ken na zasson meneziou Laz (bis) Ha ken na drid ar gazeg c'hlas
8. Ken na gan laouen ar c'hleir (bis)
   Kant lev tro-war-dro, e pep kêr !
9. Deut eo an heol, deut eo an hañv (bis)
   Deut eo endro an Aotrou Yann !
10. An Aotrou Yann a zo paotr mat (bis)
    Ken prim e droad hag e lagad
11. Gant e gleze ken krenv e tarzh (bis)
    Ken na zaouhanter den ha marc'h
12. Neb a droc'h'vel ma troc'hez-te (bis)
    N'en deus aotrouest nemed Doue!
13. Dalc'homp, Bretoned, dalc'homp mat (bis)
    Arzav na truez gwad ouzh gwad !
14. Skirgna'ra bleizi Breiz-Izel (bis)
    O klevet embann ar brezel
15. O klevet ar you e yudont (bis)
    Gant c'hwezh ar C'Hallaoued e reont
16. Paotred Bro-c'hall, 'lec'h ma kouezhint (bis)
    Betek deiz ar varn e kouskint
17. An diveradur eus ar gwez (bis)
    'Ray dour beniget war o bez !

Photo Lothar Sauer

Photo Lothar Sauer

CORSICA

ARIETTA

In recent years, the Corsicans have been rediscovering that their culture is very much alive and that their folklore is being renewed. This song, composed in the most traditional way, is however very recent, since it was written by the members of a young island group: "CANTA U POPULU CORSU".

When'ella canta in me quell'aria languente Naviga in dolci mari la me fantasy Di l'albe chi un so piu risplende la magic Tutta la giuventů si leva e m'he prisente

Correnu dananzu a l'occhj meravigliati
Catene di montiturchini a l'infinitu
Pinete e valdi cupi e macchjettu fiuritu
Calanche e scogli da lu mare flagillati

Scopru a li fianchi d'una sarra appitigate
Accolte a brada cume capre in lu piazzile
Di tondu a la chjesola cu lu campanile
Casarelle di petra nuda musgingate

E l'ora calma induve lu cansa lu ghjornu
A campanella chi chjocca l'ave maria
I campagnoli sparsi invitu a lu ritornu
A banda di le sgiotte affulena la via

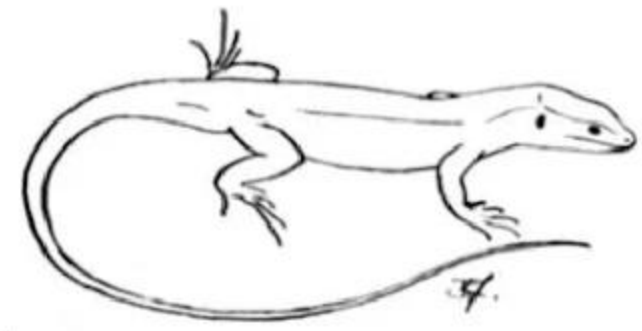
U sole s'he ciuttatu una ghitarra sona
Un'ardita brunetta affaca a lu purtellu
E lampa un carofulu rossu a lu zitellu
Inamuratu chi li canta la canzona.

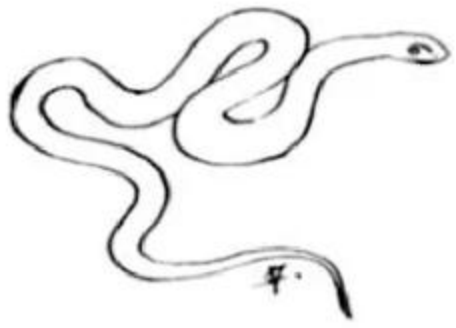
A bit of herpetology

REPTILES AND BATRACHIANS

MOST POPULAR LIFE OF REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS IN FRANCE

Hepetology is the science that studies reptiles and amphibians, cold-blooded vertebrates.
Reptiles (turtles, lizards and snakes) are recognized by their scaly and dry skin. The skin of amphibians (frogs, toads, newts and salamanders) is most often moist and devoid of visible scales. They are primitive vertebrates.

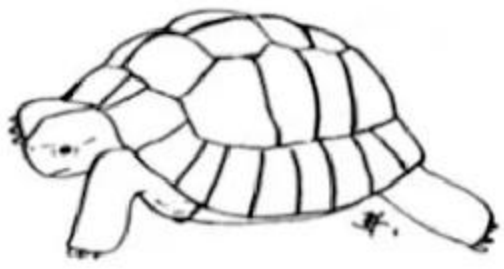




1) Their shape

— All lizards have a cylindrical body, four legs and a long tail, except for the slow worm which is a legless lizard and therefore resembles a snake.

— All lizards are long, legless and eyelidless, which gives them that staring stare. Their jaws gape wildly.



— Turtles have a shell covered with plates (scales) and are therefore easily recognized.

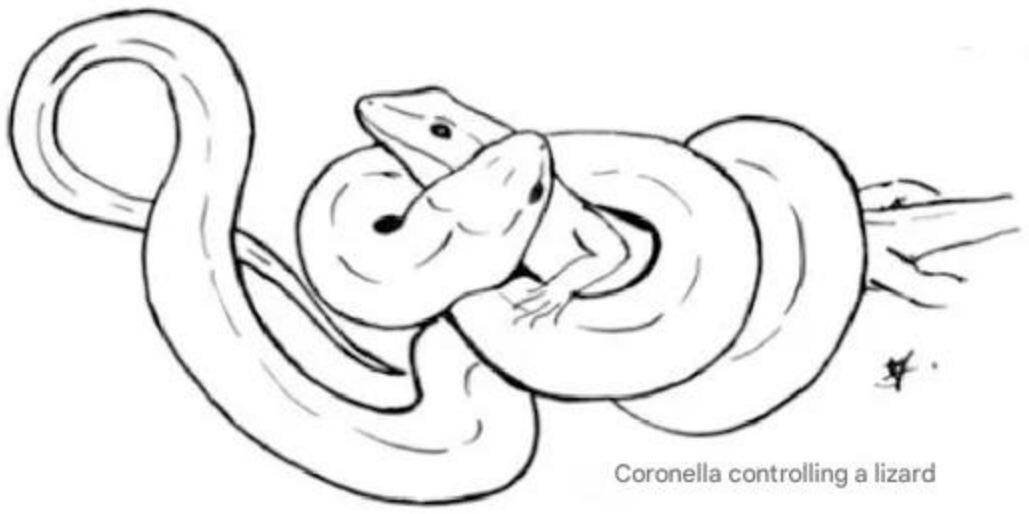
— Toads and frogs, in the adult stage, have four legs (including the two very long hind legs), a stocky body and are devoid of tails.

— Newts and salamanders have elongated bodies, four legs and a tail that is quite long in relation to their body.

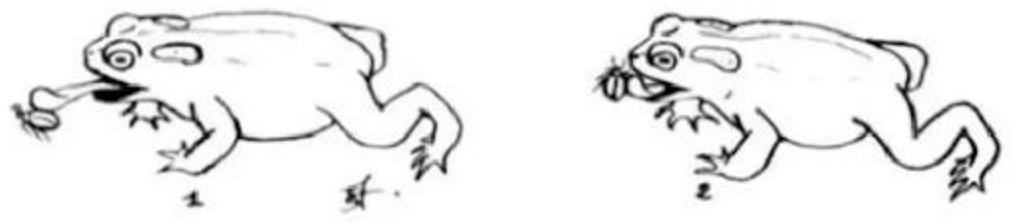
Most species are quite brightly colored with more or less complicated patterns on the body: some are uniform in color, others pearly, others marbled, spotted or striped, and sometimes all beautifully combined.

Photo Lothar Sauer

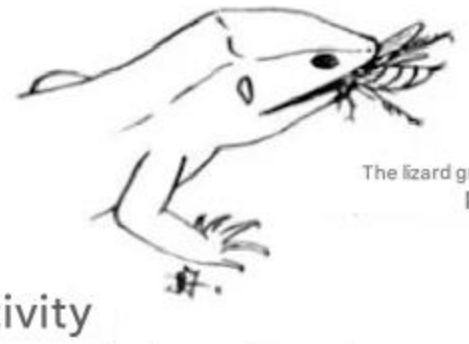
2) Nutrition



Coronella controlling a lizard



The toad captures its prey with its tongue and swallows it without killing it.



The lizard grabs and kills its prey with its jaws

All reptiles and amphibians are carnivorous or insectivorous except for land turtles which are mainly herbivorous with the occasional insect or earthworm.

Prey is usually swallowed whole, although, for example, aquatic turtles may tear apart large prey.

The size of prey varies according to species. Lizards, amphibians and turtles take prey smaller than themselves. Snakes, on the other hand, can take animals that are very large in relation to their body and especially their jaws, which can stretch to the extreme and thus swallow bulky prey.
While most reptiles and amphibians hunt and swallow anything that moves and is controllable, snakes tend to specialize in capturing specific prey: the smooth snake eats mainly lizards, the viperine snake captures amphibians and fish, etc.

Reptiles control and kill their prey with their jaws, and amphibians swallow them directly, without killing them first.
As for snakes, some capture and swallow their victims alive (viperine snake), others kill them by injecting them with venom, and still others suffocate their prey by wrapping themselves around them (smooth snake).

3) Period of activity

Being cold-blooded, these animals are dependent on external heat, they cannot remain active when the ambient temperature is low. In winter,
they are forced to hibernate and spend the bad season, numb, protected from frost (a hole in the ground or a crevice in a rock). Some amphibians and freshwater turtles hibernate in the mud under water. As soon as the temperature becomes mild again, they resume their activities.
Amphibians are more resistant to low temperatures and some even remain active during periods of frost. But most reptiles need around 15° C to be active.

Generally these species are diurnal, but there are some exceptions.

4) Reproduction

Most reptiles in France are oviparous (lay eggs). The eggs of geckos and turtles have hard shells, the others being soft and elastic. These eggs are laid in the ground, in plant debris or in rock crevices.

Some reptiles are oviviparous, meaning that the eggs are kept in the mother's body, which gives birth to fully developed young or eggs that hatch almost immediately (as in vipers and the viviparous lizard).

The young are identical to the parents, differing only in size, proportions and sometimes coloring. They are completely independent and receive no care from the parents.

Most amphibians produce eggs surrounded by a gelatinous sheath and laid in water. Here, the young are very different from the parents. They are larvae (or tadpoles) that spend their time feeding and growing to transform (metamorphosis) into adults.
Some salamanders give birth to larvae, or fully trained young people.
Fertilization is internal in reptiles, whose mating takes place in the spring. This gives rise to more or less elaborate parades. Males are sometimes seen fighting among themselves.

In newts and salamanders, fertilization is also internal with displays. On the other hand, the male frog or toad grabs the female by placing himself on her back and fertilizes the eggs at the time of laying. There is no display, just the song of the male to attract the female.

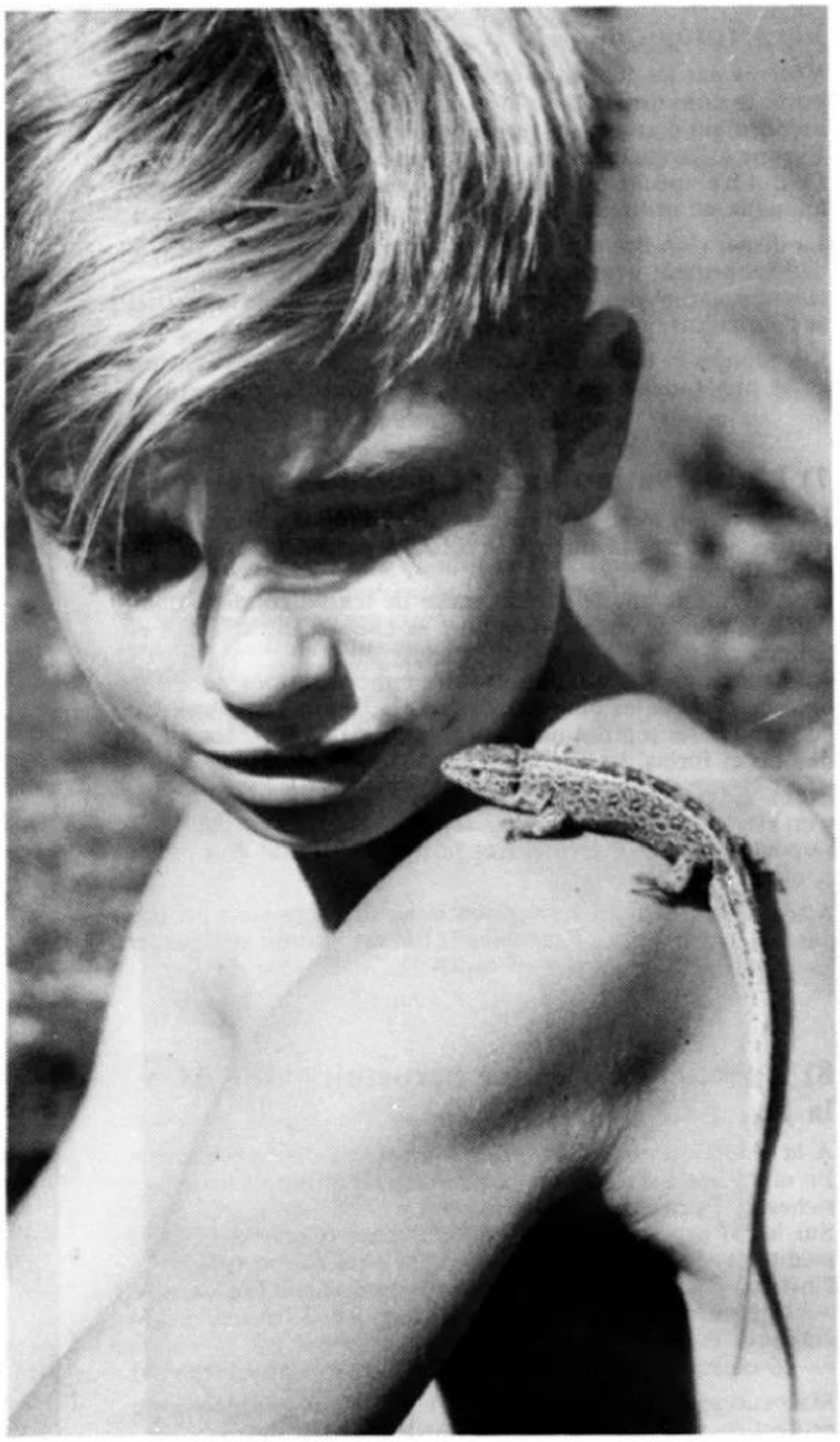
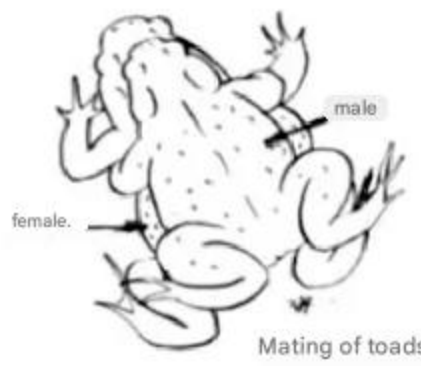
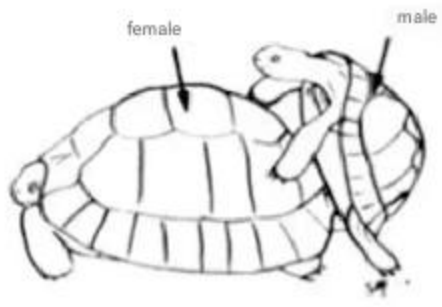


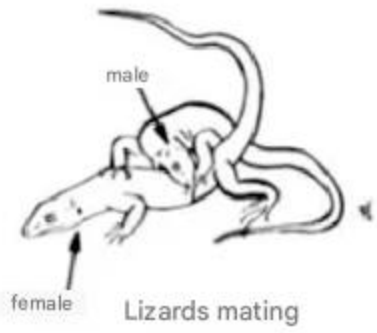
Photo Lothar Sauer



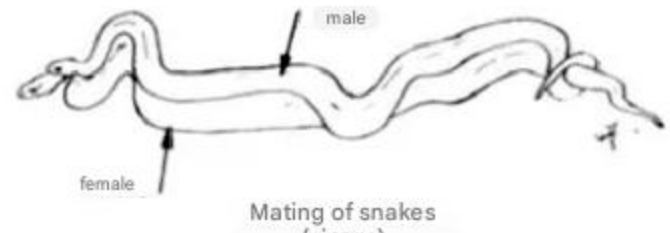
Mating of toads



Mating turtles



Lizards mating



Mating of snakes (vipers)

5) Their voice

Newts, salamanders, snakes, turtles, and most lizards are silent, sometimes emitting low squeaks, growls, or hisses. Geckos make more distinct sounds, as do some lizards such as Edwards's pammodromia.

By far the noisiest of all are toads and frogs. They sing during the breeding season, but some species sing throughout the summer. In these cases, singing is a good way to identify the species.

6) Man and the impoverishment of herpetological fauna

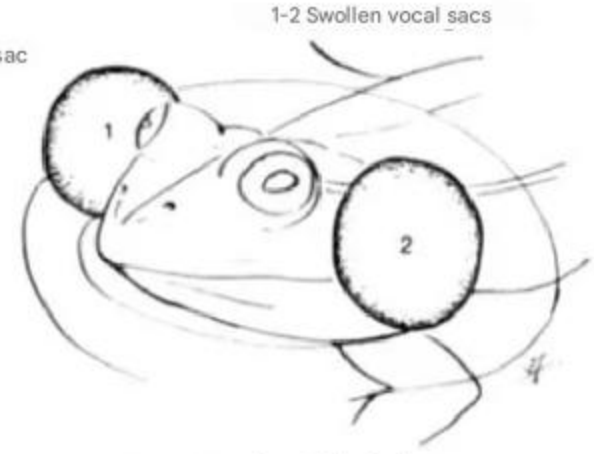
Revered by the Romans (see the snake of Aesculapius which bears the name of the God of Medicine), reptiles today enjoy a bad reputation, a reputation due in Europe to the advent of Christianity.

Which does not prevent us from taking advantage of these animals by using their flesh (food) and their skin...

The disappearance of species is due to one thing: irrational development of our society. The transformation of natural environments, industrial pollution and modern agriculture are all causes.

Reptiles and amphibians are the most sensitive animals and those most affected by human action in nature.

Sedge toad singing



Green frog while singing

7) Observation in the natural environment

Observation is not always easy in nature: reptiles are very shy and some amphibians are very discreet and nocturnal.

It is with a good knowledge of their habits that one has the best chance of seeing them by choosing the time and place.

In spring, there are large concentrations of amphibians in bodies of water (ponds, pools, canals). And reptiles are found in embankments, rockeries, edges of woods and forests, scrubland, etc.

Finally, if amphibians are easy to approach, it is not the same with reptiles, especially snakes which are extremely shy. You have to be patient and keep your eyes open.

Please note that reptiles and amphibians are now protected by law in France. Respect it! It is forbidden to kill them, capture them and keep them in captivity.

8) Overview of the herpetological fauna of the Drôme

At the RAID editorial office, we are lucky. In fact, we live in one of the richest departments in France for this fauna.

Of the 57 species inventoried in France (excluding Corsica and the Mediterranean islands), 36 species have (for the moment) were counted in the Drôme by the G.D.E.R.V.: 16
— species of amphibians (1 salamander, 3 newts, 8 toads and related species, 4 frogs)
— 20 species of reptiles (2 turtles, 9 lizards and 9 snakes).

Unfortunately, as everywhere, serious protection problems arise. Especially for turtles, amphibians and some lizards such as the ocellated lizard.

Jordi Magraner

Photo Lothar Sauer

THE MAIL

Attached is my subscription to RAID. I find the quality of the magazines SDP (Canada) and Der Eisbrecher (RFA). Bravo and good luck because keeping a quality magazine and this well-stocked is not easy. I wish you all the best.

Jean-Pierre TILMONT (E.N.F. / R.B.P.)

I appreciate it very much. Dr Ranieri RICCI (Italy)

Sincere congratulations! This is a remarkable magazine, to which I subscribe immediately. I think that my movement (The Crusade) is in line with the Scouting that you advocate.
Hervé JACQUE (Switzerland)

So here is the number 1 of the RAID magazine. What a treat for the eyes, the heart and the mind! May you continue on such a path; it is my dearest wish. Fight when necessary, in this technical, efficient, rational world that harbors so many worries and deep miseries. Be sowers of happiness and peace, fight with all your strength against terrorism with a thousand faces, against the drying up of hearts and consciences, against the increasingly widespread indifference and selfishness. The survival of man depends on it!

Needless to say, I am happy to subscribe. to RAID?
Jean-Pierre DESTREBECQ (Belgium)

Congratulations for RAID No. 1! Joachim MUNSTER (RFA)

I am the leader of a small scout troop in Geneva, and it was with great pleasure that I received the first issue of your magazine. In fact, I am already a subscriber to the "Signe de Piste (Canada)" and I am very happy to see the launch of a magazine of the same caliber in Europe. Bravo and keep going, it's great!
Gilbert ZUFFEREY (Switzerland)

Let me congratulate you on the fine quality of your magazine.

Louis MARAVAL (FFDS)

As a subscriber and in close contact with Florian Bernard's "Signe de Piste", I am happy to see that French Scouts have come to publish a quality magazine.
Gerald DEBRUYNE (Raiders)

Many thanks for your paper RAID, which I like very much. The nice fotos remember me a little to the « Signe de Piste » from Canada. I would likely subscribe to your revue.
Harry TURNE (Pojkart / RFA)

Bravo for RAID!
Claude P. MARCHAL

I hope that today's Scouts will realise how lucky they are to have... finally... in France, a magazine that is truly made for them and which certainly opens its columns widely to them.

Rest assured that the elders appreciate your courage because such an undertaking is not easy, they know that! They congratulate you on the quality of this first issue and on the spirit that inspires it. They wish you from the bottom of their hearts to hold on and find as a reward, in the certainty of the service rendered, a deep joy. Daniel PETIT (SdF)

I have received glowing reports from association leaders about your newspaper which I hope will help to maintain authentic scouting in our country.
Marcel LEPAGE (ENE)

It was a surprise, a very good surprise. For a first issue, the presentation is excellent and the photos superb! Therefore, I subscribe to two subscriptions for a friend and myself.
Pierre BORER (Switzerland)

I wish RAID a happy and long life, I hope that the magazine helps scouts and boys to become stronger, more fraternal, less selfish and more eager to serve. Congratulations and friendship. Serge DALENS

This little word to encourage you and show you my approval as to the quality of the printing of the magazine, and that of the photos presented. Bravo! This is unfortunately becoming rare and even more so when it comes to Scouts and similar newspapers. Olivier NOSNY (F.E.E.U.F.)

T.B. everywhere...
Christian MANDON (E.J.)

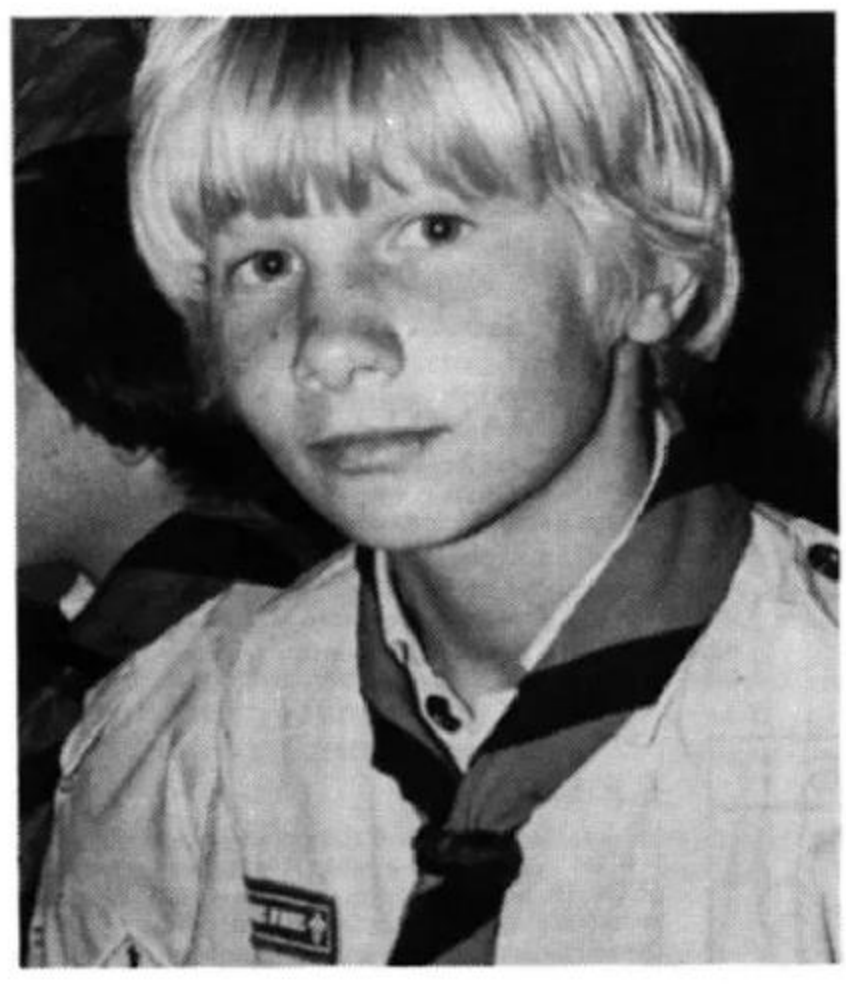


Photo Florian Bernard

ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

For publication in issue 3, send **us your news** before December 8, 1981.

THANKS.

POJKART is a young publishing house specializing in the reproduction of works of art with a focus on Youth. Most of the artists who collaborate with it are, or have been in the past, active members of scout units or other Youth movements.

Three calendars for 1982 are now on sale:

— «Faces: portraits of boys 12 drawings by Michel Gourlier. Boys and
— «adventures» 12 drawings by Pierre Joubert.
— «Portraits from photographs 12 drawings by Josta Stapper.

Measuring 28 x 38 cm, these calendars are printed in colour and black and white on high-quality paper. Given the quality of the production (see the 1981 calendar), the prices are very competitive (22 D.M. le Joubert).

Special rates depending on quantities (1 free for 5 countries). A wonderful end-of-year gift for your Chefs, assistants, parents and friends. An original token of friendship.

Due to the limited edition, RAID advises you to order quickly. The calendars will be sent during the autumn against prepayment. POJKART-Verlag Jugend in der Kunst. Inh. Harry TURNÉ. Hogenbergstrasse 16-8000 MUNCHEN 21-RFA.

REIN JAMBOREE IN GRAZ (Austria)

A delegation of 70 Neutral Scouts of France led by Chief André FAUBERT represented France along with a group of 11 EDF and EUF.

This gathering of 7,200 participants, including 1,200 foreigners (31 nations represented), took place in an atmosphere of complete fraternity.

Brilliantly inaugurated (acrobatic demonstration of a patrol of mirages among others) by the President of the Austrian Republic, this Jamboree saw the French royally received and invited from all sides.

And if an E.N.f. leader (Alain LEMOINE) led the international campfire with unparalleled brilliance, this was only one of the facets which allowed the French to appreciate the quality of their Scouting.

Which shows that an association not recognized in France by «French Scouting can shine and represent our country at an official international event. What a paradox!

RAID can only applaud the testimonies of understanding received, and is happy that the French delegation was able to make known, and appreciate, the French Federation of Traditional Scouting as well as the necessity that there was to found it.

ROUND ELM EDITIONS

The latest catalog has just been published (September 81). More than 80 references of scout books by correspondence. New products, promotions, photos and now cassettes.

Elors diffusion, 32 ,rue de Trucy 94120 Fontenay-sous-Bois.

IN GERMAN!

Deutsche Spurbuchverlag will soon publish Signe de Piste in «German. First titles to appear: "The Sacred Desert. The Relay of Luck to the King", "The Vermeil Bracelet".

A first series of 10 Youth Postcards has been published, these are drawings by Pierre JOUBERT.

Klaus HINKEL Posfach 20 Hemmer leinsleite 46 8601 BAUNACH FRG.

F.F.S.T.

The last meeting of the F.F.S.T. Steering Committee took place on July 4, 1981 in the premises of the EUROPEAN SCOUTS in St-Péray (07). Internal problems were debated (Modification of the statutes, affiliations, nominations) as well as projects (Federal review, Calendar, etc.).

Songs of the Zugbirds I

Songs of the Zugbirds II

The Associations present or represented were: the Provençal Association of French Scouts, the Autonomous Scouts of Alsace, the Neutral Scouts of France, the European Scouts, the Free Scouts, the Scouts of Provence, the European Hikers, the Russian National Scouts and the Raiders.

GENERAL MEETINGS

— European Scout Confederation (ESC) 7 and 8 November in Brussels
— French Scouting Federation (F.F.D.S.) November 14 and 15 in Paris
— French Federation of Traditional Scouting December 19 in Paris.

SONG OF THE ZUGVIGS

You should definitely get the two cassettes of songs from the Zugvogels (an association similar to a singing scout movement). SUDMARKVERLAG FRITSCH KG Goethestrasse 35 7920 HEIDENHEIM FRG.

KOJORA BILDARCHIV

The Kormoran group of the Verband Deutscher Pfadfinder publishes its 1982 calendar. Available from: Joachim BUSCH, Fruchtallee 134 2000 HAMBURG 19 FRG.

MAYENNE YOUTH

«WIR Calendar 1982 to be ordered from: Haraid THOMAS 338 GOSLARI Schluterstrasse 16 Postfach 2607.

FRENCH SCOUTING

FEDERATION

1982 calendar to order from: F.F.D.S. Roc St-Michel Sucé-sur-Erdre 44240 LA CHAPELLE-sur-ERDRE.

BADEN POWELL NETWORK

The MER 03 scout song cassette is now available. Order (55 F + postage) from: Jean-Paul TILMONT, 25, rue Henri-Durre 59178 HASNON,

LITTLE SINGERS

Invited again by the Free Scouts for a Concert on December 4. Information for the organization of any concert: Gérard SEDRU, 80, Chemin des Pelouses d'Avron 93360 NEUILLY-PLAISANCE.

We received...

SENDERO

Magazine of the Association of Scouts and Guides of Europe», C/Santa Maria, 27 3º Drcha, Madrid-14 SPAIN. In 15.5 × 21.5 format, this monthly publication of about twenty pages, provides very interesting information on the activities of the "Scouts of Europe" in Spain.

SCOUT

Prince Baudouin Unit Bulletin.
It is an example for all groups wishing to publish their own bulletin: it appears regularly every month, it provides perfect information on the life of the Unit, all the leaders participate (including the old ones in Brazil), it is well constructed and should fascinate all the Scouts of the Unit.

M. Serruys, Eglantierlaan 108 2610 Wilrijk BELGIUM.

THE MONTPERREUX

Original! Review of the Neuchâtel Association of Swiss Scouts. An excellent initiative that is 36 years old and which, strangely (and to our knowledge) has not served as a model for other regions. Several trends are expressed there, it is alive and well illustrated.
Write to: Le Montperreux, rue de la Côte 68, 2000 Neuchâtel SWITZERLAND.

THE HULOTTE

No. 49 special "Mr. Viscoglut" (Le Gui)
Exceptional magazine, absolutely essential for any nature lover. Nothing is like it... and for good reason. Published by l'Épine Noire des Ardennes, La Hulotte, Boult aux Bois 08240 BUZANCY.
Possibility of obtaining old issues.

badges

And

embroidered acronyms

IN THE COLORS OF YOUR CLUB

- all possible reasons
- drawing up to 6 colors
- decreasing prices by quantity
- free quote on request

(attach model, even imprecise, of the desired shield)

Ets PEYRACHE SA.

B.P. 14

43140 ST DIDIER EN VELAY Tel. (71) 61.01.94

Classifieds

- Hervé Jacque is looking for photos relating to youth movements practicing authentic, wild scouting, Indianism, etc.

Hervé Jacque, Av. Molière, 221180 Brussels (Belgium).

- Claude P. Marchal «es à la ligne» 1451 Bullet (Switzerland) wishes to exchange postcards and scout badges. On the other hand, he can provide a music box playing the «scout call >>> for 30 Swiss francs.

- Jean-Pierre Destrebecq, member of the contact committee of the Associations of Adult Scouts and Guides of Belgium (AIDESEGA), is looking for postcards and vignettes on scout subjects, badges, old magazines. Purchase or exchange to be agreed (many duplicates in reserve). Rue Raoul Follereau, 12-7030 Saint-Symphorien (Belgium).

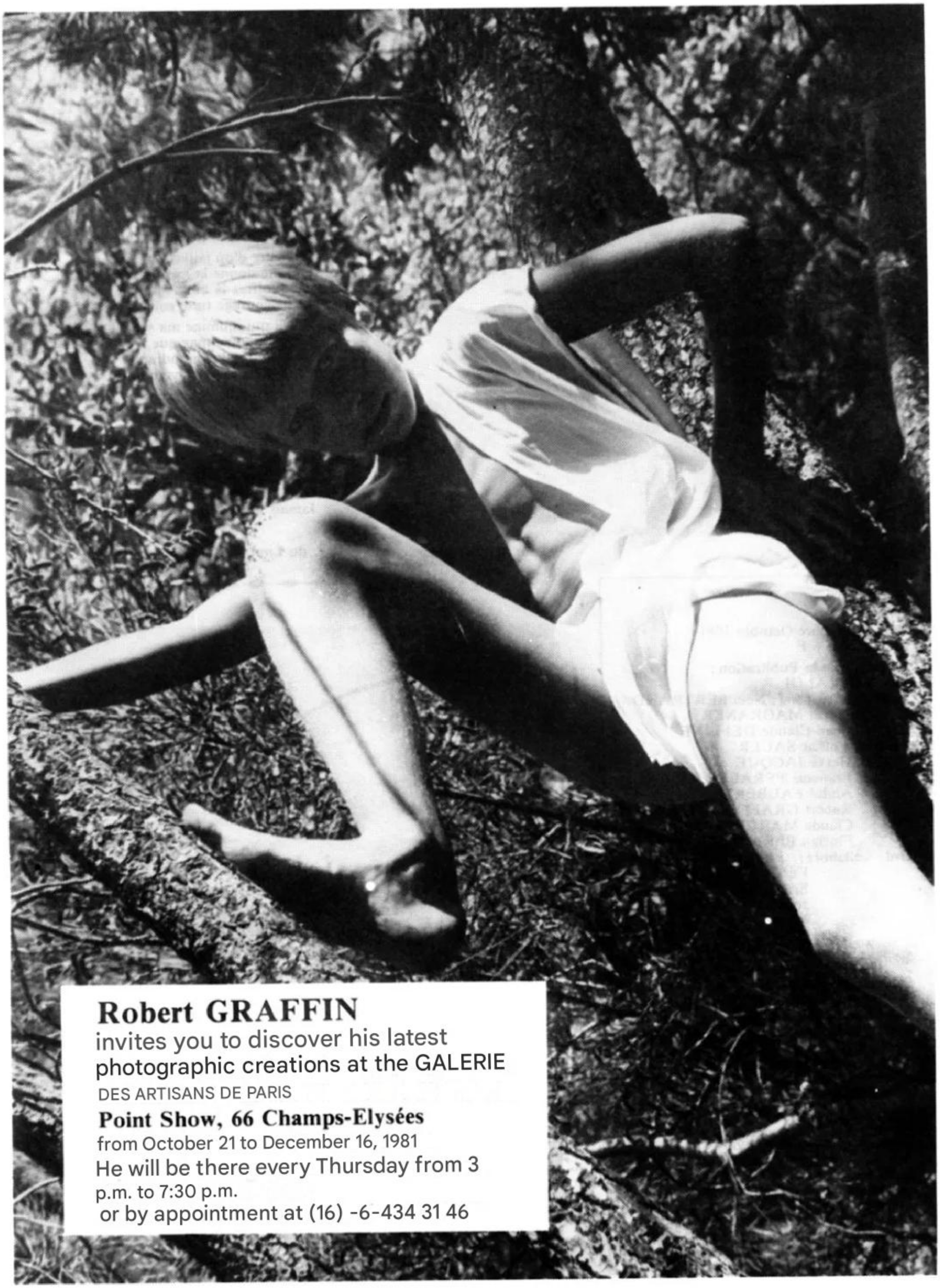
- Erik L'Homme, 13 1/2 years old, is looking for a German correspondent of his age who practices traditional scouting. — Erik L'Homme, 17, rue Baudelaire, 26000 Valence (F).

- Jean-Marc De La Villéon (1, Bd Bessières 75017 Paris) is looking for books (Signe de Piste, Signe de Piste Junior, Rubans noirs, Jamboree) and magazines (L'Éclaireur de France, Journal des Éclaireurs, Tout Droit, Le Scout de France) published between 1917 and 1963. Missing lists on request from Jean-Marc or RAID.

- Scout Leader is looking for (purchase or exchange) images drawn by Pierre Joubert for the Suchard album: "The proud and joyful life of the Scouts" published in 1951. Missing list on request from RAID.

- Guide Company is looking for a young company with a view to organizing a joint (or nearby) traveling camp in Corsica (summer 82). Write to RAID who will forward it.

- Scout troop looking for camp site for July 82 in Franche-Comté. Write to RAID who will forward it.



Robert GRAFFIN
invites you to discover his latest photographic creations at the GALERIE
DES ARTISANS DE PARIS
Point Show, 66 Champs-Elysées
from October 21 to December 16, 1981
He will be there every Thursday from 3 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.
or by appointment at (16) -6-434 31 46

Photo Lothar Sauer

SUN

A golden sun
Walks on the beach
And it devours
The shadow in its path
Star full of warmth With
the flames of wheat
Which burns my heart
How many times you made me sing

Beautiful star from which happiness
springs Which gives me the joy of
living You offer me good humor And
you intoxicate me with courage.

Sun that lights up my
life Huge magic ball
You are my greatest friend
And of all the most magnificent

With thousands of slender rays You send
me your scintillation You beautify
the days of celebration You
who have the radiant heart

I who am only a child I worship
you like a god O bright and
powerful sun Never has a
being made me so happy.

<<<15 year old oak - (Hervé) C.P.
of the Lion Troupe Eric de Swedenborg

RAID

No. 2 September-October 1981
The number: 6 F

Publication Director: Bruno PERALDI

Editor in Chief: Noël BERTRAND
Drawings: Jordi MAGRANER
Jean-Claude DEFLINE
Photos : Lothar SAUER
Hervé JACQUE
François PERALDI
André FAUBERT
Robert GRAFFIN
Claude MARCHAL
Florian BERNARD
Collaborated: Edouard BOURISE FENNEC Erik L'HOMME

Jordi MAGRANER
OURSON
MOWGLI

Hervé PRIQUE
Impassive Sphinx

Secretariat: RAID, 19, Rue Baudelaire 26000 VALENCE Tel. (75) 41.41.38
Subscription prices:
France and EEC: 35 F per year (6 issues) Other countries: 50 F per year (6 issues)
Group subscriptions:
10 subscriptions served at the same address: 32 F per subscription
50 subscriptions served at the same address: 30 F per subscription
Payment method: Always payable to RAID.

France: Money order or letter, check or bank or postal transfer.
Foreign: International money order in French currency only.
Printed by: PRINTING DEVAL 43, Place Jean-Jaurès ROMANS
Tel. (75) 02.24.96

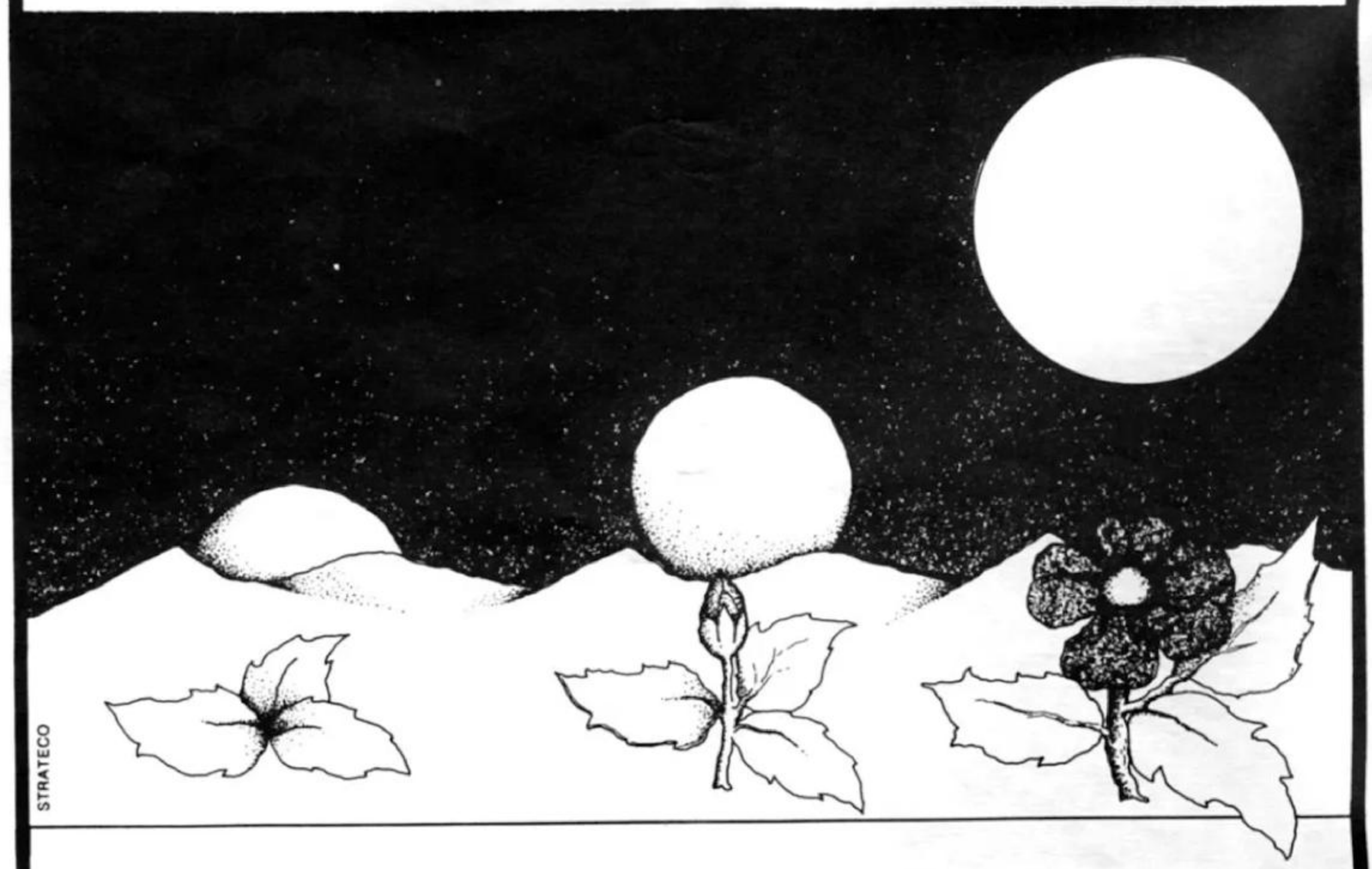
Photo Lothar Sauer

SCOUTING
REVIEW

RAID AND YOUTH

N° 3 — 10 F

nature
does things well for
us too!



STRATECO

you save, we lend

Credit Mutuel

EDITORIAL...

Here at last is this long-awaited number 3!
You are not unaware of the problems posed by the maintenance of a magazine like RAID.

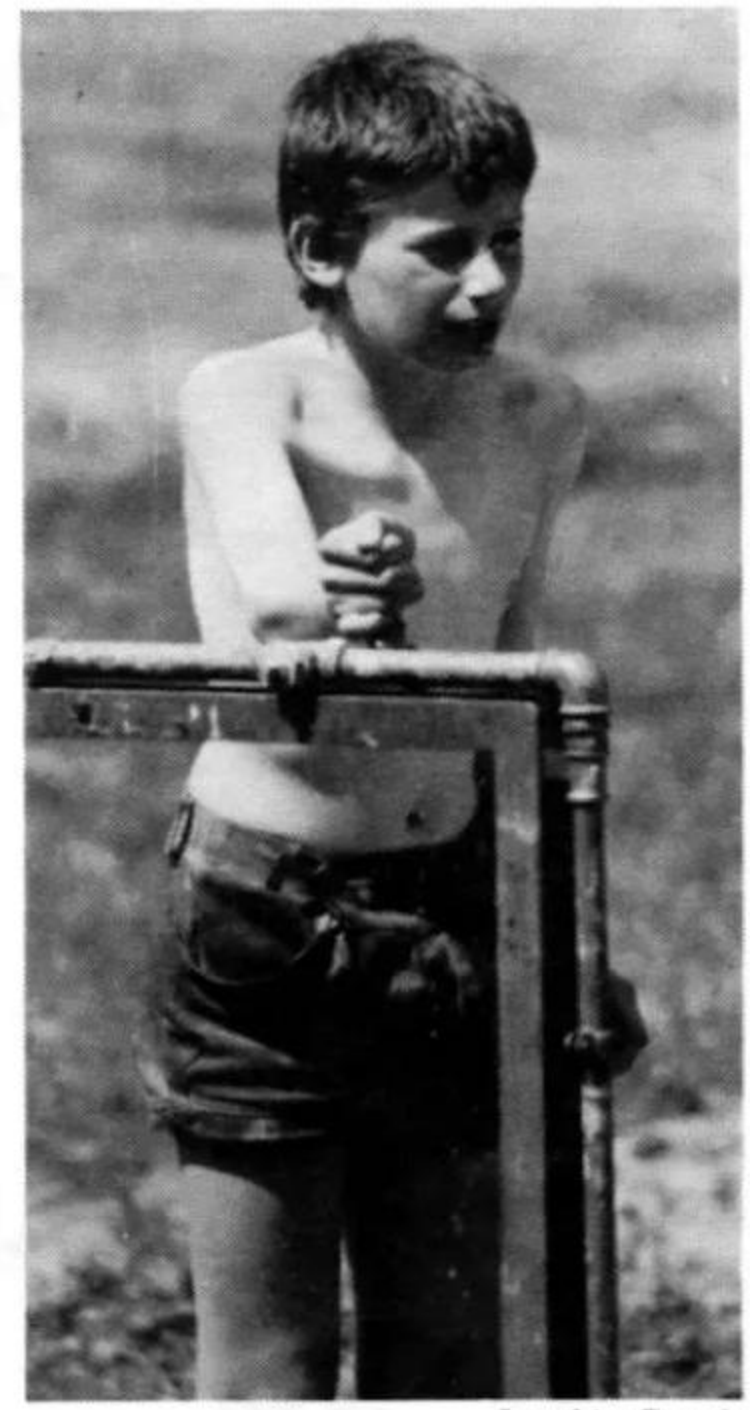
Thanks to your help, we were able to overcome all of this and we're off to a good start.
The reception received by RAID was very warm and unanimous - only two unpleasant letters (the eternal problem of the straw and the beam) out of nearly three thousand - a great success, in short.
Please continue to help us with your advice, suggestions, friends lists, efforts to promote the magazine, etc.

For this issue 3, you will notice two new features, the increase in prices (vital decision) and the increase to 32 pages (to thank you for your patience). Finally, one last clarification, a subscription always includes 6 issues, regardless of the subscription date and the publication dates; you just need to tell us which issue you would like to start your subscription with).

Happy reading

Noël BERTRAND

N.B.: Please do not ask us for more copies of No. 1, it is completely sold out. Thank you.

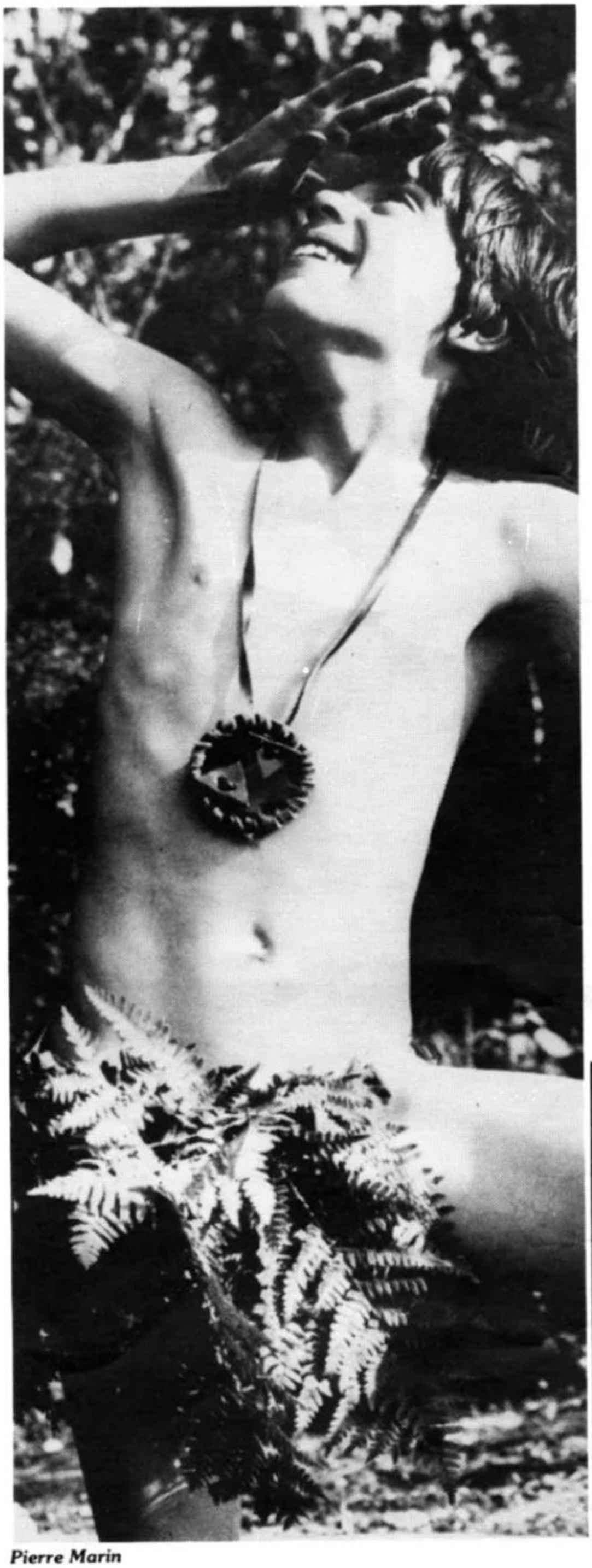


Joachim Busch

FIA

A MANUFACTURER TO MEET YOUR NEEDS FOR
ADVERTISING OBJECTS

FIA-BP 34-69570 DARDILLY-FRANCE-Tel.: (7) 835.95.40-Telex : 900926



Pierre Marin

PERMANENT COMPETITION

"THE WILD ONE"

RAID organizes an ongoing photo competition.

• How to compete:

Just send before each publication, one or more photos (Black and White, Color, or Slides in any format) to RAID, 19, rue Baudelaire 26000 VALENCE. The photos must have as their theme savagery, in the broad sense, which allows all fantasies and all efforts of imagination.

• Conditions of participation:

None, however all photos sent remain the property of RAID which reserves the right of publication.

• Selection:

The jury is composed of the RAID editorial team who will judge the photos according to the main criterion of the illustration of the central theme. But the technical qualities of the shooting and the printing will also be taken into account.

● Next deliberation:

June 30, 1982-For #4, photos must arrive at RAID before 06/15/82.

• The costs:

The winner will have their photo published, receive a free one-year subscription to RAID, and a book to choose from these four titles:

— Marching and wake songs
— The Cursed Gods (J. Mabire)
— The solstices (P. Vial and J. Mabire)
— Practical Guide to Expedition and Adventure (G. Thiemmonge).

TO YOUR DEVICES!

RAID

No. 3 1 Quarter 82

The number: 10 F
Director of Publication:
Bruno PERALDI
Editor-in-Chief:
Noël BERTRAND
EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:
LION CUB Eric
MICHEL
Erik THE MAN
Jordi MAGRANER
BEAR
Hervé and Vincent PRIQUE
Contributors to this issue:
Photos:
Lothar SAUER
Charles VAUDEMONT
Gérald DEBRUYNE
Pierre BORER
Pierre MARIN
Texts:
Doctor COSTAZ
Philou SP DES LYNX
Bard AU ALARCH
MARCASSIN
Sphinx IMPASSIVE
Gerald DEBRUYNE
Lothar SAUER
Christian MANDON

Secretariat:
RAID 19, Rue Baudelaire 26000
VALENCE Tel. (75) 41.41.38
Subscription Prices:
France and EEC: 50 F for 6 issues Other countries:
70 F for 6 issues
Group subscriptions:
France and EEC:
10 subscriptions served at the same address, 47 F subscription
50 subscriptions served at the same address, 43 F subscription
Other countries: contact us
Payment method:
STILL IN RAID ORDER
France: Money order or letter, check or bank or postal transfer.

Foreign: Money order international in French currencies only.
Printed by:
DEVAL PRINTING
43, Place Jean-Jaurès ROMANS Tel. (75) 02.24.96
Legal deposit upon publication
(1796c81)
Joint committee in progress

SCOUT TOU... BIB

RUN AWAY FROM DRUGS...

There are no soft drugs or hard drugs. All drugs kill, some slowly, all — us that surely. Alcohol and tobacco included are poisons for

Refuse pollution, stay healthy and strong in yourself.

You like to live free, you like to master your destiny by your own strength, so flee slavery and ease.

Drugs enslave, chain and destroy the personality.

You like effort, you are part of the small number who have chosen suffering and joy in difficulty, so you will refuse the artificial paradises of the weak.

You want to fight and you will not accept easy pacts with good-natured, nice-natured friends, all brothers around a cigarette.

No, you only have brothers in the world that is yours, in our Combat Community, in our great scouting family that wants to be Elite.

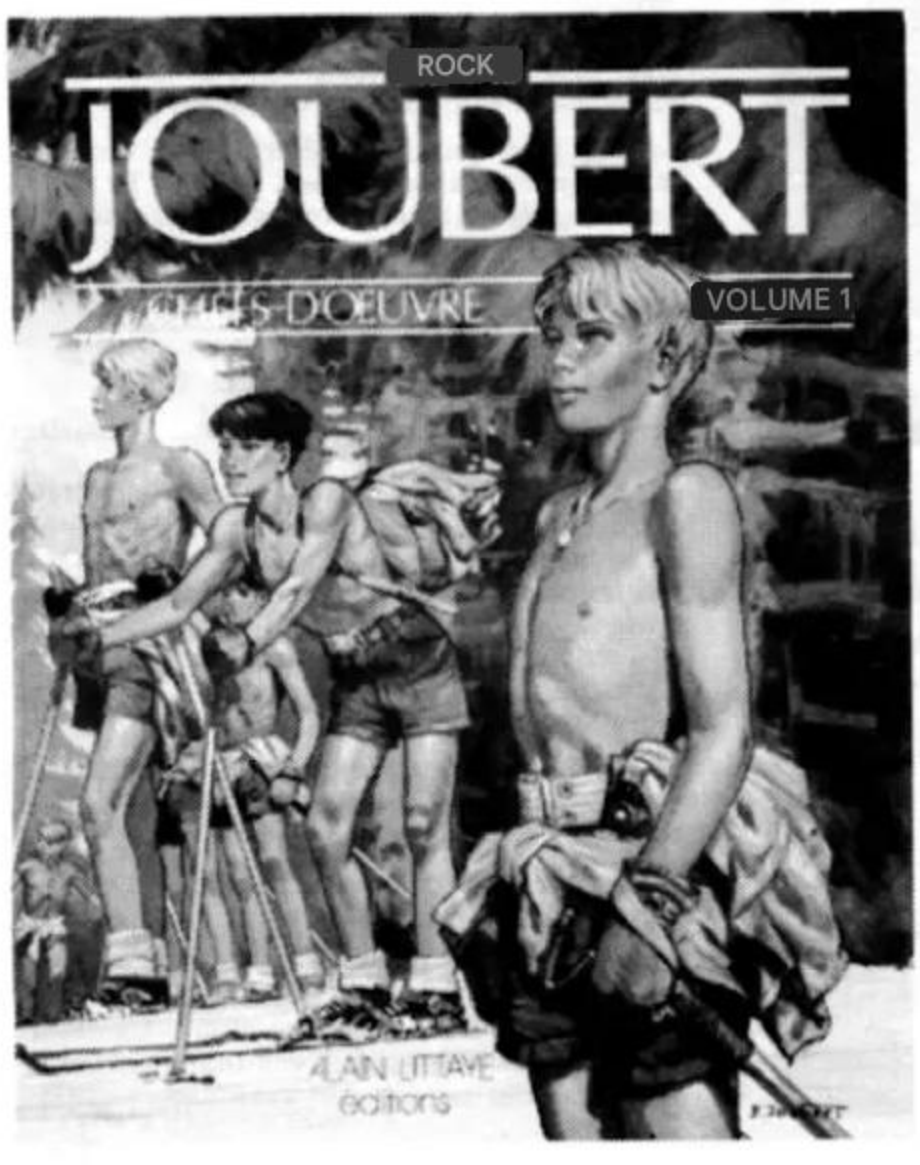
Let those who have never been able to appreciate the sharp wind of the ridges sniff the glue (several dozen deaths in the past year), those for whom the bite of the cold on the track, between the snow-covered fir trees, represents only discomfort and pain...

H.'s cigarette. Leave it to those who don't need their lungs to cross the thalweg. Compass in hand, the opposing team on their heels.

You are my son, you are our brother, you are one of us and you believe in me? Run away from drugs, son. Leave the East to its crazy dreams, and take the azimuth due North, leave the desert for the forest.

Your dream, ours, is Europe and its struggles.

Dr COSTAZ G January 1982



PIERRE JOUBERT

Alain Littaye Edition 1981

It was on the threshold of the summer of 1981 that a young Parisian publisher, Alain Littaye, decided to devote an album to one of the most eminent illustrators of our time: Pierre JOUBERT.

Pierre Joubert: forty years of daily work, a thousand and one drawings that we found by chance in a novel, a monthly magazine, a study on a civilization... Pierre Joubert who, in the heart of that same summer of 1981, opened his boxes for us: our discovery was astonishing! So much beauty seemed indescribable to us. We had to choose, mercilessly. But quickly the hesitations of the mind gave way to the reactions of the heart. This is how the decision was taken to publish two albums on Pierre JOUBERT.

Here at last is presented what is most beautiful in a work that some already consider legendary.

Note that luxury copies were produced from this album, numbered and signed by Pierre JOUBERT, also including 16 unpublished plates outside the text, sold by the publisher at a price of 220 Francs. (1)
(Alain Littaye Edition, 76, rue Lecourbe, 75015 Paris).
Ordinary copies are sold in bookstores at a price of 135 Francs.

• • • • • • • • •

(1) Shipping costs included.

TRUE STORY?...

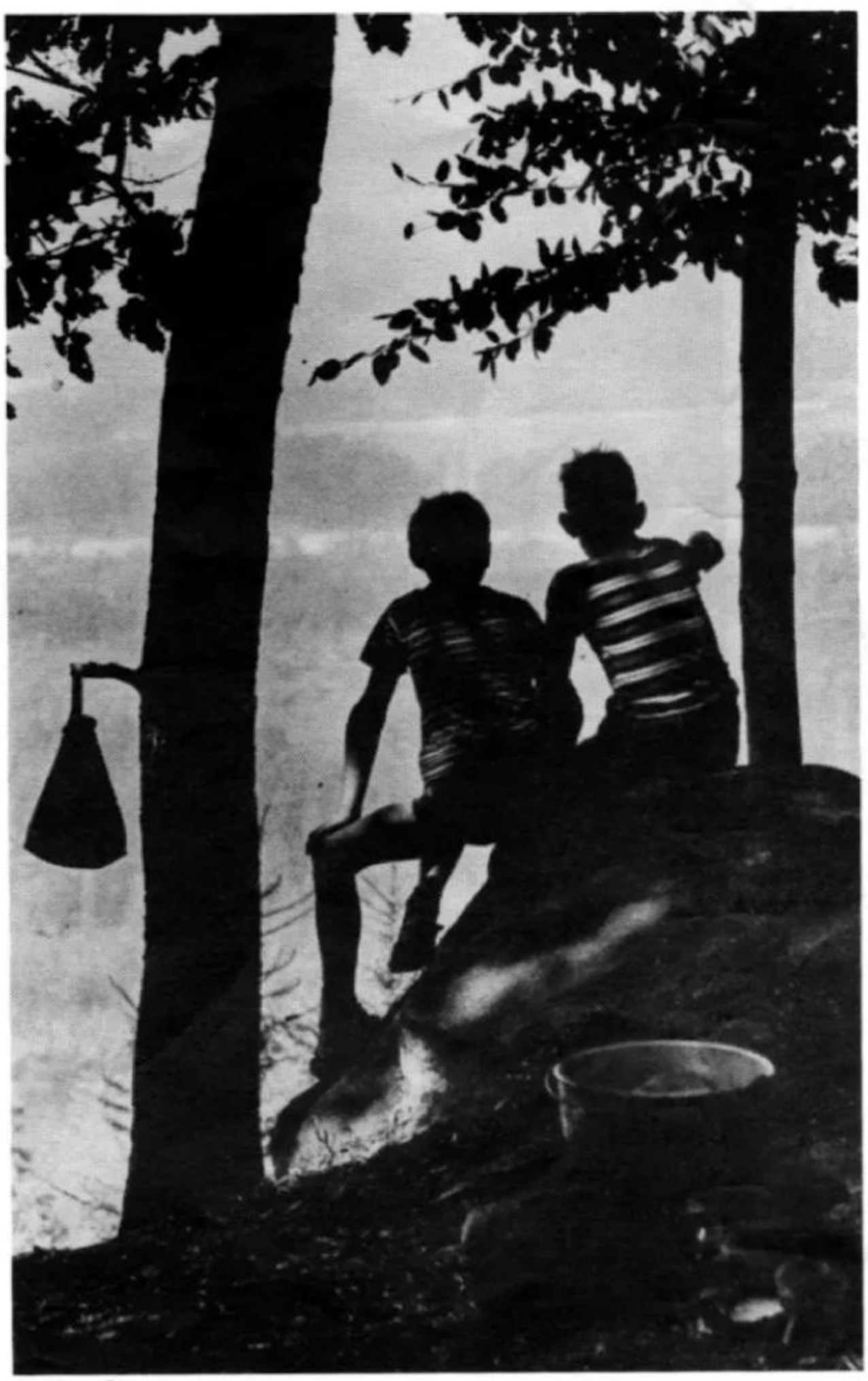
THE CICADAS PATROL

by Erik, C.P. of Faucons

(continuation and end)

Serge had been walking for some time on a tarred road that he thought would necessarily lead to an inhabited place. From there he could telephone the farmer who owned the camp site, and the leaders, thus warned, would know what to do to free his patrolmen. He did not dare to alert the police or customs officers, considering himself at fault for having crossed the border illegally.

• • • • •



Lothar Sauer

The door of the sheepfold opened to let their jailer pass, bringing food. A glance through the door, briefly open, allowed Philippe to see that there were only two of them guarding the Patrol. A daring plan matured in his imagination...

• • • • •

Serge approached the first houses of the village. In a corner of the tiny square, he saw a telephone booth. He was about to rush to it when a van screeched to a halt in the middle of the square. Two well-known men got out and scanned the surroundings.

Serge flattened himself even more against the wall behind which he had been able to take shelter. Noticing empty crates at the end of the dead end where he was, he quickly went to hide there. Then, discouraged, he gave way to despair.

• • • • •

Philippe, Paul, Luc. Gilles and Jean-François had been walking randomly in this Catalan forest since early morning. Their jailer had not been suspicious and had tripped over the two belts attached and stretched across the passage. By the time they got up and warned the second guard who was sleeping with his back against one of the walls, the five scouts were running away. The boys had been wandering in the forest behind the cabin for hours. What were they going to do now, without a map or compass?

The wisest thing to do was to stop walking blindly and wait. Wait for what, actually? They didn't know, but they preferred to stay there and spend the night.

• • • • •

Serge thought for a long time. The leaders must be starting to worry seriously. In a short time a search would be carried out. But when would they be found? He believed more in himself than in luck.

The men weren't going to stay there all night, were they? Maybe he could slip into the cabin under cover of darkness and make a quick phone call. He'd just have to wait for his superiors, they'd alert the police and that would be it.

But where were his patrolmen? Behind the border, he was certain of it! But it would take a long time to find them...

... We must hurry, where are the leaders? What are they doing? They are taking their time to come! Has something happened to them?...

Serge was champing at the bit. He was listening for the slightest sound that sounded like a car engine. A flash... darn! He hadn't called. The excitement was making him mistake his dreams for reality. He had

hoped in vain.
But... an engine noise...?! Serge jumped up just in time to see the van speed away. His heart full of hope, he rushed toward the cabin.
Oh, crazy recklessness! Lurking inside, one of the men looked at him with an ominous grin and rushed out. Quick as lightning, Serge jumped behind the wall and ran toward the end of the dead end. He was stuck.

But... a crazy idea... he thought he was the best jumper in his class. It was up to him to prove it! After a crazy race he jumped with all his strength, he barely grabbed the upper edge of the dead end and with a quick jerk he hoisted himself to the top astride. His pursuer had not hurried, too sure of cornering him. Serge gave him a quick snub and abandoned him, stunned, letting himself fall on the other side.

He found himself in the enclosed garden of a small house. A little old man had come out and was looking at him with big eyes. Serge approached him:
— «Hello sir, excuse the intrusion, but I was being chased. Could I please make a phone call? Huh, how? Speak up.
—
— CAN I CALL? Oh, yes, of course! Here, come in. It's
— been a long time since I've had a visitor, you know? Do you like biscuits? Would you like some coffee?

Serge readily accepted, heading to the phone. He was dialing the number on the dial when someone knocked on the door. The old man went to open it. The visitor wanted to rush inside, but his momentum was abruptly stopped by the safety chain that the old man had forgotten. Serge heard footsteps and curses, his attacker was fleeing. That was it, he had the neighbor of the camp, who knew of their disappearance. The leaders would not be long now. They had to stop the camp van in the middle of the square and Serge would join them there. He had to leave here without further delay, he swallowed in one gulp the brown and burning liquid that the owner of the place had just served him, bit into a petit four, thanked his host warmly and went into the garden. Just to see his tenacious pursuer jump in. Serge rushed back in and double-locked the door. He did the same with the front door and collapsed into an armchair.

The old man didn't understand what was happening. Serge felt it was his duty to inform him and he began to tell his adventure in detail. His listener, who turned out to be a former scout leader, thought at first that it was a fantastic big game, but when he listened to the details he took on a worried air; there was a lot of talk in the village about smuggling and terrorists...
The story had barely finished when the old scout van and a police van stopped in the square.

Serge and his host exchanged a moving greeting and then headed for the door. As soon as he joined his friends, Serge was bombarded with questions. One came up more often than the others: where were his patrolmen?
So he told his story. There was a moment of disbelief, then the vehicles left, guided by the courageous CP.

The small group moved along the path. Serge at its head.
— «Here," he said to the brigadier, "from here on, I don't know where they are."
The non-commissioned officer looked around, then, noticing a shepherd's hut:
— "Let's go, maybe we can glean some information."

They were approaching the sheepfold when two men rushed out. Serge recognized them immediately: "It's them." At these words the bandits took to their heels and ran down the slope.
— "Stop them," Serge shouted.
— See where they're heading, the brigadier retorted, straight towards my colleagues below, they won't get very far. The
— shack is empty, the CP continued, but I found the handkerchief there by Jean-François.
— Excellent, the dogs will be able to follow the trail.
— The dogs?
— Yes! I have requested some by radio and they should no longer be "to delay".
The search could begin and night was falling.

• • • • •

Philippe cursed their escape from the small prison. All it had succeeded in doing was placing them in an even more secure one. And this time, there was no jailer to bring food. Finally! The Patrol was in trouble and had to be gotten out of there.
Dawn was breaking, Philippe was looking for a solution. When his teammates woke up, they should not panic but take constructive action.
The boy was getting tired of the barking of the sheepdogs rounding up their flocks, the noise was getting closer and he could no longer place his ideas.
He looked up and what he saw stunned him, the dogs were being held on leashes by... yes, by police officers and behind them, looking exhausted:
"Serge!"
His cry made all the boys stand up and, a second later, the patrol was running to meet the rescuers. The CP was surrounded, pressed, embraced by his guys. The nightmare was over. In a short time they would rest at the camp and they would keep only the memory of a great and beautiful adventure.

The cicadas finished the camp welded, firmly, definitively and that was good.

C. V.

THE CP CORNER

Idealists or employees?

For six years the Chief had taken care of Robert. He had been in all camps, on all outings, on all invitations. For six years the Chief had put up with his execrable character, his pride, his laziness.
He only wanted to see his friendship, sincere and deep it is true, the generous gestures he knew he had, the spontaneous confidence he showed when they were alone. Robert alone was indeed a pleasant companion, knowing how to talk, even before a healthy judgment although too inclined to gossip.
A rare thing, he even knew how to recognize his faults.
Unfortunately, as soon as he found himself in society, he felt the need to parade, to show off, even by hurting his best friends...

Finally, the Chief made allowances and showed great indulgence for this boy who could have helped him in such a beautiful way. He covered for him at every moment, answered for him and managed to excuse him when necessary, not hesitating to put all his influence at his service...

Robert was to bring him great joy and give him great hope, and this in an unexpected way. After a camp, perhaps under the influence of a friendly Chief, he spontaneously declared that he accepted to take care of the Troop with one of his comrades.
However, he had previously, on many occasions. declared that the little ones" did not interest him... The Chief forgot all his troubles and hoped...
This was not to last and soon, despite his promise made without constraint, Robert abandoned his Chief and his comrades...

Then came the holidays and the camp. Robert, who was not interested in the little ones when he had to take care of them voluntarily and give them back what he had received, Robert did not come to the camp where his Chief, his friend, could have needed him. Robert left as a "Monitor", for two months, in a summer camp.

He was not likely to find any little ones there, unless, of course, they were more interesting than his old comrades... Perhaps also the fact of being paid had attracted him and allowed him to consider the question in a different light...

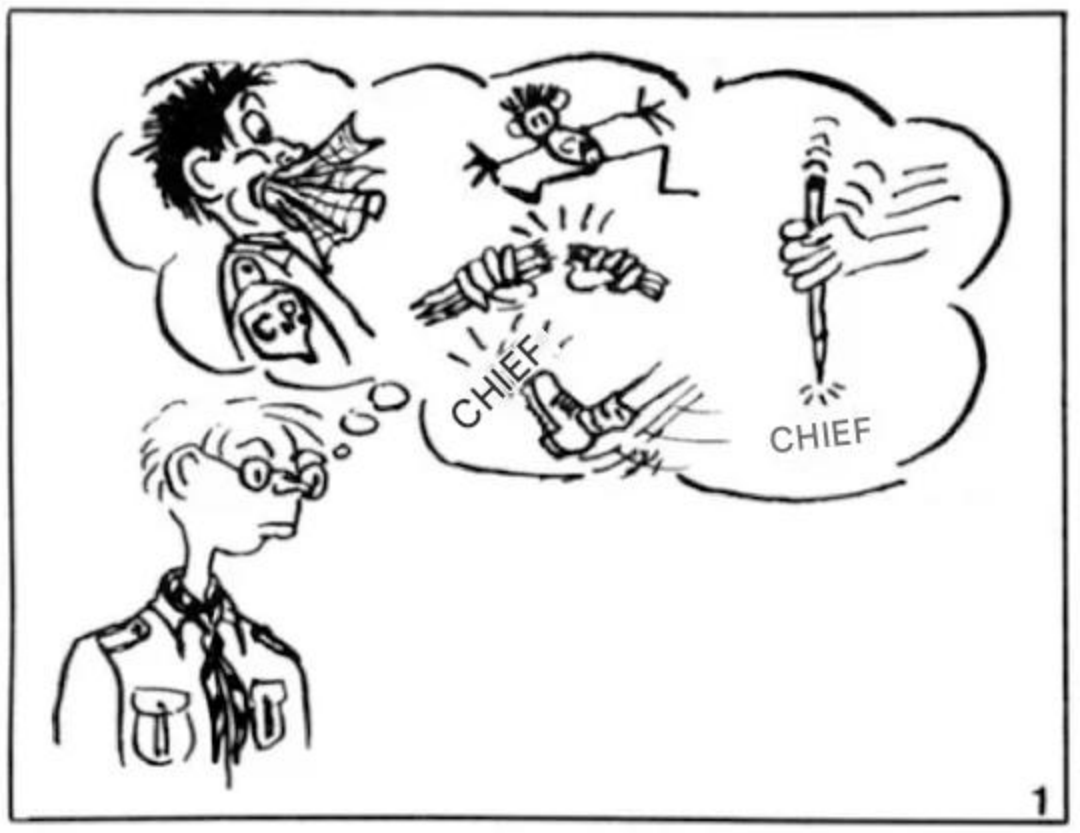
Yet this is why we no longer find leaders and why Scouting is dying from asphyxiation.
Nothing is done any more out of disinterest or idealism. Only interest counts. Now, with us, not only do we have to work hard, and all year round, but we also risk having responsibilities and being scolded and, what's more, we have to pay our share... to be with "little ones". In a colony, first of all, we are not with "little ones", then we have our day off, and, not only do we not pay, but we are paved!...

Let's not talk about sincere friendship, beautiful achievements, effort, ideals. Young people, don't be as stupid as your Chiefs, be practical, be materialistic, go sell your services to the highest bidder, don't be Chiefs anymore, boys with a personality, an ideal, become employees...

And the Chief dove back into his files, his cards, his maps. He prepared the program for the scout year that was about to begin!...

IMPASSIVE SPHINX.

G. Debruyne



THE PANO SKETCH

During the scout year and especially during the camp, some poorly prepared patrols tremble in their sleeping bags. Indeed, they will have to go on a raid, and above all, bring back to camp a host of things including the famous panoramic sketch.

We can well imagine the patrols in question tearing their hair out in unison and in rhythm while humming the well-known refrain-leitmotiv: "How annoying these leaders are, they know very well that we don't know how to draw!" (to the tune you think is most appropriate...)

Well, yes! Many (too many) scouts are still convinced that you need to know how to draw to make a panoramic sketch. In fact, all you need is a little equipment, the keystone of which is a viewfinder.

This consists of a thin wooden frame (e.g. plywood) measuring 20 x 10 cm, which is then divided into 2 cm squares using visible wires.

In addition to this weird tool it is strongly recommended to have:
— a rigid support (board)
— a fairly soft pencil
— sheets of drawing paper that you will have previously squared proportionally to the viewfinder grid, taking care not to press too hard.

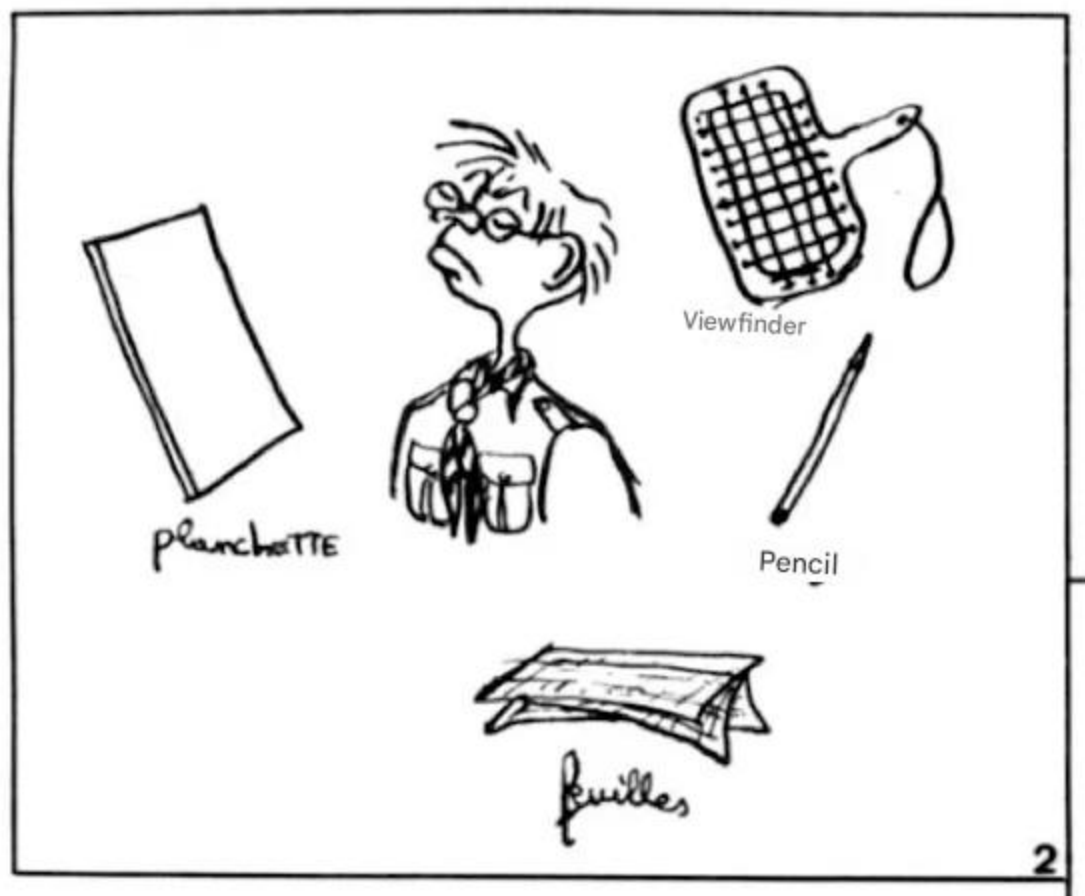
For the execution of the sketch:

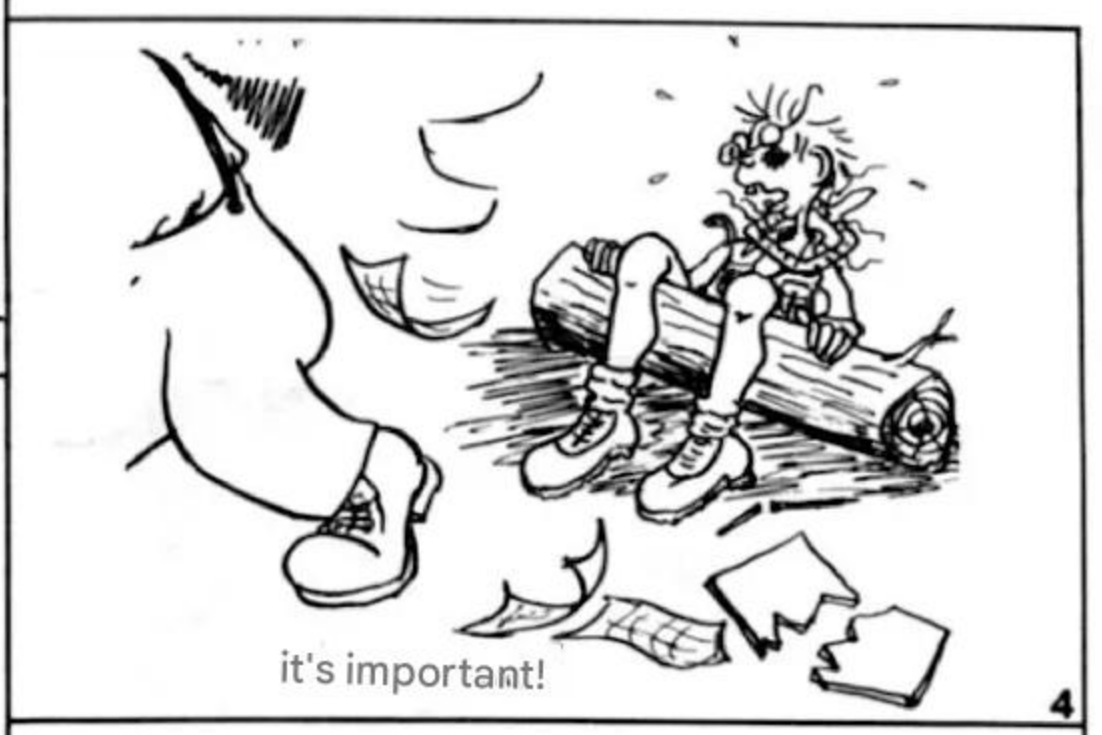
— First, identify the most important points of the landscape, trace the
— lines of the panorama (ridges, outlines of woods, etc.), then
— focus on the details.

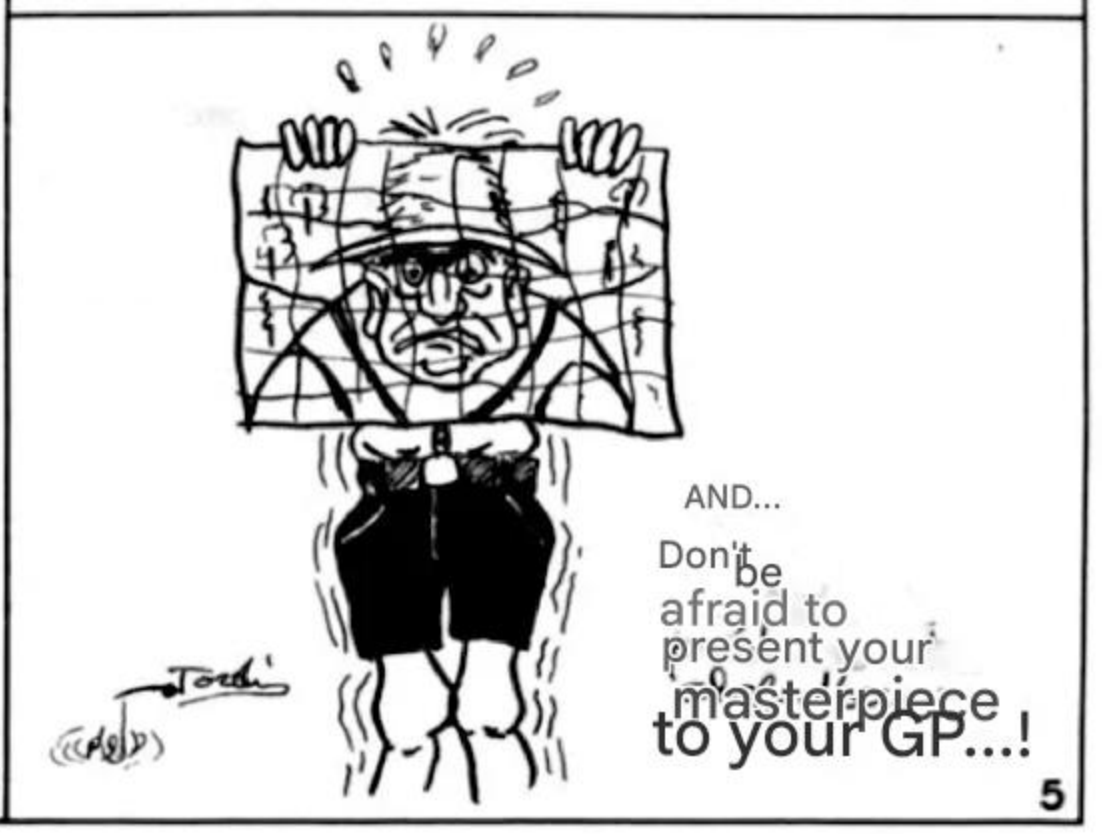
The last phase of the operation (perhaps the most delicate) is to erase the grid from the sheet.

Finally, we will reinforce the features of the sketch, we will pack our bags, we will end the raid in the most total euphoria, thinking in advance of the deserved congratulations that the leader will deign to grant.

BEAR







An exclusive story for RAID

"Lynx always, until the blood!"

Following what memorable exploit the Lynx Patrol adopted its new patrol cry...

by PHILOU *
Second, Historiographer and Guardian
of the Traditions of the Lynx Patrol.

Our Troop Leader lent us "Raid". We, that is to say the Lynx Patrol... My name is Philou (you guessed it, it's short for Philippe!). I think Raid is a great magazine (and I'll tell you: I decided to subscribe!) with lots of exciting stuff: stories, photos, drawings, etc, etc... It's really a magazine for guys like me, intrepid boys who love adventure and life in nature, real Scouts! Guys who believe in the Law and the Promise but don't want to be tamed. And we're right, you know! Baden-Powell wrote: "Scouting is a game full of enthusiasm". And B.P., whether everyone likes it or not, he also said that Scouting was practiced in the open air, in the middle of nature, and that a good Scout should not be a wimp! And there you have it!

In issue 1 of "Raid", there was Ourson's Test Game: "Are you brave?" Not a bad game, and well designed to horrify the nice little "Scouts" (?) of certain troops whose "activities" (?), from what I have seen, have only uncertain connections with the "Eclaireur" style! Question no. 2 asked "During a game, are you able, despite your bare torso and legs, to cross a clump of nettles and brambles?" We, the Lynx, can answer "Yes!" to Ourson, and without any exception, from CP to "Cul de Pat"...

You don't know our pat cry? No? It's "Lynx always, until the blood!" Please note that we are neither vampires nor animated by any cannibalistic instincts! Rest assured! In the past, the Lynx had another cry: "Lynx always, open

Borer

• Philou is no more. But rest assured, he is still alive (and very much alive). However, at the time of putting "Raid" to press, we were informed that "Philou" having been totemized must now be called "Bladeau Combattif".

Editor's note

the eye! ". Obviously it was not bad either. Do you want to know as a result of what memorable affair, as a result of what great game, forever engraved in the memory and in the epidermis of those who — those took part in it, our cry was changed? from

I, Philou, am not the CP of the Lynx, only the Second. A function that I combine with those of Historiographer and Guardian of Traditions.

We have, I can tell you, a Patrol Golden Book: a large register dating back to the foundation, firmly bound. with a superb embossed leather cover (please), decorated with strange emblems or trail signs, on which has also been fixed the stuffed muzzle of a lynx (authentic), a gift from a former patrolman who brought it back from one of his trips across the Atlantic. It is quite wildly decorative! The name of the donor appears in the book, as well as that of all the boys who belonged to the patrol. A whole chapter is devoted to the story of the exploits (collective or individual) of the Lynx. It mentions the patrol's great deeds, raids, explosions, big games, survival operations, various adventures, heroic or sometimes comical! There are also the famous "secret" pages, sealed with wax seals, and opened only on certain solemn occasions. They list our traditions and rites, known only to those who have passed our formidable admission tests, after a novitiate of several months...

But let us return, if I may say so, to our sheep, that is to say to the story of the episode which led those of the Lynx to equip themselves with a new and glorious cry of pat...

And subsequently to enrich their mysterious admission ritual with an additional test which I will mention later (with the special authorization, exceptionally granted, of the CP).

That summer we pitched our tents in a land of vast forests and large ponds where we had the fantastic feeling of having finally discovered the wild lost paradise that all adventure-loving Scouts dream of... Our first Big Game (our camps often have two; we don't like monotonous camps, and neither do our Chiefs!) took place at the end of the first week, after the settling-in period.

It would take too long to tell you all the twists and turns. The story took place before the Roman conquest when a whole part of Europe was still almost completely covered with deep forests where fierce and proud tribes lived, wrongly called barbarians..., and renowned for their bravery and courage! Our Great Game pitted two clans against each other, formed by the union of two allied patrols.

The sacred shield of the Moljnir clan was decorated with lightning bolts engraved on the wood by means of a white-hot fire rod, and that of the Vedfolnir clan with a stylized falcon whose wings were admirably evoked by raptor feathers, found in the woods and fixed with strong glue. For the sake of realism, to make it more real and to better identify with the characters we wanted to embody, we had swapped the usual camp outfit for the costume, both basic and "primitive", of the young "barbarian" warriors: a chamois leather loincloth, and, on the shoulder, a strip of imitation fur held by roughly braided leather laces!

The boys looked really good, already well tanned and browned at the start of the holidays. At the signal to leave, each clan took, with all due discretion, a diametrically opposed direction to follow, in the middle of the forest, off the rare paths otherwise invaded by ferns and undergrowth, a very classically marked trail with messages to decipher.

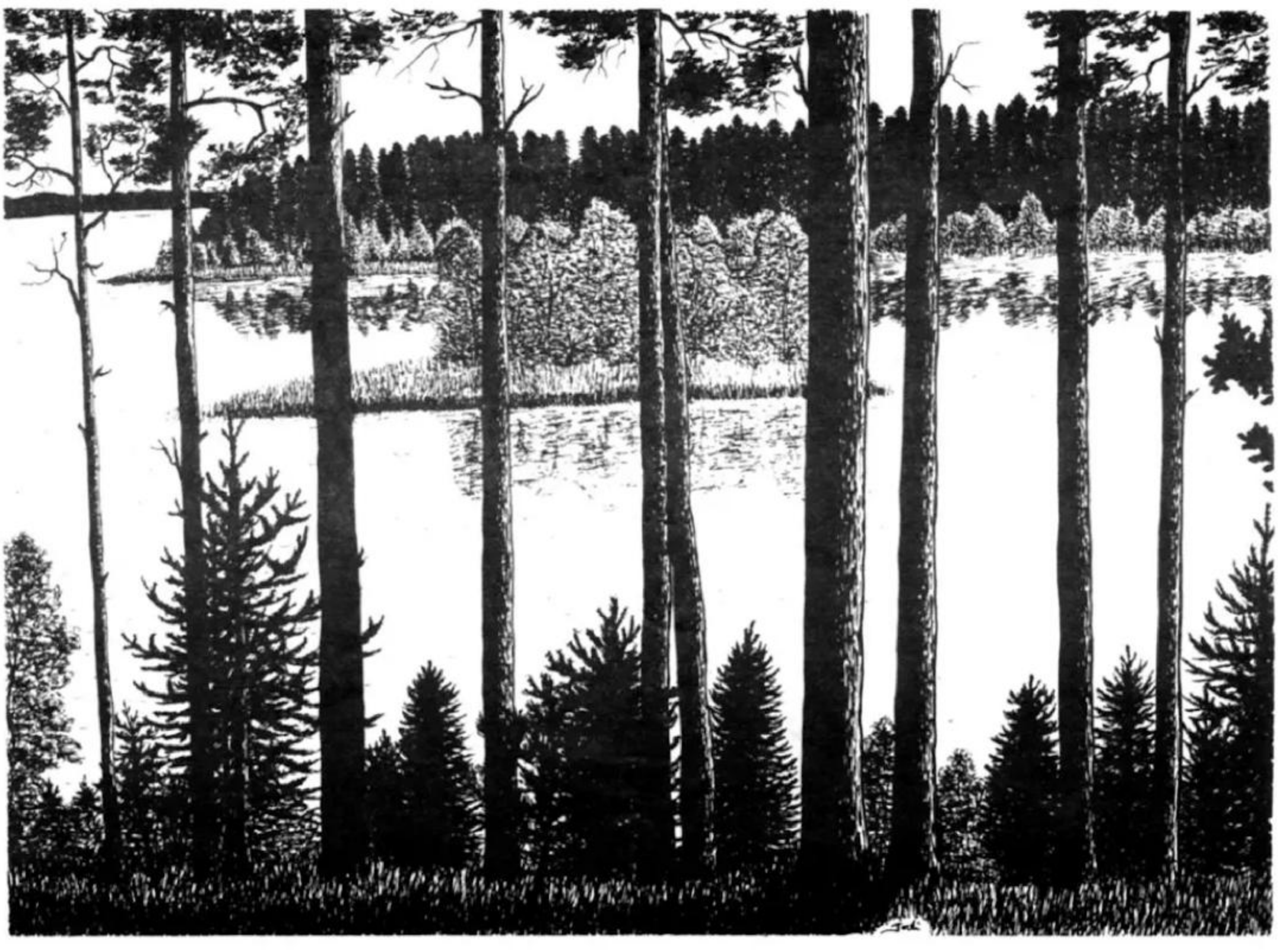
Originality (imbued with an exciting wildness that is completely

our taste) of this Great Game lay in the fact that we were allowed to take very few things, barely four or five matches per group, just a blanket per guy to sleep in... Nothing else or almost! The adventure was going to take on the appearance of a real and very Spartan >>> survival as the food supply we had been told about and the search for which turned out to be quite perilous was reduced to flour and a little salt intended for the making of frugal pancakes, which forced us, as you can easily understand, to count only on ourselves and our knowledge of nature to ensure our subsistence!

The track, quite long and strewn with natural obstacles, led to the most secluded location where we had to build our huts, light a fire (which we were not to let go out afterwards) and fortify the place in order to protect our sacred shield and defend ourselves against a possible attack.

It was indeed from this moment that operations really began. To triumph, the objective of each clan was identical, both simple and difficult. It consisted, while ensuring the defense of its own camp, in trying to discover that of the adversary in order to extinguish its fire and seize its shield. It was permitted to take prisoners, who had the right and even the duty to try to escape. Attacks and counter-attacks could follow one another, day and night throughout the duration of the Great Game, until the triple blast of the horn announcing the end sounded, unless beforehand a clan fell entirely into the hands of the adversary!

We, the Lynx, allied with the Jaguars, formed the clan of Moljnir. It was in the evening of a doubly hot day, due to the temperature and the heat of the clashes, that the episode I must tell you took place. The Jaguars, after having foiled many ambushes and carried out patient investigations, had finally come across the camp, almost on a lake, of the Clan of Vedfolnir. It was located at the tip of an island, separated from the bank of a fairly large pond, by a narrow stretch of water. The trunk of an uprooted tree served as a natural footbridge and allowed access to the lair, protected and hidden by barriers of branches.



The opposite bank, grassy and dotted with copses, allowed a fairly easy approach, but we had been able to see that the defenders were mounting a vigilant guard. The Clan of Vedfolnir had set up a whole network of chicanes and barricades. It was clear that they felt that if an attack came it was very likely to happen from this side.

In fact, the island behind their camp looked like a jungle so thick and uninviting that they must have thought that no attacker would dare venture into this thicket...
A few engagements had already shown us that the Vedfolnir boys were not lacking in vigor or determination. In the case of a frontal assault our chances of gaining a foothold on the island were slim and a failure was likely to turn into a rout.

This was what prompted us to come up with a rather audacious plan. While the Jaguars would lie in ambush at the end of the day behind the clumps of trees, the Lynx would go around the pond, to get into the water and swim to the other bank of the island. It would then be a matter of simply having enough courage to cross it. This done, and on an agreed signal (owl's cry), at nightfall, the Jaguars would mount the assault. Taking advantage of the confusion we could leap unexpectedly into the enemy camp, put out the fire, grab the shield and flee promptly by the same path. No one would think of pursuing us and the Jaguars, in the meantime, would drop off without asking for their rest!

Certainly, it was easier said than done! Some of us, certainly, showed a little hesitation but the honour of the Lynx was at stake and we could no longer shirk without losing face! The journey around the pond was already difficult enough, in the middle of reeds, bushy shrubs, on marshy ground which made the walk tiring. Having arrived almost opposite the island on the bank of which opened a small cove where we could land without the slightest fear of being spotted, we took off our furs which we hung on the low branches of a fir tree, and also our "Pataugas" (which we would have been better inspired to hang by their laces around our necks!). We were all honest swimmers and the crossing of the pond was carried out without incident in a steady and silent stroke. It was still light at night late in July and the water was pleasantly soft. Dragonflies fluttered quickly above us; fishing birds skimmed fearlessly past us; the island's trees drew nearer, still reflected in the evening light in the still waters.

It was once on the island that things started to go less well. It was impossible to follow the bank because of the roots and brushwood overhanging the pond! There was no other solution than to go into the thickets. If only there had been only the thicket, the tangle of branches, vines, ivy, honeysuckle, ferns and tall wild grasses that reached up to your shoulders... But what was also abundant were nettles and thistles, brambles, hawthorn, wild plum trees and a whole vegetation of thorny plants and shrubs! The Lynx had to go through there barefoot, almost naked, with nothing but their little soaked loincloth whose wet leather irritated their thighs! And out of the question to arm oneself with a stick to clear a path! It was necessary at all costs to avoid all noise! The boys had to grit their teeth, bite their lips until they bled so as not to cry out in pain... We slipped with shudders of pain between the branches that clawed at your back and hips, scratched your arms, we crossed, grimacing, clumps of nettles, in a burning, horrible burn, which enveloped you with its intolerable sting as if you had been delivered to the stake, waving brambles wrapped themselves around your body, entwined you with their vines with sharp claws as if to keep you prisoner. They bit you, clawed you, scratched you!

The Lynx felt as if they were grappling with a pack of wild cats, in the middle of this unspeakable green hell, this abominable jungle that the darkness was beginning to invade. How long did they walk like this? We had lost all sense of time. Perhaps we were going around in circles? And the Jaguars who were waiting for our signal! With all our will, mad with suffering, galvanized by a fierce intoxication by the harshness of this insane race, we had only one idea: to reach the tip of the island at all costs!

The island was shrinking, we were approaching the goal... But the riskiest part was still to come! We stopped, panting, and it was, horror, in the heart of a clump of nettles that we had to kneel. Our lips tasted of blood... The glow of a fire shone between the branches. The CP launched the nocturnal cry of the owl. A few unbearable seconds of silence... The heart beating... No murmur, no noise denoted the proximity of the enemies, the Scouts of the Clan of Vedfolnir who we had difficulty convincing ourselves belonged to the same troop as us... A very muffled hooting, coming from the woods... And then, suddenly, the tumult, the din, the shrill cries, the calls, the howls, the unleashing of the assault, the rush of the Jaguars, the furious melee that one can guess with the defenders of the footbridge...

We, the Lynx, rush straight ahead, we leap without feeling our countless scratches or the burning of the nettle stings that make our skin swollen. We cross a barrier of branches. A few meters away the fight rages, the shouts redouble, the small fire of embers, on the flat stones, does not manage to light the fighters. A big splash! More shouts: two boys must have fallen into the pond and must continue their fierce struggle in the water and mud!

Quick! We gather up handfuls of clods of earth and throw them on the fire. Embers burst, sparks fly, and we jump back because we had forgotten our bare feet.

A few more handfuls of earth, we pull up tufts of grass. The fire will not start again! We must act quickly! The CP scans everything around:

"The shield?"

Do you see it?

Yes, there, look!

A guy grabs the shield...

«Now let's get going quickly. The Jaguars will take care of themselves!"

But the CP does not agree:

«No! We have to help them get off... Philou, take the shield and escape right away via the island with Pascal. And don't get caught! Go to the Holly Cross!

The return was no less cruel than the outward journey, but the fact of bringing back in our arms the trophy of victory and the dread of being pursued and caught gave us wings. Pascal and I ran breathlessly, dripping with sweat, our hair in our eyes, half blinded, and only the pale luminosity of a fortunately cloudless sky allowed us not to deviate too much from the flowing wave that we had to follow.

The branches whipped us as we passed, new scratches, new scars were added to all those that had torn us from head to toe, and we could no longer suppress our cries when the fine, the horrible little plant claws sank into our flesh and we had to, at the cost of what torture, tear ourselves away from them... Almost naked we had to push aside with our arms the nettles as tall as we were, stumbling into the trap of the inextricably intertwined vines and ivy, climbing dead trees to fall back into ditches with slopes covered with new clumps of nettles that made us endure new tortures! Our martyrdom took another form with the swimming across the pond. The water, far from calming our suffering, only made it worse! And then we had to take turns pushing or towing the cumbersome shield, which filled with water, swirled, hindered and slowed down our swimming terribly!

Once on dry land, the relative coolness of the night seized us and made us shiver. There was no question of rubbing each other, of corking each other: our bruised skins would not have borne such treatment. The burning of the nettles made us shiver with fever. We retrieved our shoes but our chests and shoulders were so furrowed with scratches that we preferred not to put our furs back on.

The run through the woods had at least the advantage of drying us quickly and warming us up. The track, a narrow path lined with heather ferns, was conducive to speed. Considering ourselves now out of range of the opposing clan, we were overflowing with joy and pride, and the throbbing tingling we felt all over our bodies became something quite secondary!

... A little anxious, perhaps, about the outcome of the final "drop-out"! But what did it matter, really? The main thing, and Pascal agreed with me, was to have accomplished a feat that we proudly repeated to ourselves that you had to belong to the Lynx patrol to have achieved!

Having reached the rallying point we found our comrades already arrived. Their retreat had been hard. But not everyone was there. Two guys were missing, left in the hands of the enemy!

This did not prevent the sight of the shield from triggering enthusiasm. Everyone wanted to look at it up close, to touch it. Joy reigned under the thick cover of holly trees which offered us an impregnable shelter. At the height of the excitement several spoke of going at night to free the two captives!

We imagined them, tightly bound, the poor things, and delivered to the rage of those of the clan of Vedfolnir, furious at having been played in such a beautiful way! They could expect, the poor things, to see some hard things...

But we were so tired, despite everything, that we put off our plans until tomorrow, telling ourselves that the guys weren't wimps and that this would give them extra memories for later.... after all, that was also part of the risks of any real Great Game!

Our sleep was filled with restless dreams. In the morning, we got up quickly and went, some of us limping a little, to bravely refresh our ideas in the clear water of a small basin deliciously covered with fine sand and fed by a forest stream where the deer came to drink. The rays of the rising sun revealed to the eyes, both horrified and admiring, of the Jaguars that the body of each Lynx was striped, striated lengthwise and widthwise, with a whole network traced on the skin: dotted with claw marks and bite marks, enhanced with brownish streaks and drops of dried blood, with a rather impressive effect, I can assure you!

Later in the day we saw one of the prisoners arrive. He had managed to escape by untying the bonds on his ankles but still had his wrists tied behind his back!

Perhaps the enemy had deliberately let him escape in order to follow him in order to discover our bivouac? We had good reason to suppose so when, after a short time, we had to repel the furious assaults of raging guys desperately trying to recover their shields...

From then on, we had too much to do, busy defending our positions, to consider a liberation operation in favor of our comrade who remained in captivity! This was not to end for him until sunset, when the three fateful trumpet blasts announcing the end of the Great Game rang out through the forest! Our triumph, the victory of the Clan of Moljnir, was loudly proclaimed and hailed as it should be during the campfire that took place that same evening.

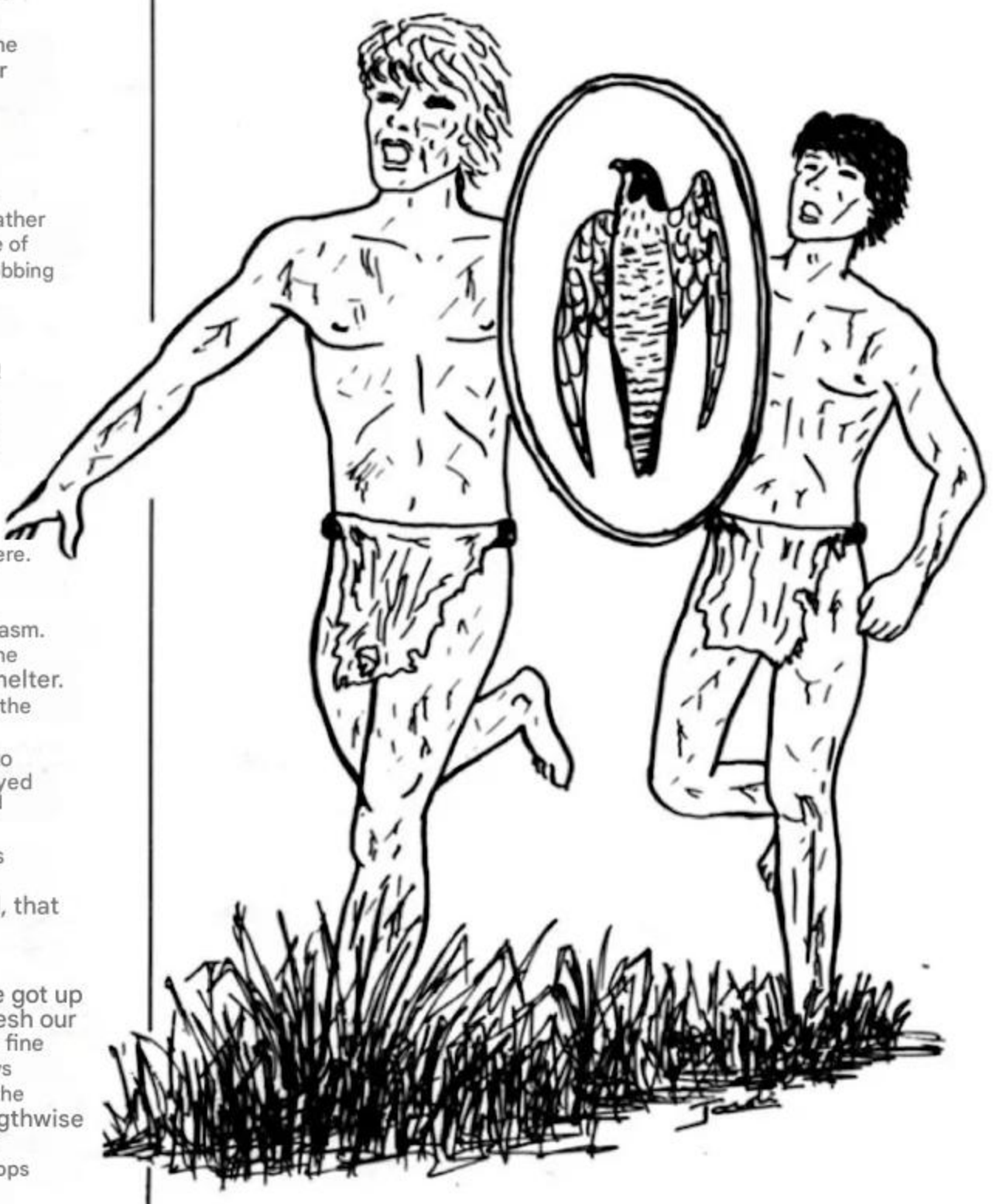
Wanting to especially honor the bravery that we, the Lynx, had shown, the Mastery made us advance in the same outfit that had been ours during the infernal expedition.

The flames cast wild reflections on our reddened bodies, all striped with scars still raw. We were facing the fire, watching sparks rise in the crackling of the branches raised in a pyramid, some of which fell back on our shoulders. You Believe me, it was really moving! There were dances and banns and our songs resounded until late at night.

It was that night, under a sky studded with stars, that we launched our new patrol cry: "Lynx always, until the blood!" And it was at the end of this summer camp that the Patrol Council decided, unanimously, to include from now on among the admission tests imposed on new Lynx patrolmen, the crossing, at a running pace and without hesitation, of a thick clump of nettles and brambles.

We plant our flag on the other side of the clump. The boy has to go and get it and bring it back. Running. And this no more dressed than we «were!

Philou's story*
Second of the Lynx Patrol
Historiographer and Guardian of the Traditions of the said patrol,
which is now called "Fighting Badger".



MEET...

The Raiders

presented by Gérald DEBRUYNE

Raiders

In order to avoid any confusion, it should be made clear right away that the Raiders movement is not a continuation of the Raiders-Scout branch (founded in the 1950s).

The Raiders movement was born in Mouvaux (North) in 1972 and its statutes were filed with the Lille prefecture on November 16 of that same year.

It was founded by Jean-Marc Delerue, who had never done any scouting, but who had been influenced by reading Serge Dalens' "Bracelet de Vermeil"... The name "Raiders" simply comes from the fact that J. M. Delerue's first guys went on raids.

For a few years we were a non-denominational association bringing together only boys aged 10 to 15 in activities very similar to Scouting.

The women's sections were created in 1975 under the leadership of Catherine Lautrou; then in 1976, the first "junior" sections (Cub Scouts) were created.

At that time, our structures, our progression, our general ideas and our Law resembled those of Traditional Scouting; however, some small details separated us from it: among other things, certain terms and external signs ("Urban" for Troop, "Urbany" for team or patrol, the salute and certain elements of uniform which were specific to us).

In 1978-79, the many relationships we already had with other Scout movements made us adopt or change certain details (the beret replaces the "bush hat", left handshake...); these were to be the beginnings of a major reform which was to shake up the movement a little later.

Indeed, at the end of 79, beginning of 80, following the meetings we had with the management of the E.N.F., with elements of the F.S.E. (Northern region), with Foncine, Dalens, and Jean-Marc de la Villéon (from the BP network) we made a complete analysis of the situation. In addition, the lack of a well-established pedagogy was felt; each of the managers did their best in their corner, but no pedagogical unit was possible. The managers lacked bases to refer to...

We were already very close to most of the Scout movements; why not accept to become another of these movements ourselves? And in the face of today's world, a real unity between all the associations of true Scouting was becoming necessary; this was and still is our point of view.

It was necessary to continue to live an ideal and communicate it to as many young people as possible by taking the appropriate means for this. In our minds, there was not the shadow of a hesitation and we therefore adopted the principles of B.P. Scouting. The movement officially became Christian, while accepting the convictions of all the young people who come to us.

Raiders

At present we are in close contact with many associations with the common goal of unifying and proposing a true Scouting Brotherhood...

We hope that one day all young people (and their Leaders), from all Scouting associations, will be able to look each other in the Eyes, without animosity and without ulterior motives!

To conclude, I would say that the workforce represents about four hundred people (active members); but the situation must be regularized in the Rhône-Alpes region. A large percentage of the workforce is located in the North of France, particularly in Mouvaux. Tourcoing, Halluin, Dunkirk, Armentières and Lincelles, as far as groups or Districts are concerned.

Our association is divided into two Girls branches
- (Jeannettes, Guides, Senior Guides)
- Boys (Cub Scouts, Scouts, Rovers).

G. Debruyne

Where to contact us

Founder:
Jean-Marc Delerue
43, rue de la Briqueterie
59420 Mouvaux

General Commissioner: Bruno Goddefroy 16, allée des Chamois 59650 Villeneuve d'Ascq

National Commissioner Gérald Debruyne 65, rue Nationale 59280 Armentières

National Commissioner
Catherine Lautrou J/23 rue Majenta 59200 Tourcoing

THE LAW

- The Raiders are true to their word
- The Raiders breathes truth and frankness
- The Raiders are thrifty and generous
- The Raiders radiates friendship, he is the brother of all scouts
- Raiders Commit to Understanding Their Neighbors
- The Raiders commune with nature and protect it
- The Raiders know how to obey with good humor
- The Raiders fight injustice, they do service at least once a day
- The Raiders are willing and courageous
- The Raiders are an example of living life anywhere, on any occasion.
- The Raiders strive for perfection
- The Raiders are proud of their ideal and submit their whole life to it.

A bit of history

ERWAN the Celt

It is difficult to imagine how Erwan lived in his small village of Tréhorenteuc, some five centuries before the arrival of Jesus the Galilean, at the time when Socrates was embellishing Athens. Indeed, among the Celts, written documents were few in number due to an exclusively oral cultural transmission.

From Greek travelers, however, we know that Erwan, from the age of seven, no longer lived with his parents but with his tutor, where he remained until the age of twenty-one. This is the Forestage>>> (Abvaban). Erwan received from this man chosen by his family for his honorability, his knowledge, his spirituality, both lodging, food, moral education, instruction, and physical training. It should be noted that at the same time there was a completely identical tradition in Athens. Here, in Aremorica, there were no stadiums or regular schedules as in Greece. It was the forest that ruled. Erwan often ran there in the company of boys his age. For example, he played "goat": two opponents were face to face, each holding a lance armed with a tampon soaked in dye behind his back. The idea was to mark the opponent in the heart (where a target had been drawn).

Furthermore, Erwan belongs to the "Fianas", a sort of secret society (less regimental than the Athenian ephebia) which is a cross between modern-day scouting, Sioux initiation, and a German gymnastics society.

The characteristics of FIANAS were solidarity between members, the oath of loyalty, secrecy, the duty to help the weak. We can undoubtedly see there one of the sources of Western chivalry. Erwan entered the Fianas at the age of 12. He is 14 today and it is the big day of his initiation. He will receive his definitive name and be considered a "Gwalenn" (adolescent).

It should be noted that when the Celtic, African, Indian or Greek child reaches the stage of initiation, he has already been preparing for it for a long time, physically and morally. All these peoples are aware of the law of nature that the cells of the human body are renewed in seven years. The passage is therefore progressive: All the activities, the games of his childhood have contributed to strengthening his body, his mind and his soul in preparation for this stage, this passage. Often, the months preceding it give rise to interviews with the wise men of the clan. Initiation is in fact the officialization of a degree of maturity, a sort of passing exam. The difference with our contemporary exams is that initiation does not only involve the factor of "recognizing knowledge", but that it is in itself an apprenticeship of new values and projects the body and mind onto new paths.

So let's leave Erwan on the eve of his entry into Gwalen. In the next issue we will meet Phryxos, the Greek child, whose life we will see is very close in form and substance to that of Erwan.

B. An Alarc'h

DEPARTURE

We have just learned of the disappearance of one of our first supporters: our friend JACANA (Thierry STEIGER). A F.E.E.U.F. leader, he was visiting units in his region on April 3, when a fatal car accident forced him to join the lands of eternal Youth.

Thierry was going to be 22 years old on May 8th, he was driven by an extraordinary faith and his capacities for commitment and enthusiasm had made him loved by all. RAID will miss his great friend.

French Scout Federation

Things are moving at the F.F.D.S.! Let us judge for ourselves: a copious General Assembly on November 14 and 15, 1981, a liaison bulletin for the leaders, CEPs and training weekends, the creation of a scout store: Le Totem, and many other actions and progress... Below is the motion adopted at the 79 A.G. and reaffirmed this year:

Associations, members of the French Scouting Federation:

1. reaffirm their commitment to the aims, principles and methods of authentic scouting, as formulated by Baden-Powell, and in particular to the Scout Law, the Promise, the Patrol system and life together in contact with Nature.

2. noting that these aims, principles and methods are still relevant and meet the expectations of today's young people, intend, by applying them, to contribute to the education of the young people entrusted to them,

3. reacting to the rise in violence and all forms of neglect,

are convinced that authentic scouting, based on individual effort and progress, the sense of free action and life in organized groups, allows young people to truly take charge of themselves and truly learn freedom and responsibility,

4. considering, because of the specific problems of adolescence, that scouting activities can only be carried out and experienced fully within separate groups for boys and girls,

exclude, at the level of the Scouts-Girl Scouts branch (11-16 years old), any form of mixing and co-education,

5. respectful of the philosophical and religious convictions of their members.
refrain from taking any political position, affirming their desire to promote friendship among young people between all peoples, particularly within Europe.

F.F.D.S., 78, rue de la Tombe Issoire 75014 Paris

PRESS RELEASE

The name of Alain GOUT, photographer-illustrator and audiovisual director, was mentioned in issue 1 of RAID, in his dual capacity as Editor-in-Chief of the PUERI CANTORES Review, and Director of the RAID Collection, at Éditions de l'Epi.

Alain GOUT asks us to clarify that he does not collaborate with the RAID review, that he did not contribute to its creation, and that the Collection that he directs is totally independent of it.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Graffin has just won first prize in colors>> at the 1981 photo competition organized by the Aix-les-Bains photo club, with his creation:

TREE STRUCTURE or THE LITTLE PAGE WITH FERNS

We cannot reproduce it in these pages, because color plays a large role.

However, a limited edition of 10 numbered and signed copies of this work was made, on canvas paper, in 24 X 30 format, eight of which will be sold at a price of 350.00 F each.

They can be ordered from the author, accompanied by payment plus postage 4.00 F at: Robert Graffin, 3 résidence Buffon, apt 143. F 77100 Meaux.

SCOUTING

by Marcassin

Have you ever wondered what Scouting is? Is it a way to pass the time, to overcome your shyness, an outlet for your repressed aggression at school and within your family, the virilizing life in nature with nice friends?

If Scouting is all that you are, don't call yourself a "Scout" and instead think about what it really means.

Scouting, if it is based on Nature, the essence of life, is not so much the exhilarating wooded life, an integral part of that of the Scout; as an ideal of life for others and by others, a life that is much more enriching for the one who has been able to discover this cornucopia. But Scouting, while being focused on others, preserves and engenders initiative, responsibility. It is in this that it places itself above all ethics being the just sum of self-giving and one's own generative culture, inseparable elements.

It is not by being satisfied with some small progress, often subjective, or by brooding over a mistake, that you will develop both morally and physically. Rather, seek to draw from every experience, good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, an irreplaceable asset. Go forward without looking back.

Progress is surpassing yourself Scouting offers you a way to progress. Don't refuse it!

○○○

• In the broad sense of the term.

Graffin

The alternative to Scouting!

Melbourne Knot Night

A literally touching adventure, which took place at the Waldbröl camp, and told according to the strict truth by Lothar Sauer.

Let this be written in honor of Winfried Grasbon, the cunning Sioux chief and his Wigwam* crew, so eager for kidnapping! And let it be dedicated also to all those who on that memorable night had the privilege of learning how, from thirty meters of clothesline and the darkness of a new moon night, the colorful carpet of adventure is woven!

Darkness of the night. Neither neon light nor crescent moon watched over the sleepers' breath when the curtain of my dreams began to move suspiciously. I woke up slowly and had the feeling that something abnormal was happening under the tent. Indeed, could one not hear hasty trampling on the wooden hurdles that served as a floor, and did not bent silhouettes slip furtively outside, pushing aside the canvas of the entrance?

A thousand thunders! What does this mean? Would my rascals by any chance have the audacity to make a nocturnal escapade without my knowledge? I will help them! I rush out of the tent, furious, to find myself immediately facing a semi-circle of silent, motionless shadows, and incontestably larger than the eleven-year-old kids in my tent!

<<<What's going on?>> I ask, all taken aback, as I catch sight of, a little to the side in his light striped pajamas, big Bulli, the oldest of my protégés. He's all dazed, standing in the dark and gives the impression of not knowing at all how he got there.

I throw at him sternly: "Bulli, what are you doing here?" But Bulli remains silent, like a lamb delivered to the slaughter, and stares into the darkness with an incomprehensible eye.

At that moment, a tall, thin being stands out from the circle of men of the night and approaches me with a reassuring gait: "Don't get upset, Lothar, it's me, Winfried."

Winfried? Ah, that bird of ill omen who had appendicitis from the beginning of the camp and who was operated on in Waldbröl? Back for only three days and already working at night? Hats off!

<<But what is Bulli doing...?>>>

<<<How Bulli is here in front of the tent, he himself does not know. Because I must tell you, Lothar: we took your Bulli out of the tent while he was asleep. It was to do a test: to check whether the tent leaders were watching over their guys. I have to admit, you reacted well, congratulations! So here is your little chick, and now go to bed and continue to snooze. Have a good night!

Bulli and I sneak back into the tent. It's half past three. Outside, in the vast clearing where the tents are arranged in a semicircle, we can hear the gang murmuring and whispering. Not a bad idea for them to check the vigilance of the "monos", especially for me, who has just come out of it so brilliantly!

But stop! There in front, in the bed where Peter normally sleeps, is there still someone in it? I shine my lamp there and, holy shit, Peter is no longer there! His camp bed is empty, the bare straw mattress gapes ironically, the sleeper has vanished, kidnapped by Winfried and that before I noticed Operation Bulli!

What a rascal! I leap out of the tent to find the gang still gathered in the center of the camp in a silent palaver. I throw myself in their midst: "Where have you hidden Peter? Don't make me believe that you don't have him! Come on, Winfried, bring him back to me at once!"

There are six or seven of them, tightening a menacing circle around me. If Winfried's first take is well placed, I'm done for. Too bad: "Where did you put Peter? Come on, give him back!"

Winfried hesitates. He had already said that he would capture the mother hen if she cried out for her chick. But when he thinks of his fresh scar, he changes his mind: "Lothar, you know me: Peter is perfectly fine, he is lying warm and safe in a place that we have specially set up for him. Tomorrow he can tell you about it. Don't worry. and go snore!"

Poor Peter! Winfried is famous for his art of tying someone up for you. My curiosity ventures further: "Where is he? In your tent?"

"Why in ours? Aren't there enough empty Wigmans around here? And that makes us think we could populate them a little, for a night, with the souls of brave warriors, you understand?" I understand but I push further: "Can't I see him a little, at least?"

<< What's the point? He feels really good and doesn't need you. He's more comfortable than at your place where he used to sleep at the entrance of the tent in the middle of the drafts. We felt sorry for him, really; now he's better off.

Little by little, I get exasperated: "So, are you going to show it to me soon, yes or no?"

<<Okay! So you don't cry. But no noise please!

We enter a dark, empty tent. It is pitch black in there and strangely cool; no noise. Two figures are sitting next to each other on one of the bare beds: the guards. Winfried shines his weak little flashlight on the second bed on the right: "Here it is. Do you see that it is set up warm and cozy?"

Indeed, Peter! He is lying on his stomach, his face against the pillow, turned to one side; his black, shaggy hair falls over his forehead.

* Name given to the team. In this holiday camp, each team of fourteen had its own tent, its own wigwam. It had to find a name and write it on a wooden sign hanging above the entrance. There were the "Coureurs de Bois", "The Igloo", the "Nid des Faucons", etc... The author of this story was the instructor of the "Coureurs de Bois". (N. d. T.)

His own blanket envelops him; only, at the foot of the bed, a piece of white clothesline appears under the fabric, stretched towards the bedpost.

„Good evening, Peter! I wanted to see how you are. How long have you been here?

„"I don't know. Three hours I think. I untied my feet twice but my hands are impossible to untie."

I lift the blanket a little. The wrists are tied behind the back with a special, strange knot that I don't know. "Melbourne method," Winfried explains, "very humane and absolutely painless. You can ask him if it hurts."

No, it doesn't hurt. The rope goes from the wrists to the ankles and is stretched from there to the bedposts. Nothing to do.

„Go wake up our tent, Lothar, so they can come and free me! Free „you? You're speaking. You know better than I do that they are all twelve-year-old kids. What can they do against the Sioux? You just have to stay in bed. Sleep if you can!

Sleeping with your hands tied up? Peter grunts disdainfully.

„Console yourself, we'll bring you some company, Winfried promises him. Come on, avanti, grab the cushions! Get out! We'll catch someone from the "Pluto" tent.

We find ourselves on the camp grounds. Dawn can be seen to the east. Damn! We'll have to hurry. Don't you know, Lothar? Come with us! I'll give you three of my guys and you can try your luck too. There's plenty of clothesline. We'll see who can bring in the most victims."

"I'm not very well trained in this kind of sport, but I'm ready to participate. I just have to put on my sneakers." Okay. In the „meantime we're visiting the "Pluto". But hurry up!

"The ants' bluff. As soon as the sleeper is awake we tell him that his bed is full of ants and that he must be taken outside to rid him of all the critters." "Nonsense! He will notice right away..."

„Nothing at all, that's what he'll notice! As long as you're bullshitting him, he won't notice anything. What you need is to chat all the time. Stun him with words until you're far enough away from the tent. But be careful, he must wake up as late as possible."

"Silently, the entrance to the tent is unlaced. Winfried dives inside, bent over, his little lamp groping towards the first bed... A pause. We wait. Through the sides of the tent exhales the warm breath of the sleepers; the Sioux warriors, at my side, are standing and motionless like statues. Suddenly a slight noise inside. The canvas of the entrance quivers: a whitish silhouette in light pajamas hovering on Winfried's arms appears silently from the dark depths of the cabin: Here for you, Lothar: I'll join you with the blankets."

The limp burden lowers itself onto my chest. He is wide awake and looks around, dazed. I turn and start a fast pace sixty meters to go, my stock of words should be enough for this journey: "Yes, it was horrible last night with the ants; you are not the first one who has to be rid of this vermin, but don't worry, we will quickly get rid of it, we have DDT over there in the tent. Can't you feel how it is crawling all over you?". No.

„"Good thing the critters haven't gotten to your skin yet. There was a really bad storm last night, that's what brought them into the tents by the thousands. But rejoice, we've arrived!"

I am crouching on my camp bed feverishly tightening the laces of my gym shoes. Next door, in the "Pluto" tent, there are murmurs; muffled noises, people running outside, a brief call for help, quickly stifled, then there is silence again.

Across the field I hurry to the captives' tent. The child thieves are already there and whisper around the newcomer's bed; Winfried is just leaning over him with his famous Melbourne knot: A thousand thunders, a strong guy, certainly fourteen years old, congratulations! Despite everything, he lies flat on his stomach, gentle as a lamb, and lets himself be tied up obediently.

"He fought valiantly, you have to admit, right, my son? And now give me the other little paw, thank you, that's very kind and wise. Ah, Lothar, here you are! Here's some crode, take three or four of my warriors and...".

"No! I'd rather learn their tricks first. Will you take me with your next shock group?"...

We are in front of the "Penguin" tent: twelve years old... „Okay Lothar, we're going to use the ants trick." "The what?"

Hop, into the tent, the rascal on the nearest bed! Now he can scream. But he doesn't scream; he lies there, frightened, on the mattress and blinks warily, looking into the beam of light from Winfried's lamp. Do you recognize me? My name is „Winfried. I am the chief of the Wigman of the Sioux. And you are now the prisoner of the Sioux. What is your name? " <<<Hans-Dieter ".

"A nice name. But you know, the Indians prefer to give enemy warriors more appropriate names. So, what are we going to name you? "The Great Eye", does that suit you?" <<Who.>> Muffled snickers are heard under the tent. Good. And now my red brother, you „know that the Indians have a custom of tying up their victims. But don't worry! We'll do this gently! Why don't you turn over on your stomach a little?"... Once again, the Melbourne knot closes around the wrists...

We are in front of the tent, looking at the first clouds of dawn. It is high time! Winfried turns again towards the captives' tent: As soon as someone shouts, there will be gags! Spare us that, stay calm! In two hours you will be

free".

And now, which tent?
"Igloo. Special mission. There's a "kitten" to go and get, a "muscular" guy by the way."
<<<How old?>>>
"Fifteen years. This is going to get highly intellectual. Try to get him to hold his arms, then I'll put the pillow on his nose. Two Sioux will hold his legs, and hop! take the package! But be careful that he can't catch the pillow, or he'll pull it out and yell. Avanti, guys!"

The Igloo tent has been left open on purpose. We enter feeling our way. Damn! The wooden hurdles creak but no ears react. Winfried stops at the third bed and shines a light on it: Oh, my! A guy with a long black mane around his face and already some down on his upper lip. He is buried in his bag so that you can't tell where his arms are.

Winfried's pillow crashes down on his face, I clasp my arms around the sleeper's chest, he is lifted up, the funeral procession sets off. Confused movements are already manifesting themselves inside the duvet, an arm makes its way through and stretches towards the pillow. In front of me, the Sioux are swaying under the carp-like leaps of the one they are carrying; here comes the second arm in turn! And barely are we outside when we already hear the victim's profoundly phlegmatic remark: It doesn't work with me!

»We know it, Winfried said kindly, so we don't

"We're not going to walk with you, we're just taking you for a little stroll; it's such a nice day this morning, isn't it?"

We trot through the camp: in the half-light, the patient hovers among us in his sleeping bag like a giant pea pod, enjoying his transport with the serenity of a "tough guy"!

In the tent of the learned links, we find the guards in a complete embarrassment: Winfried, Peter needs to do... you understand! How should we go about it?
"Happy fools! You ask me that? Ask Peter!"

Peter knows exactly what to do: untie it. But untying the Melbourne knot is as tricky a feat as tying it. So, there is no other solution than to escort Peter outside, his hands tied. Discretion requires that we keep the rest of the episode quiet.

Meanwhile, in the tent, the occupant of the sleeping bag is being pampered. At regular intervals, he amuses us with the witty statement: "I will untie myself." But Winfried remains affable: "Of course you will untie yourself, we know that; you must even untie yourself so that you too can have a little pleasure." He binds his feet outside the sleeping bag and ties them, as before, to the foot of the bed.

Peter is brought back into the tent. I feel sorry for him, but Winfried has been running the whole thing, and he mustn't be a troublemaker.

Winfried looks at his watch and turns off his lamp: That's it for today! Seal the tent entrance and spread out over the unoccupied beds! No one is to remain in the Sioux Wigwam. Stay quiet and make sure none of the prisoners scream!

Lothar Sauer

Wait until you are discovered! Then let the captives scream and escape through the back exit! Take turns guarding! Bye, see you soon!

Ah! My children, how funny it will be when you wake up and the monitors no longer find their lambs that have flown away!

We stand in the chilly morning air. Winfried shivers. <<You know, Lothar, I'm knackered. Wouldn't I have you're not in your tent...? "
<< Of course I have! Peter's bed. And I can lend you a blanket. Come on! "

We enter my lair. Peter's bed is remade.
<<Have a good night!>>>

<<<Thanks, you too!». He stretches out, his head turns to the side, and there he is asleep. I can't get back to sleep. Outside, the light invades the entire horizon of the east. In the woods behind the tent, the twittering of the first timid beaks awakens. In two or three hours, he will be covered by two hundred other beaks that, all day long, will chatter, shout, laugh and sing until the next night under the big tent.

(Translated by Lothar Sauer,
Edouard Bourise and Jean Garnier)

WATER BIRDS IN WINTER

NATURALISM

The Rhone Valley is far from being poor in birds in winter.
In fact, as soon as many species leave us to take refuge further south, others come from the far north and the centre of Europe to spend the winter with us.

Moreover, they are the birds that are most easily observed and with which beginners are not lost in identification, because they generally remain motionless on bodies of water.

WHO ARE THEY?

Grebe

Cormorant

Gray Heron

Swan

Foulque

Black-headed Gull

- Grebes: stocky birds with a relatively long neck and a sharp, dagger-shaped beak. Highly adapted to aquatic life, they feed on fish and aquatic insects and nest on a floating nest. Their feet are not webbed but digitated, meaning that they have membranes between their fingers instead of webbing. The three most common species in the Rhone Valley are sedentary and nesting.

- Cormorants: large diving birds with dark plumage. The neck is long, the beak strong and hooked, the wings short and the tail quite long. They nest on cliffs, rocks or trees. They feed on fish. Their feet are webbed between the four toes. They do not breed in our region, they only winter.

- Herons: large wading birds. They have long legs, a long neck and a long dagger-shaped beak for catching fish. The tail is short and the wings are broad and rounded. They nest in colonies in trees or reed beds. Their toes are not webbed. They breed in the Rhone Valley.

- Swans, geese, ducks: aquatic birds with a fairly long to long neck, relatively narrow and pointed wings, webbed feet (except for Mergansers), and a flattened and rounded beak at the end. The beak is a real sieve for filtering food. However, Mergansers, which are ducks, have a narrow beak with a sawtooth edge for catching fish. They nest in marshes, at the edge of lakes, in burrows, on the ground, in tree holes or on rocks. Some nest in the Rhone Valley.

- Moorhens or coots: medium-sized dark birds, they have fairly long legs and toes. On the other hand, the wings and tail are rather short. They nest in reeds or in vegetation near water. These omnivorous birds are sedentary in our region.

- Seagulls and gulls: sociable water birds. They have short, webbed feet, a short but strong beak, and long wings. These excellent fliers are practically omnivorous and nest in colonies on cliffs and in marshes.

- Waders: small, sociable wading birds that have long legs and, for the most part, a long neck (but some have a short one). They feed on small animals caught in mud and shallow water. They nest in marshes, on the banks of rivers, in meadows, the tundra, the taiga, etc.

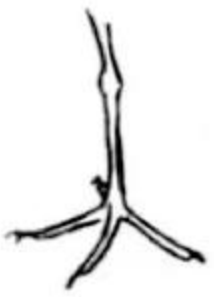
Knight

THE ACTION OF THE DIGITIZED PALMS The Great motr movement more efficient (left). Then, the lobes are folded to the right) in order to offer minimum resistance during the return movement (in the middle

Grebes legs

4 PALMED FINGERS

Cormorant Paw



Heron's Paw

3 FINGERS PALMS

Duck Foot

Coot's Paw

Limicole Paw

Seagull's Leg

WHERE TO FIND THEM?

In our region, you have to look for them along the Rhone and its major tributaries like the Isère or the Drôme. But some places like the Camargue, Lake Geneva and Dombes are particularly interesting.

Some specific advice for our readers who will be camping in the Drôme: you can go to the dam lakes (hunting reserves) along the Rhône and the Isère.

On the Isère: St-Nazaire en Royans, just go to the bridge and look downstream; it's one of the best places in the department.

On the Rhône: La Roche de Glun, at the village basin, there, no observation problem, you can approach the birds relatively close.

As for the other sites, some have regulations prohibiting public access. For possible visits to these sites, contact me by writing to RAID.

HOW TO OBSERVE THEM?

(cf RAID n° 1)

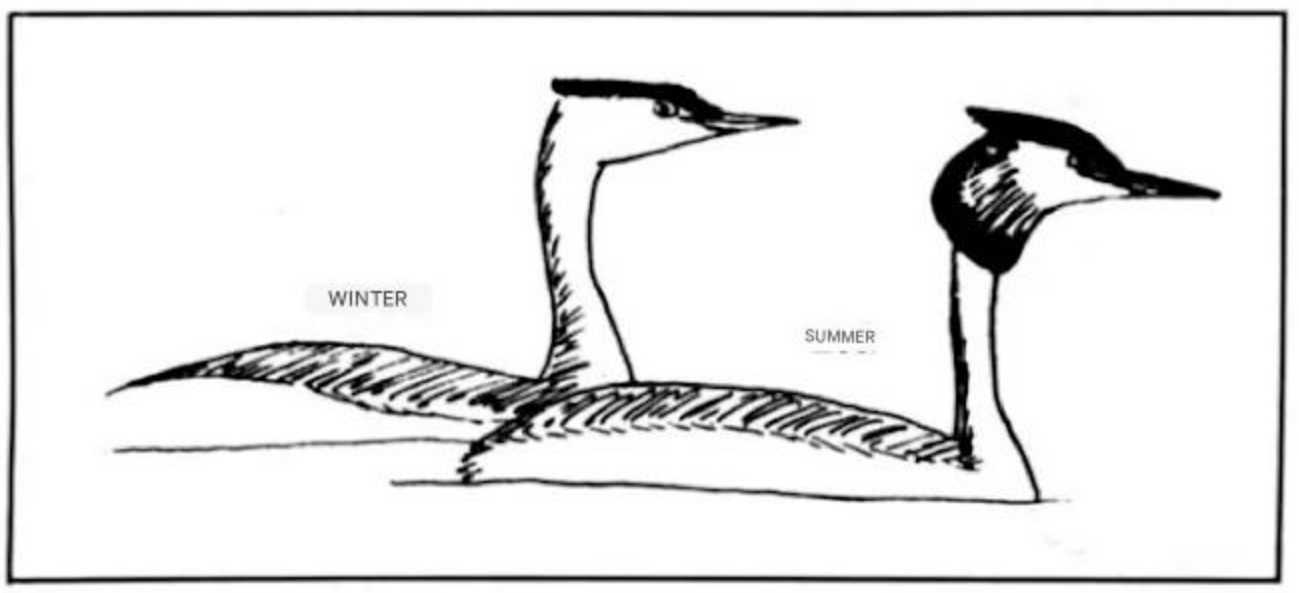
For water birds, you need a pair of high-magnification binoculars (10 × 50 or 10 × 60) or, even better, a telescope on a stand. Indeed, although these birds are easy to observe, they are often quite far from the bank, which sometimes makes it difficult to distinguish the most obvious details.

You have to be there early to observe them: daybreak until 8:30 am. These birds move around a lot, they rest in one place and can go to eat in another; so the morning, the rest period for most of them, remains the ideal time to study them.

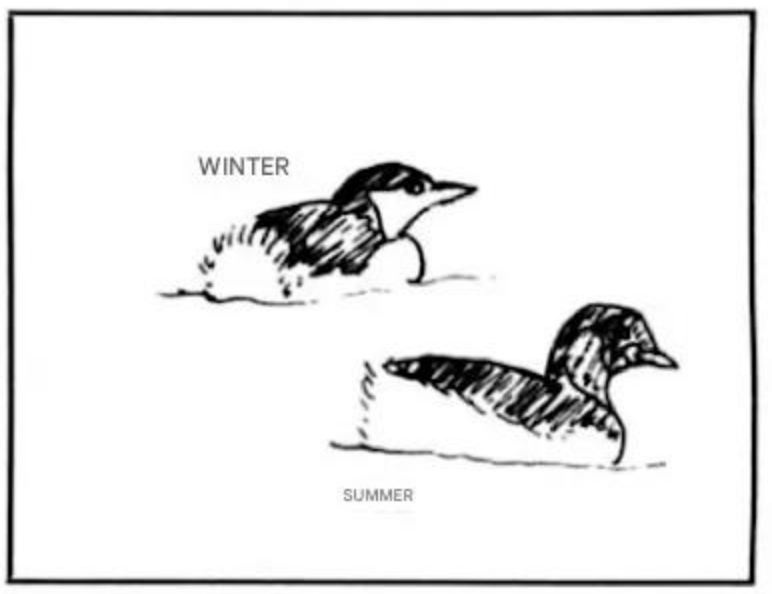
WARNING: Don't forget to dress appropriately; there is nothing more distressing than watching ducks on the water while shivering from the cold.

WHAT SPECIES CAN BE SEE ON THE RHONE AND ISÈRE?

GREBES

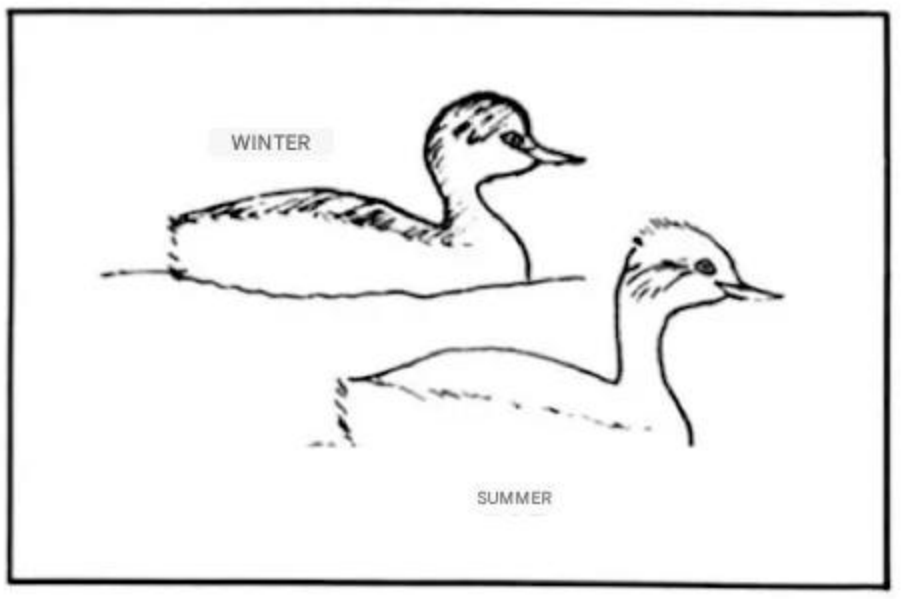


great crested grebe



little grebe

Grebes change their plumage in winter, so their color is different during the bad season.



black-necked grebe.

CORMORANT

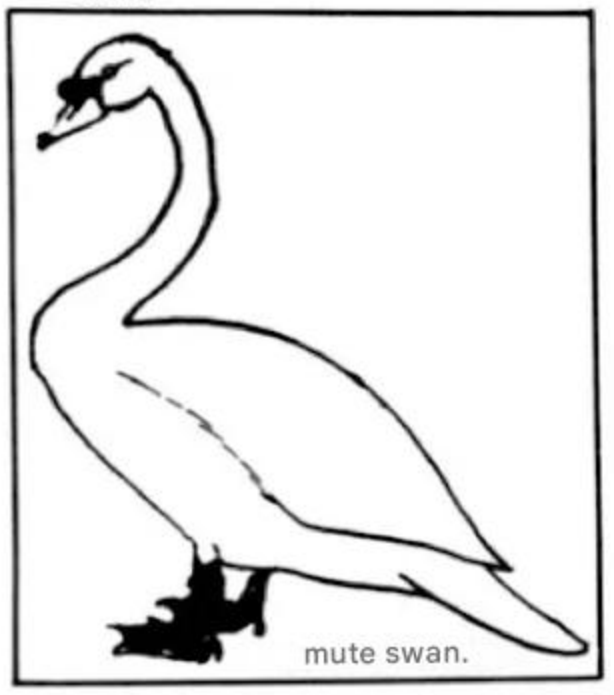
great cormorant

HERONS

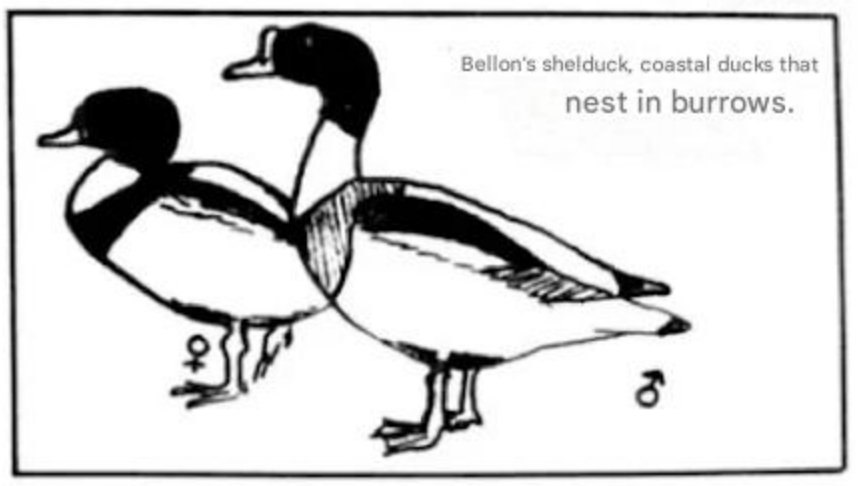
gray heron

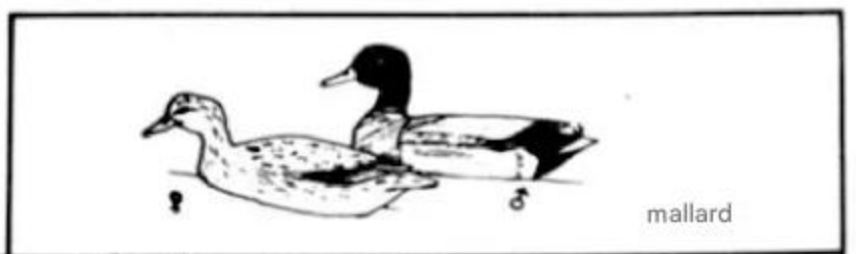
SWANS, GEESE, DUCKS

— swans:


mute swan.

— shelducks:



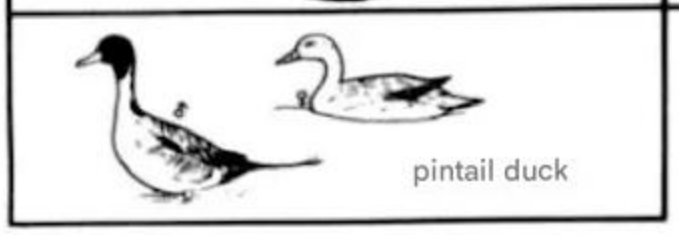

mallard

— surface ducks:

Net redhead

shovel duck

gadwall duck

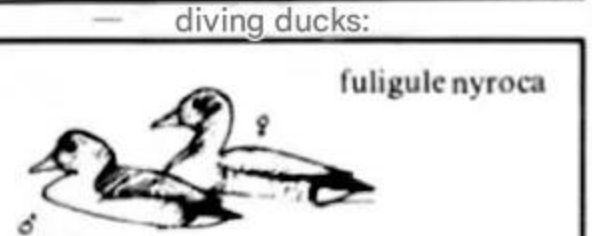

pintail duck

whistling duck

winter teal

— diving ducks:

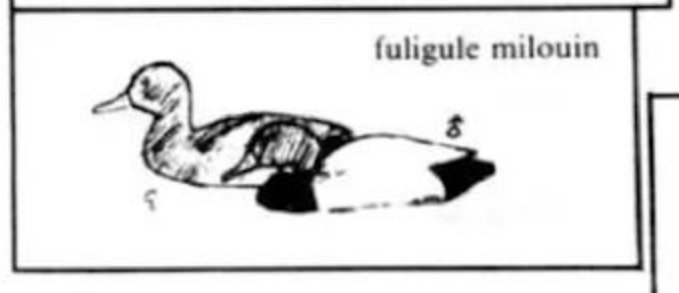
brown scoter



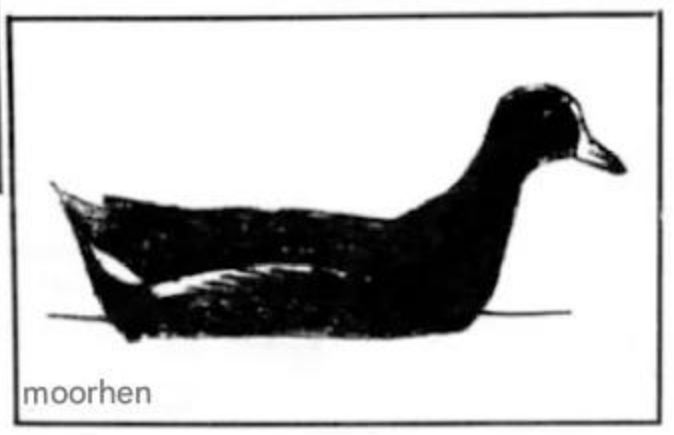
golden eye garcot

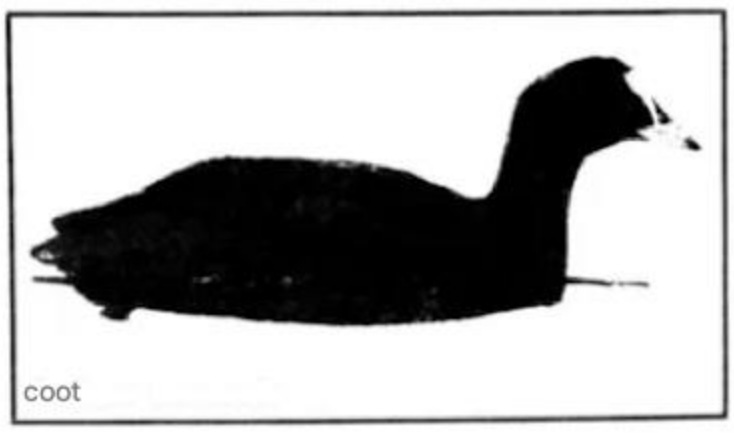
common eider

tufted duck



MOUNTAIN HEN AND COOTS

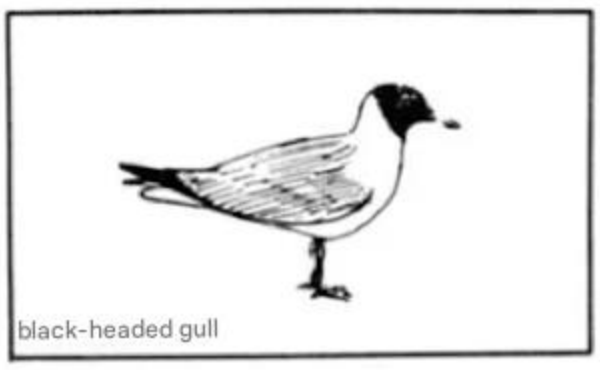

moorhen

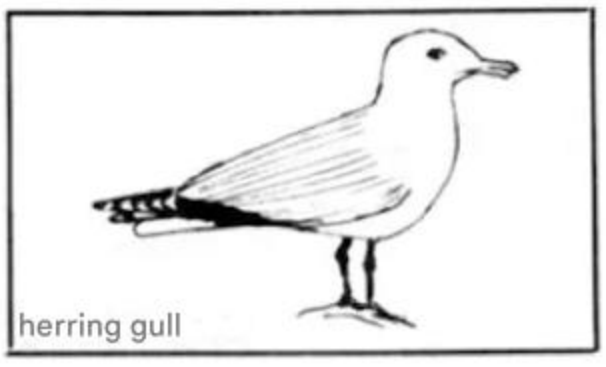

coot

— geese:

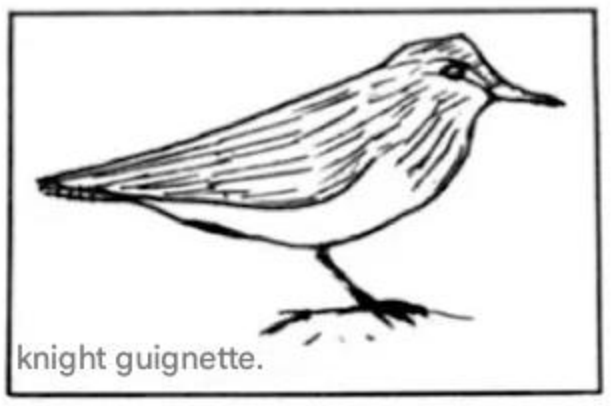
It is rare to see geese here, but some years a few come...

SEAGULLS AND GULLS


black-headed gull


herring gull

LIMICOLES


knight guignette.

Jordi MAGRANER (GDERV - CORA)

Author's note:
Some of our readers asked us what species were seen in Lothar SAUER's photographs illustrating my article in issue 2. On page 16 it was a Viviparous Lizard (Lacerta vivi para), on page 17 it was a Stump Lizard (Lacerta agilis) and on page 18 we had a Common Frog (Rana temporaria).

CHRISTMAS EVE,

THE "NEW YEAR"

to the Eric de Swedenborg Troupe.

After much research, we wanted to hold for the first time a wake as faithful as possible to the traditions of our Celtic-Gallic ancestors. We had planned it outdoors, but the illness of one of our boys and the bad weather decided otherwise.

When the scouts and cubs enter the room, the tree commemorating the If Ygdrasil is already set up, the table already decorated with the green and red Advent wreath (1), in the center of which sits the tower of Jul (2) and the three candles: one red, one blue, one green.

The evening begins with the lighting of the Jul tower, then the four candles of the crown, in the direction East, South, West, North. We sing: "The Scouts have set the flame"...

Then the HP sets fire to the three colored candles, the CT lights the red candle:

— in memory of all the dead of our families and all those who fell under the scout uniform, whether in wanting to save a life, or wanting to defend their country. The Lion's CP lights the blue candle:

— as a token of loyalty to all absent parents and friends, and in particular to Patrice who has just left to be at the bedside of his sick grandmother and to Thierry and Christophe, two elders who remain close to us.

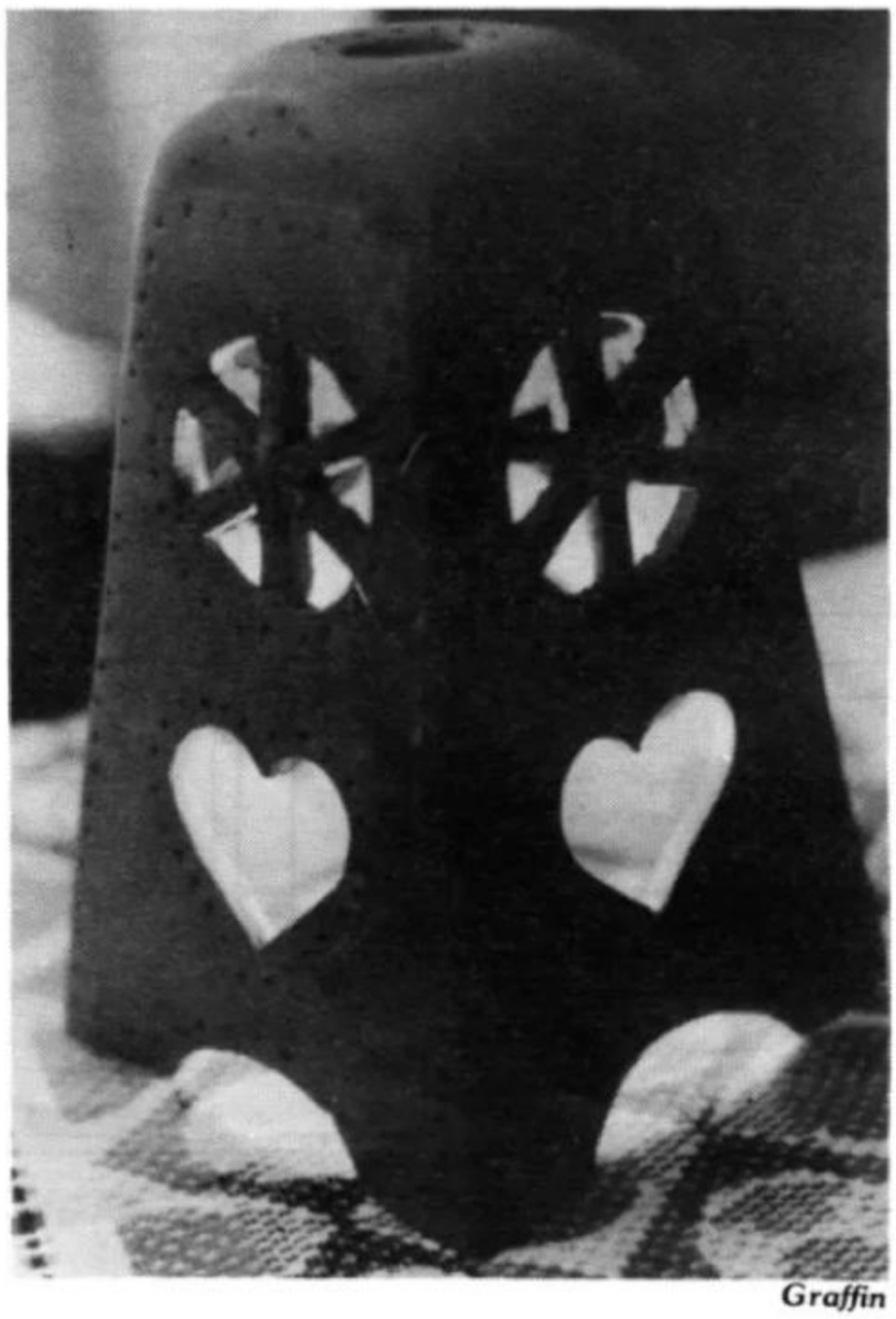
The Eagle's CP lights the green candle:

— in the hope of all the children to be born in our families and in the families that we will create and which, in turn, will perpetuate the return of the sun.

After this symbolic act, the C.T. reads a Sioux text, traditional during the presentation of a child to the sun. Other texts will follow during the vigil, intended to convey how much this celebration of the rebirth of the sun, of light and of childhood is universally celebrated in all latitudes and since the most distant history of man.

We light the other candles, white ones, which will complete the lighting for this evening. We turn off the electric lights.

While the molds are heating, the gift exchanges are carried out: each person randomly draws from a hat the name of the person who will give them the wooden object. Same operation for the iron object. Then each person receives a small round cake like the sun.



Graffin

Among the wooden gifts, we can mention among others a crumpled stool, candlesticks, a pyrographed (and signed!) checkerboard, pyrographed trivets or trivets made from wooden clothes pegs disassembled and assembled in the shape of a sun, a miniature rocking chair in the same way, a game of "solitaire", a centipede... equipped with a backpack and a scarf in the colors of the group... etc...

Among the iron objects we find collectible scout badges, penknives or Opinel knives whose handles are decorated with scout badges, chrome-plated metal napkin rings decorated with the six-pointed sun rune (symbol of death and life which are renewed) a scout engraved on metal after a drawing by Joubert and painted in the three basic colours: blue, yellow, red, etc. A little late, we take the opportunity to offer gifts "forgotten" birthday gifts: in the High Patrol the last book by Bazin for the second and the last Bee Gees cassette for the fourth; and in the pack a model to build for the second of the Blacks.

Now comes the time for the meal, which begins with a seafood product (mussels marinière) in memory of the seafaring civilizations that gave birth to ours.
For the second course we remember that wild pork was the favorite food of our ancestor Asterix and his companions. Also domestic pork will be our meat in the form of rillettes and white pudding (with chestnut puree!).
The vegetables are "local": stewed potatoes and apples with parsley.

The salad is "seasonal", combining endive, red beetroot and apple-fruit (how have you never tried it? But taste it!). The cheese is local: a very runny Brie de Meaux, perhaps a little strong for young palates... who will make up for it with a splendid log, decorated with the name of the association, and offered

by one of the Eagle patrolmen.
To wash down this gargantuan meal, we had prepared an invigorating, anti-flu and thirst-quenching drink, which can be served hot or cold depending on the time: lemon, orange and thyme boiled for ten minutes in water, then filtered. Proportion: one orange and one lemon cut into slices, plus a small sprig of thyme, per litre of water. (Sweeten according to taste).

But after the earthly foods, the others: the two "nails" of the vigil will first be a sketch invented by the pack to illustrate a song written and composed by the first sizenier; and then a sketch on the crib of Bethlehem, staged in a comic mode by the Eagle patrol, which has undergone the obvious influence of Roland Magdane and Michel Tournier.

We sing a lot during this vigil, of course primarily songs dedicated to fire and the sun, and also very ancient songs, such as for example "between Phoebus and Artemis", which we have stripped of their dusty clothes of the last centuries, to give them back the purity and brilliance of their first youth. Midnight.

We turn again to the Tower of Jul. This is the time when the leader transfers the fire from the dying candle to the brand new candle of the new year, located inside the tower, thus making the image of the sun and the shape of the heart shine through. We sing

Graffin

"The Gallic Wine". After which everyone burns in this flame of the new year a bark on which they have written their wish. Some scouts do it by saying the wish out loud, others prefer to remain secret. Among the wishes heard, we must remember that most wish for Peace and Love. May they influence the course of the World!

After the distribution of bags of dried fruits (Smyrna raisins, almonds, walnuts, figs, dried apricots, peanuts, dates, all produced by the southern or northern shores of Europe) and the tasting of apple pies and cream pound cakes made by some scouts (sometimes with the help of mothers) the vigil can continue. We are in no hurry. We must sleep on site.

This second part is still devoted to songs, but also to games and readings of tales, legends, true stories: of wolves, where we see that the animal is not stupid; the legend of Apollo, which is a bit of a celebration tonight as for all solar incarnations, from Jesus to Visnu, the Lug to Balder; the story of Erik-the-Red and his son Leif who discovered America in 982; that of the "Little lights in the night" where a white man is baptized by the Sioux; but also the story of Prometheus, who stole the divine fire to give it to men; and finally a very beautiful tale by Serge Dalens "That night in the Lost Country", thus paying homage to our godfather Eric de Swedenborg.

It is nearly three o'clock on this first day of the new solar year when fatigue begins to be felt, when some eyes close on small dancing flames, beautiful and old legends to fuel dreams and life, and which could make so many themes for great games, camps, marvelous adventures.

And why not?

Mastery

(1) This crown is made here of two hazel sticks tied in the shape of a circle. It is decorated with green fir branches (or fir) tightened by a spiral of red ribbon, and decorated with two bows: one yellow, the other blue in the colors of our province Ile de France. Four candles are planted there indicating the four cardinal points on this circle of the earth.

(2) The Tower of Jul (pronounced: IUL) is a very ancient candlestick recently found in the province of Halland, in Sweden. It is made of terracotta, in the shape of a truncated pyramid, about 20 cm high, pierced on each of its four faces with the <<rune of Hagal>> (six-rayed sun wheel) and a heart expressing the affection that the members of the family, clan, and nation have for each other. A candle is placed on the top of the tower, another brand new one inside. At midnight the head of the family transfers the flame from one to the other, explaining in a few words the meaning of this renewal.

THE MAIL

Things must have changed a lot to be able to announce at the same time its religious independence and an invitation for the Petits Chanteurs to the Croix de Bois. Good luck with this difficult bet to keep.

Luc DUNIAS

I really like your review — Paul Thomas HINKEL (FRG)

Interesting review which, above all, challenges those who want to challenge.
Well done and long life! **Michel DECHAUX (Canada)**

Your magazine is really great. If only our movements could take a little inspiration from it to restore some value to the newspaper and to scouting sometimes...

Claire Sabine BARBEDETTE (Homeless / GdF)

This is a remarkable publication, attractive and adapted, well designed to seduce and educate young people; and that must not be easy at the present time. Abbot Jean JULIEN

I can't help but tell you the joy that RAID has given me. I find in it this ideal that too many of our scout brothers have abandoned... but is it their fault? Your desire to attach your service to the adolescents who have chosen to develop all that is pure and noble in them is commendable and beneficial.

Thierry BECKER (F.S.E.)

Authentic Scouting must resonate with our young people and provide them with an ideal like nowhere else. The RAID magazine is one of these assets that everyone must support. I am ready to collaborate with it to safeguard and promote our scout spirit. Patrice LAUGLANEY (E.E.D.F.)

RAID really reveals the scouting spirit as B.P. created it, which brings a lot of fresh air into traditional scouting.

Edmond FAYOLLE (Catholic Scouts and Guides of France)

Well done and good luck. Philippe GLAUSER (Switzerland)

I have supported too much before and since the war, with Pierre Joubert and a few others, the momentum of Scouting towards more Fantasy, raids, adventure and towards the magnificent epic of the great games >> of scale well prepared and successful, not to applaud your effort towards freedom, courage, open air and joy! Long live RAID.

Jean-Louis FONCINE

Congratulations for your good work and your Faith in the scout ideal.
"Good Journey" and may it lead you to where your Ideal has fixed your hope.
René PAYA (Amicale des Anciens Scouts d'Oranie)

I received RAID with the same pleasure as if I had still been 13 years old! While reading it, I felt a few tingling sensations in my calves as well as a furious desire to put my backpack on. If I cannot swear that my nostrils perceived the very particular scent of wet undergrowth, rotting dead leaves and the Campfire... On the other hand, I am certain that in my ears whistled the raging wind that shakes the tops of the tall bare trees of this beginning of winter. I do not care that some killjoys call this "infantilism" or "gatism"... they speak without knowing and I know that it is a wealth that I hide deep within my being, precious among all. I wish you a joy as great as that Daniel PETIT (SdF) that you provide.

I was touched by your publication in issue 2 of the song "An Alarc'h". Do you know that it tells the epic of Jean de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, who drove the enemy from his soil on August 3, 1379? It is therefore a rich past whose heritage my peers made me assume when they gave me this name. Especially since An Alarc'h, in Breton, also designates "The Swan", the alchemy of Hermes who is the son of Zeus and messenger of the Gods...

An Alarc'h, Bard at the Grand Celtic College

Very interesting review **Bernard GELUGNE (SdF)**

Well done and good luck Fox (Scouts Perceval Switzerland)

Congratulations on RAID

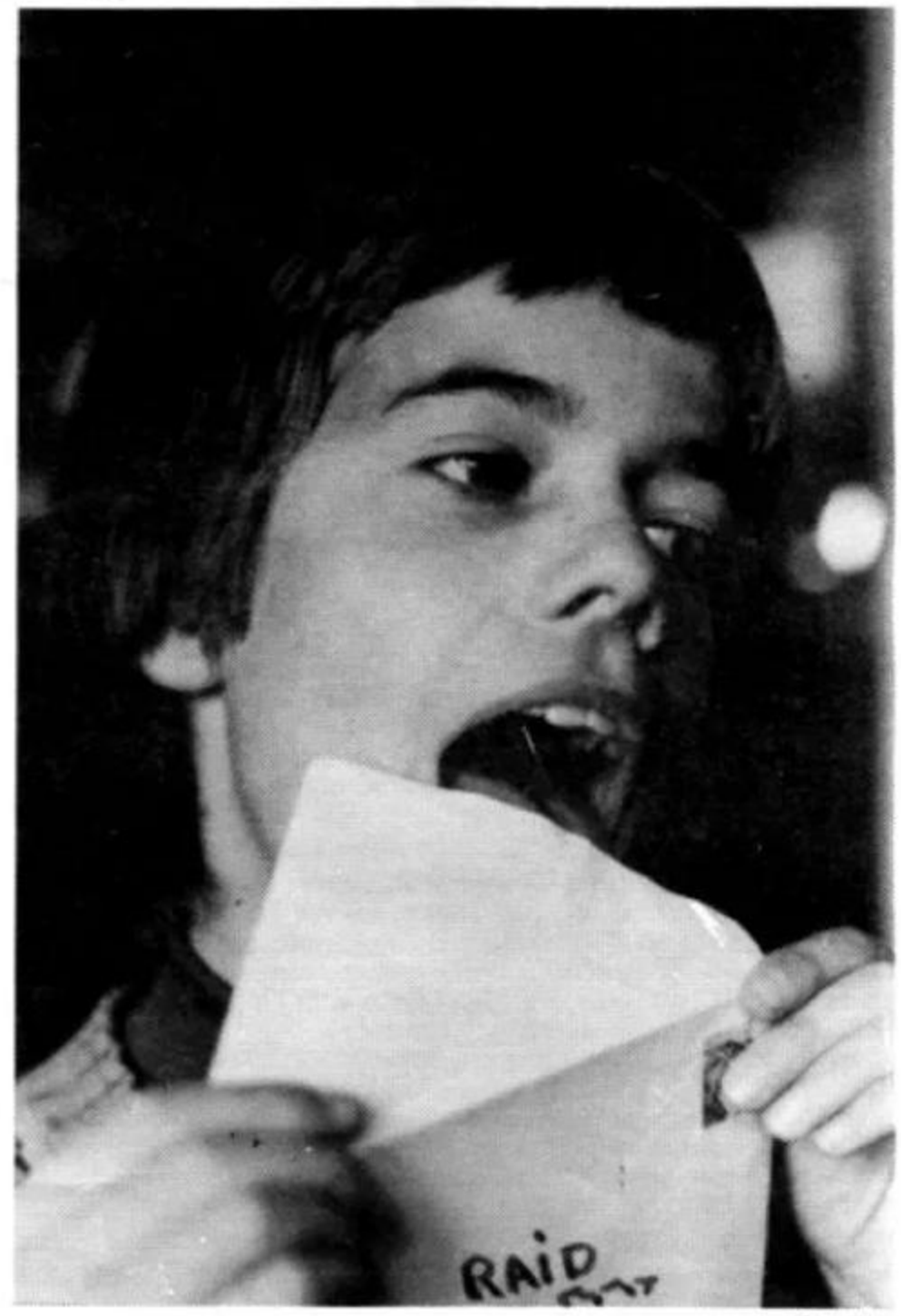
Jean-Jacques DESPRETS (Raiders / RBP)

I really like the magazine Gerd REICHELT (FRG)

Be assured of my support and loyalty to the RAID journal

Olivier HOARAU (SdF)

Editor's note: RAID receives a very, very, abundant mail, we ask our correspondents to excuse us for the delays we may have in our responses. We will respond to all.
but it takes time.
Thanks to all our friends who sent us their wishes and encouragement.



Graffin

CLASSIFIED ADDS

• I AM LOOKING FOR the album The Proud and Joyful Life of the Suchard Chocolate Scouts, even if it is incomplete. I want to buy it or exchange it for scout stamps and others. Roger VITS LEUVENSESTEEWEG 400 3370 BOURTERSEM Belgium.

• CAN SERVE as an intermediary between French and German groups. Paul Thomas HINKEL 3, Rue Bonaparte 75006 PARIS.

• RANIERI RICCI PURCHASES (or exchanges with buckles (badges from all over the world) the buckle of the old French Scouts and the SdF Jamboree of Moisson). Via Nibby, 11,00161 ROME Italy.

• Alex KALISTRATE CEDERAIT track sign. of the B.P. and of the Benjamin. Looking for comics like Cœurs Vaillants, from 1935 to 1949, as well as the weekly Hop-là where La Patrouille des Aigles was published, Route de Mont 42320 St-Paul-en-Jarez.

• CEDE scout stamps from many countries at 70% of the Yves catalog. Also in exchange for others as well as first day covers or blocks that I am missing. Edmond FAYOLLE 52, Rue du Moutier 95170 Deuil-la-Barre.

• RAID SEEKS information on Scouts without Border

• THE "STAR WORKSHOP" (Scout Training Course) has published 7 technical brochures for scouts as well as for leaders, pioneering, jabierism, first aid, walrus, party animal, cooking and nature, numerous illustrations (Price 2 Fet 4 F). Biblioscoute ch. des Cyprés 16 1800 VEVEY Switzerland.

ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

BADEN POWELL NETWORK

Huge exhibition organized in Lille on

February 22 by the RBP. 900 m2, 120 panels, a dozen display cases, the release of the French stamp commemorating the 75th anniversary of Scouting and the 125th anniversary of BP, numerous stands... Everything to make this exceptional event a great success (deserved by the work accomplished for the occasion).

Ask for KIM number 9 who will tell you about it: 19, rue des Noriets 94400 Vitry.
On the other hand, the Network Sales Department still has items from the exhibition.
Contact Jean-Paul Tilmont, 25, rue Henri Durre 59178 Hasnon.

Association of Friends of the Trail Sign

Jean-Louis Foncine (secretary of the Association) can provide you by mail (or at his home for Parisians) with books and albums (Joubert among others) that you would absolutely not be able to obtain in a bookstore.

Also all posters, engravings and postcards by Pierre Joubert. List on request to: Pierre Lamoureux (J. L. Foncine), 374, rue de Vaugirard 75015 Paris.

April 25, 1982 - Scout still...

United in fidelity to B.P.'s message of education, several Scouting associations organized a party on April 25 at the Mercure Center in Tourcoing.

An activities exhibition and a Pierre Joubert exhibition saw the participation of Serge Dalens, J.-L. Foncine, P. Joubert, M. Tacq, J. Weber, from the Baden-Powell Network and Éditions de l'Orme Rond.

The organizing groups belonged to the following associations: E.N.F., F.S.E., S.U.F. and Raiders.

Track Sign

Monthly magazine of Christian Scouting. 24 pages printed in offset with many excellent illustrations (photos and drawings). Published in Canada, this independent magazine (bravo!) is particularly interested in Indianism, outdoor life and trappers.

Lots of technique and ideas for the field.

Florian Bernard, 16, Place du Fort Repentigny P.Q. Canada J6A 3H7

The Round Elm Editions

Nearly 140 titles available, not counting cassettes, posters and photos. And now the catalog also becomes an additional eternal fraternal link for its 8000 friends. Help them pass the 10,000 mark.
Editions of the Round Elm, 32, rue de Trucy 94120 Fontenay sous Bois.

German Spurbuchverlag

This German publishing house (which publishes, in addition to postcards, translations of "Signe de Piste": The Sacred Desert, the Prince Eric Quadrilogy, The Relay of the Chance au Roy...) has just released, under the impetus of Wilma HINKEL, a series of 3 scout miniatures in pewter which are distinguished by their beauty, their precision and their finesse. These miniatures measure 10 cm and cost: The hitchhiker, 67,50DM (instead of 119 DM); The pissou (our photo), 52.50 DM (instead of 93 DM); The refueller, 67.50 DM (instead of 119 DM).

Wilma HINKEL Geschenkboutique
Hemmerleinsleite 46 8601 BAUNACH R.F.A.

THESE

European Scout Confederation

Two important international gatherings this year:

— « Holland Whitsun Fires, May 29-31, 82. Contact Dineke KROES, Galvanistraat, 77, DEN HAAG Holland.

— <Winter camp in Bergestgaden in Bavaria". from December 27, 82 to January 7, 83. Contact Jörg KRAUTMACHER, Melanchthonstr. 52, 5000 KOLN 80 R.F.A.

Jungenschaft Mayenne

In RAID #2, we placed the badge of this German group upside down... This has been restored today.

Apart from the WIR 82 calendar (24 sheets 4.70 DM) you can get to know them via:

— "Denkmäler der Vorzeit (texts and drawings by Von Haye W. Hansen, 3DM)
— Two series of reproductions: Mayenne-Kunstmappe» (4DM) and «FKK-Kunstmappe>> (4 DM). Add the postage.

Harald THOMAS, Postfach 2607, Schlüterstrasse 1b, 3380 GOSLAR 1 FRG.

Pojkart

Also new at POJKART: video cassettes and a
— transformation service >>>
—
— a series of 10 photos by Hajo ORTIL a
— portfolio of 9 reproductions by Martin JOKER
— a series of 4 magnificent statues of boys.

Information: Harry TURNÉ, Hogenbergstrasse 16, 8000 MUNCHEN 21 R.F.A.

We received:

VANSKAPEN
(monthly) Journal of the European Scouts of Alsace, 8, rue de Bienne 67000 Strasbourg.
24 pages including an 8-page file (no. 181, April 82, file on JANUSZ KORCZAK).

CLOVER
Bulletin of the Federation of Swiss Girl Scouts. 28 pages in bilingual typography. Exciting and varied.
BSP/FES Speichergasse 31, 3011 Bern Switzerland.

HYPHEN
Journal of the Perceval de Moutier Group. A twentieth issue equal to itself. 7 years already, a team that is still very dynamic. Subscribe absolutely.

Trait d'Union, PO Box No. 65, 2740 Moutier Switzerland.

VELD LORE
« The pin-up wall Newspaper for Boys »
The original presentation and the quality of the printing and illustrations make the official magazine of the World Organization of the Scout Movement, Africa region. Southern Zone, a mine of diverse information.

Boy Scouts of South Africa, Box 4251 Cape Town 8000 South Africa.

POSSIBLE
14, rue Véron 75018 Paris
For those who want to face the real problems, for those who do not settle into a hypocritical and stupefying mental conformism, for those who do not consider children as sub-beings and who do not want to impose their truth on them, «but not for the frustrated, the blind, the sowers of taboos and the "false-cula".
For an ecology of childhood, for new child-adult relationships.

Those who are willing to question themselves, those who have the courage to reconsider certain things, should not hesitate to get to know "POSSIBLE".

Renaissance of Nature

When the beautiful days return Nature is reborn flourishing Even more beautiful as the days go by With a thousand dazzling colors.

With its dazzling rays The sun is there It revives meadows and fields And gives the woods a new taste.

Until dusk we hear the distant song of the turtledoves and the cry of the hooting owl and then it flies away, high, into the sky.

By
Vincent
1st Sizenier Cold
Cave Pack

Graffin

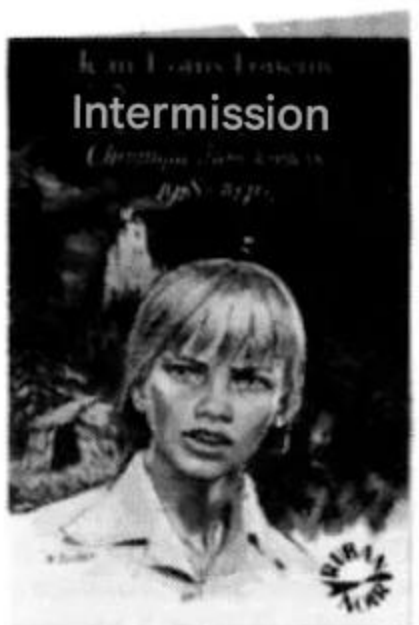
READ FOR YOU

by Eric Michel

FRIDAY OR THE LIMBO OF THE PACIFIC by Michel Tournier at Gallimard

There is a version of this book, and this is unique in France, for children, entitled "Vendredi ou la vie sauvage" which is widely distributed in primary schools, where the author comes to support his « book, work on it and comment on it with the students. It is a miracle, which we would like to see repeated, with other authors,

Member of the Académie Goncourt, literary director at Gallimard, the author was able to speak in this poetic novel about the meaning of work, nudism, caving, sunbathing, colonialism, racism, all brilliantly blended into the myth of Robinson Crusoe. Starting from nothing. Robinson is going to be initiated by Nature (with a capital N). by Life: it is superb and marvelous. and in an irreproachable language.



<<<<< Intermission

>>> by Jean-Louis Foncine Black

Ribbon No. 2

1918-1940: fascinating, abominable period in History. Twenty years separating two fratricidal, stupid wars in a Europe already too small. Twenty years fertile in literary creations.

Without completely departing from the style that made him one of the first writers for young people. Jean-Louis FONCINE has attempted here, after Georges Bernanos, Drieu la Rochelle. Louis Ferdinand Céline. Georges Duhammel, to tell an adventure, his adventure, through a strange peace that could only lead to the Phoney War.

By elevating the experiences of himself and his friends far above the formal course of events, he recreates with incomparable power the whole atmosphere of an era which we now perceive will continue to mark our destiny for a long time to come.

Lorraine childhoods, discovery of a County which is an oasis of freshness and poetry, moving encounter with Scouting then with the Theatre, blood and gold flashes of the Spanish Civil War, political disarray, emergence of Communism and Fascism... all this serves as a backdrop to a story filled with tasty, revealing anecdotes in which feelings, humor and anger mingle to ultimately give us the most exciting of stories.

THE SCAR by Bruce Lowery at J'ai Lu

"Say, Mom, God is good, isn't he? Who, of course. So, if God is good, why did he give me my scar?" A superb and moving novel about Difference.

SPRING IN THE PARKING LOT by Christiane Rochefort in Livre de Poche

I don't like Christiane Rochefort. But there! And I learn that she worked with Henri Langlois. So... A book absolutely forbidden to parents.

HE SPOKEN WITH MAMMALS, BIRDS, FISH

documents on Konrad Lorenz at J'ai Lu.

A gentleman who, like Konrad Lorenz, is capable of playing mother goose by crawling on all fours in his garden for three weeks, or of calling back his jackdaws with the help of an old Austrian imperial flag and risking prison for it, is a gentleman who fascinates me. And like all cultivated old gentlemen, he has a sense of humor; and his science is not only THEORY, but OBSERVATION above all: a real scout, in other words! So I read all the works BY him and ABOUT him. I strongly recommend that you do the same.

<<< The rock with the hawks

>>> by Eric Michel

the new trail sign n° 105

Every day we see that the most unbridled imagination, despite all its efforts, cannot keep up with the most serious discoveries of science.

The future of man is an enigma, which will probably not be solved by man alone.

The sordid drama remains a daily occurrence in our civilization promised a cosmic future.

Children's misfortune always comes from adults, but what is the solution? Will Eric the scout, François the wild boy, and Gwen the mysterious being discover the reason for their meeting?

Who exactly is the man in black?

A strange journey, full of surprises and mystery, whose background is that of a friendship of rare quality.

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE

by Perceval

(Christian Mandon)

«Modern man has lost the sense of celebration, torn from his geographical and human environment, isolated in the middle of an-organic cities, he has forgotten his origins and no longer knows anything about the celebrations that the differentiated and homogeneous communities of the past could produce.

To the detriment of ancestral traditions generally transformed and frozen in "Folklore", the funfair has been imposed, that is to say the artificial and foreign festival. The regular rhythm of seasonal festivals that attuned man to his natural environment has been replaced by the permanent hiccups of exotic music, the noisy radio and television claim to replace the great collective creations of the past. Today, many Europeans have to endure the artificial entertainment imposed by the ambient conformism.

The success of "folksong" - that is, popular song - can be explained in part by the confused desire of a certain youth to escape from bewilderment and reconnect with the great collective liturgies of the past.

Celebrating the summer solstice is above all about reconnecting with an ancestral and several thousand year old festival. It is a unique vigil that marks the shortest night of the year. Its celebration has remained alive in most European countries, it gains in intensity as one approaches the north. About forty years ago, the Saint-Jean fires of the French regions seemed destined to slowly disappear. But in recent years this multi-millennial tradition has been coming back to life. Here and there, fires are being rekindled on the hilltops.

This tradition probably belongs to the solar cult that the peoples of the battle axe introduced and spread in Western Europe at the dawn of our history. In this way it is linked to the precious heritage of our Indo-European ancestors.

Through archaeology we can link it to the rites of the Bronze Age. It is also from this period that the famous solar chariot of Trundholm, discovered in Denmark, southwest of ZEELAND, dates. This chariot with 6 wheels is pulled by a horse. It supports a large golden disk decorated with spirals and concentric circles. It represents one of the essential elements of solar worship: the symbolism of the sun's course in space.

Little by little the summer solstice festival became Saint John's Day, celebrated by vigils around fires. In ancient France, they remained the occasion for popular festivals. In Paris, on the Place de Grève, a tree was erected ready to be set alight. The King, accompanied by his entire court, would often come to set it on fire himself. Nowadays, these fires tend to be reborn everywhere and it is remarkable to note that the European peoples remain true to themselves, perhaps unconsciously, and continue to feel the full importance of the Summer Solstice.

In the cycle of the seasons, the Summer Solstice marks the victory of light over darkness. It is one of the great stages of the solar race, it is one of the stages of the work and joy of men. It sings of youth and the love of life, it is a special moment of the year, it marks the eternal return.

Between sowing and harvesting, the Summer Solstice is the community festival par excellence, it is a celebration of joy and youth around the pyre, artfully erected, songs and dances follow one another. The higher the boys jump, the higher the wheat will grow, says one of our peasant sayings.

Fire of the harvests to come, fire of the oaths kept, holding hands, the fiancés of May 1st jump over the embers of the collapsed pyre, thus showing each other that they have decided to get married...

(Runners arrive from the four cardinal points. With their torch they bring the friendship of our european provinces :)

FRIENDS! Where do you come from?

I come from the Ice and I bring light!
I come from the islands and I bring memories of yesteryear!
I come from the south and I bring warmth! I
come from the land of Siegfried and I bring the soul of the forests!

(The bearers positioned themselves at the four corners of the pyre...)

«SOLSTICE»

«This unique night is not made for sleeping, you have to wait to see the golden record rise!"

(at the words "golden disc" the four torches lowered themselves, and embraced the fire with a great roar. At this signal a horn sounded, accompanied by a violent drum roll which faded away towards the nearby forest... The silence that returned accentuated the magic of the fire...).

SOLSTICE

Taranis throws his flaming wheel. Helios, on his golden chariot, Continues his journey.
The sun rises in the firmament.

In the shortest night that is coming, We will greet him.

Near the Fire,
Symbol of Strength and Light, The songs
of joy will rise. Far from the rumors
of the city, Far from the ugliness of
time, We will be calm and joyful!

Near the Fire,
Symbol of the oldest battle, We will find
what it takes to regenerate The great health
Which throbs in our
veins And whips our temples.

Near the Fire,
We will think of the race of Life that we love and
this encounter with Death
that we do not fear.

Hans ZORN.

We are waiting for the reports and photos of the celebrations of the Summer Solstice 82. The story that reaches us from the furthest point of Valencia (RAID) will win the book "Solstices, History and Current Events" by Jean Mabire and Pierre Vial.
Which groups will be celebrating the return of the sun this year?

Songs from everywhere and elsewhere

HERE IS SAINT JOHN'S DAY

Traditionally sung on June 24, this song is very widespread in the French provinces and has many versions. "Evocation of the summer solstice, as light as a Renaissance song" (André Gauthier), it dates back to the end of the 17th century.

1. Here is Saint-Jean, the beautiful day
(repeat) When all the lovers go to the assembly

R. Go my friend, go, the moon is rising Go my go, the moon has risen
again (last refrain: it's going away)

2. Mine is not there, I am sure (repeat) He is
in Paris to get his livery

3. What will it bring you, my dear, so beloved (repeat)
A beautiful gold ring and its sworn faith

4. Mine sings and dances and has left me (repeat) He
is in the fields over there in the hut

5. Shirt in the wind, hair uncombed (repeat) Maybe
he's cheating on me with a fairy

6. At midnight I pick the grass of the valleys (repeat) I
want to make a potion from it in order to be loved

7. But it's too late, the beautiful day (repeat)
And the beautiful night have gone

8. And the beautiful night has gone (repeat)
From the fires of Saint John, here is the smoke...

SAINT JOHN'S FIRE

1. Rise trembling, flame so light, Rise
trembling, fire of Saint John; From the four
horizons, from where our fathers come Throw
the brands, to bind time.

2. Shine as you leap, flame that hopes; Shine as
you leap, fire of Saint John; You come to relay,
like a prayer, Luminous clarity of the
burning sun.

3. Burns flamingly, the flame that we venerate
Burns flamingly, the fire of Saint John; We see
on our mountains, thousands of lights, Faithful
to the soil, faithful to the blood.

4. Heats with crackling, flame still so clear Heats
with crackling, fire of Saint John; Let us sing
all these fires of solar festivals, Let us sing the
country and sing the clan.

5. Crisse glowing, familiar ember, Crisse
glowing, fire of Saint John; The guard hums
the last notes, Soon not a sound, all
sleeps in the camp.

SONG OF FIDELITY

Set to an 18th century French hunting fanfare, this anthem proclaims the faith of our youth: we believe in a new world, forged now within our community through effort and "style." And this new world will revive the values of the most distant past.

1. In the century of vile souls This
world without fire or faith
Wants to impose in our cities
The denial of the law But
so that always on earth Remains a
rallying point From age to age
are faithful The men of our
clan.

2. Faithful to the voices of the soul
Of the woods, of the rock and of
the blood Faithful to the true
flame Faithful to their
children When the owl sings In
the shade of our thickets Friends,
let us celebrate the feast Of
the sword and the knight.

3. We will watch under the star
Which watches over our
destinies We will swell the sail
Towards distant shores
And we will pay from age to age
The tribute of our blood So
that the gold of dawn
Responds to the gold of sunset.